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PHILADELPHIA:
HUBBARD BROS., PUBLISHERS.
1890.

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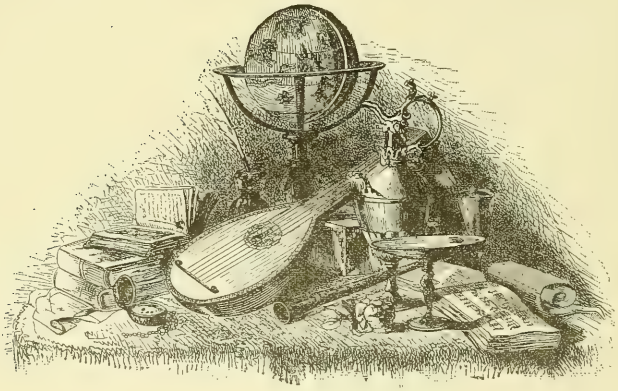
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HAPPY is he who has laid up in youth, and held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading.

RUFUS CHOATE.





While some books, like steps, and left behind us by the very help which they yield us, and serve only our childhood or early life, some others go with us, in mute fidelity, to the end of life, a recreation for fatigue, an instruction for our sober hours and solace for our sickness or sorrow. Except the great outdoors, nothing that has so much life of its own gives so much life to us.

H. W. BEECHER.



A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means of buying them. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. A book is better for weariness than sleep; better for cheerfulness than wine; it is often a better physician than the doctor, a better preacher than the minister, a better sanctuary than a drowsy church.

H. W. BEECHER.

BOOKS.

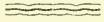
FROM EMERSON'S ESSAY.

THERE are books which are of that importance in a man's private experience, as to verify for him the fables of Cornelius Agrippa, of Michael Scott, or of the old Orpheus of Thrace,—books which take rank in our life with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so medicinal, so stringent, so revolutionary, so authoritative—books which are the work and the proof of faculties so comprehensive, so nearly equal to the world which they paint that, though one shuts them with meaner ones, he feels his exclusion from them to accuse his way of living.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom.

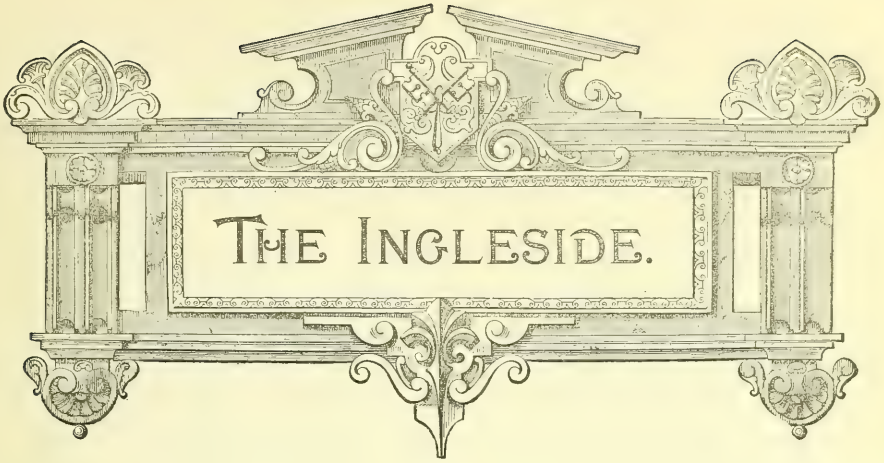
Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us, who will not let us sleep. Then, they address the imagination: only poetry inspires poetry.

In a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends, but they are imprisoned by an enchanter in these paper and leathern boxes; and though they know us, and have been waiting two, ten, or twenty centuries for us—some of them —and are eager to give us a sign and unbosom themselves, it is the law of their limbo that they must not speak until spoken to; and as the enchanter has dressed them, like batallions of infantry, in coat and jacket of one cut, by the thousand and ten thousand, your chance of hitting on the right one is to be computed by the arithmetical rule of Permutation and Combination,—not a choice out of three caskets, but out of half a million caskets all alike. But it happens, in our experience, that in this lottery there are at least fifty or a hundred blanks to a prize. It seems, then, as if some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon a few true ones which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans, into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples.



Read no mean books. Shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour. Do not read what you shall learn, without asking, in the street and the train. Dr. Johnson said, "he always went into stately shops;" and good travelers stop at the best hotels, for, though they cost more, they do not cost much more, and there is the good company and the best information. In like manner, the scholar knows that the famed books contain, first and last, the best thoughts and facts. Now and then, by rarest luck, in some foolish Grub Street is the gem we want. But in the best circles is the best information.





1. INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.
2. YOUTH.
3. MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.
4. OLD AGE.
5. DEATH IN THE FAMILY.

"Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

ROGERS:—*Human Life.*

The hearthstone has ever been the corner-stone of the family and of society.

BELLOWS.

IT is private life that governs the world. The world may talk much about powerful sovereigns and great ministers, and if being talked about made one powerful, they would be irresistible; but the fact is, the more you are talked about, the less powerful you are.

DISRAELI.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

I KNOW he's coming by this sign ;
The baby's almost wild !
See how he laughs and crows and starts—
Heaven bless the merry child !

He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.
Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HEWITT.



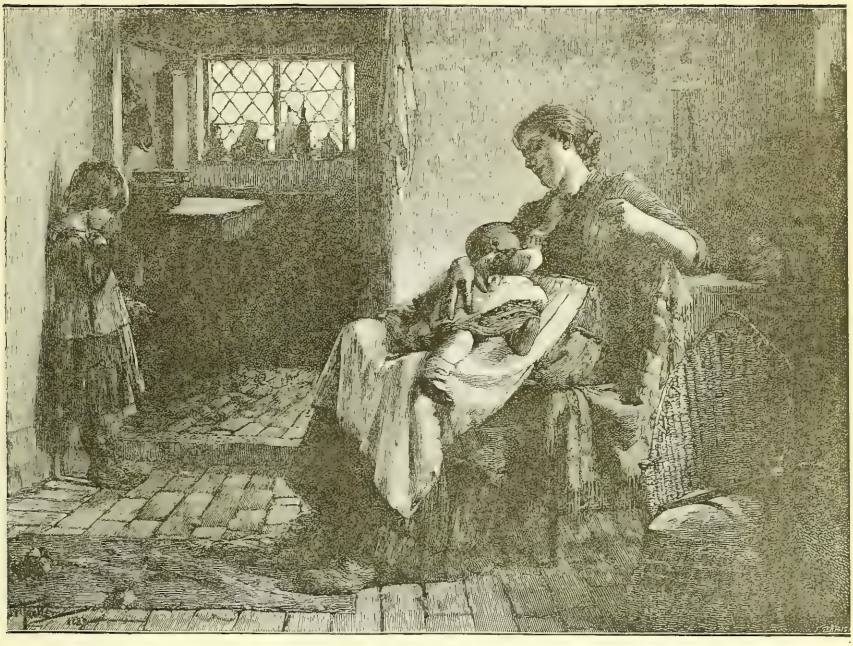
Innocence.
—*Greuze.*

IN the man whose childhood has known tender caresses, there is a fibre of memory which can be touched to gentle issues.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The smallest children are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.



The Mother.

(*Painted by Arthur Hacker. Institute, 1884.*)

SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon:
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BABY BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine,
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!
O, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, "Dear Christ!" our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened, too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things.
She was Christ's self in purity.
It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours,
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses 'round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



CHRISTENING UNDER THE DIRECTORY.
—*F. A. Kaemmerer, Paris.*
(*Painting in possession of Goupil & Co., Paris.*)

BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!—
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth—
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

WORDSWORTH.

LULLABY.

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

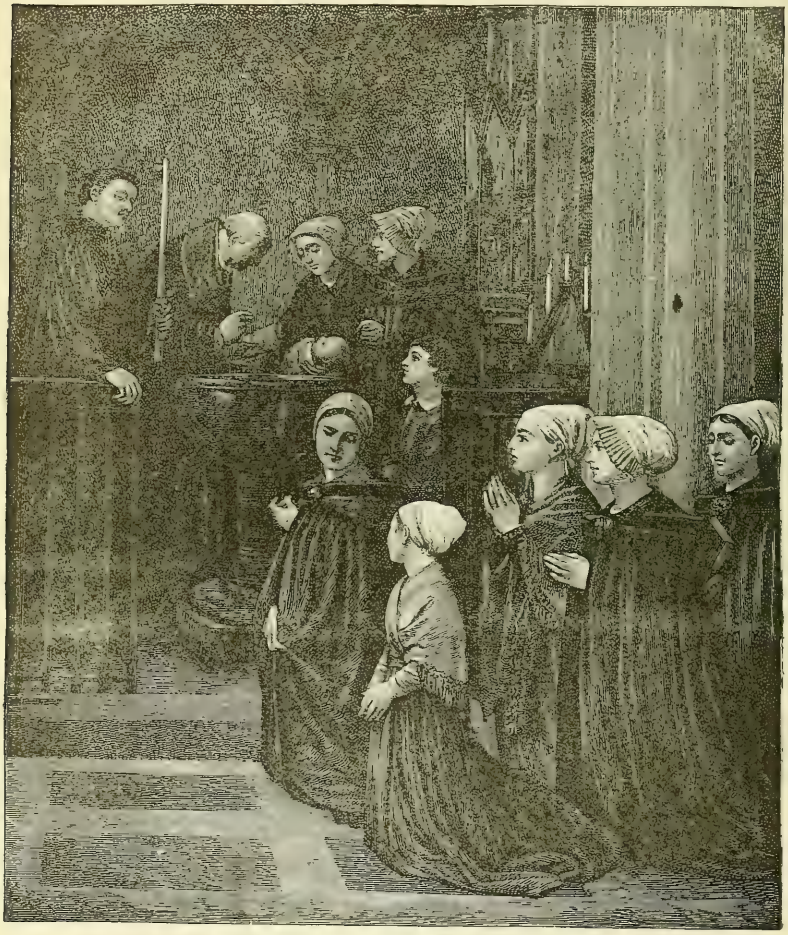
Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care and therefore keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the word an empty sound!

WORDSWORTH.



THE BAPTISM. (*Painted by Alphonse Legros.*)



CHRIST ASLEEP ON THE LAP OF THE VIRGIN.
By Marco Basaiti.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear, sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother, too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine Eldest Brother is a king,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threaten'd are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

GEO. WITHER.



THE MAY QUEEN.

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips and balmy mou'
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face:
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na luve the gift owre weel;
'Twad be na blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae heaven.

J. E. RANKIN.

THE CHILDREN.



THE BLUE BOY
—*Gainsborough.*

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dimissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past—
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go—
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild:
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow,
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

PHILIP MY KING.

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip my king,
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities;
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth—up to thy brow,
Philip my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers:
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years;—
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip my king.

O the day when thou goest a wooing,
Philip my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified, rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip my king.

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip my king,
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and grey:
Rebels within thee and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch: till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip the king!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.



VICTIMS.
(*From the Painting by Briton Riviere, R. A.*)

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one.

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love to thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see,
Gaze upon her living eyes.

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh! revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver grey;
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOS. HOOD.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

NOW ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes, which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautye's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd;
But if the children chance to dye
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth,
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this worlde to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother deare:
Oh brother kinde, quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
God bless you both, my children deare;
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sicke couple there:
The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.



MURDER OF THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD IV. IN THE TOWER.
—*Otto Seitz, Munich.*

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent:
And they that undertooke the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life:
And he that was of wildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye;
And two long miles he ledd them on,
While they for food complaine:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the towne:
Their prettye lippes, with blackberries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And, when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cry'd.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief;
In one another's arms they dyed,
As wanting due relief.
No burial "this" pretty "pair"
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yes, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell.
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made;
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God, with such like miserye,
Your wicked minds requite.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

BOYHOOD.

AH! then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one like rays,
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But oh! what charm, or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.



THE FLOWER GIRL.
—*A. Psot, Paris.*

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark can pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



IN ARCADIA. (*F. A. Kaulbach, Director Munich Academy.*)

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untroden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE GAMBOLS OF THE CHILDREN.

DOWN the dimpled green-sward dancing
Burst a flaxen-headed bevy—
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after
Like bright ripples in a river.

Tipsy band of rubion's faces,
Flushed with joy's ethereal spirit;
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At love's self, and do not fear it.

GEO. DARLEY.

HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.



CHILD of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new.
Fed mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to music on the knee,
Lulled in the breast by that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods in June.
I sing of thee;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The dew between the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins, the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.



THE ORPHAN. *(Painted by C. Vikentievitch Lemoch. By Permission of MM. Lemoch and D. Stassoff.)*

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing's sake—'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Wood pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed.
No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream! but, sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird,
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
An then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child?

PHILA A. CASE.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake,—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale:
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
To see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought,—
She could not bear to hear my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,—
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"*Rejoice!* REJOICE!" still cried the crowd,—
My mother answer'd with her tears!
"Oh, why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
She kiss'd me; and in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes closed! I shriek'd for aid,
But ah! her eyes were closed in death.
My hardships since I will not tell;
But now, no more a parent's joy—
Ah, lady, I have learn'd *too* well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep; what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

AMELIA OPIE.



THE BATH.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue!—glowerin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.



Is there, where the winds are singing
In the happy summer-time,
Where the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing
Forest chirp, and village chime;
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen; and be now delighted.
Morn hath touch'd her golden strings,
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,
Life and light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice!

Organ, finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone;
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth his own.

But of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touch'd towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—
These ere long the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round;
Heart-deep laughter that I heard,
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier form'd to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer;
Her's, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Her's the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure—
Her's to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes, a mother's large affection,
Hears with a mysterious sense;
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint and fine inflection,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed tones untaught
Heareth she, in loving thought!
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens—with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features,—
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight.

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard:
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.



THE REEF.

THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to speak;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath
While the angry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

And while thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers:
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is not God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.

JAS. T. FIELDS.

THE SLEEPING BABE.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its griefs, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

SAMUEL HINDS.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I look'd at John—John look'd at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet);
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seem'd strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said,"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I look'd at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept;
Her damp curls lay, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly her father stoop'd to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
Then huskily said John, "Not her, not her!"
We stopp'd beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kiss'd him as we hurried by
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
We whisper'd, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl astray
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seem'd,
Thinking of that of which we dream'd,
Happy in truth that not one face
We miss'd from its accustom'd place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

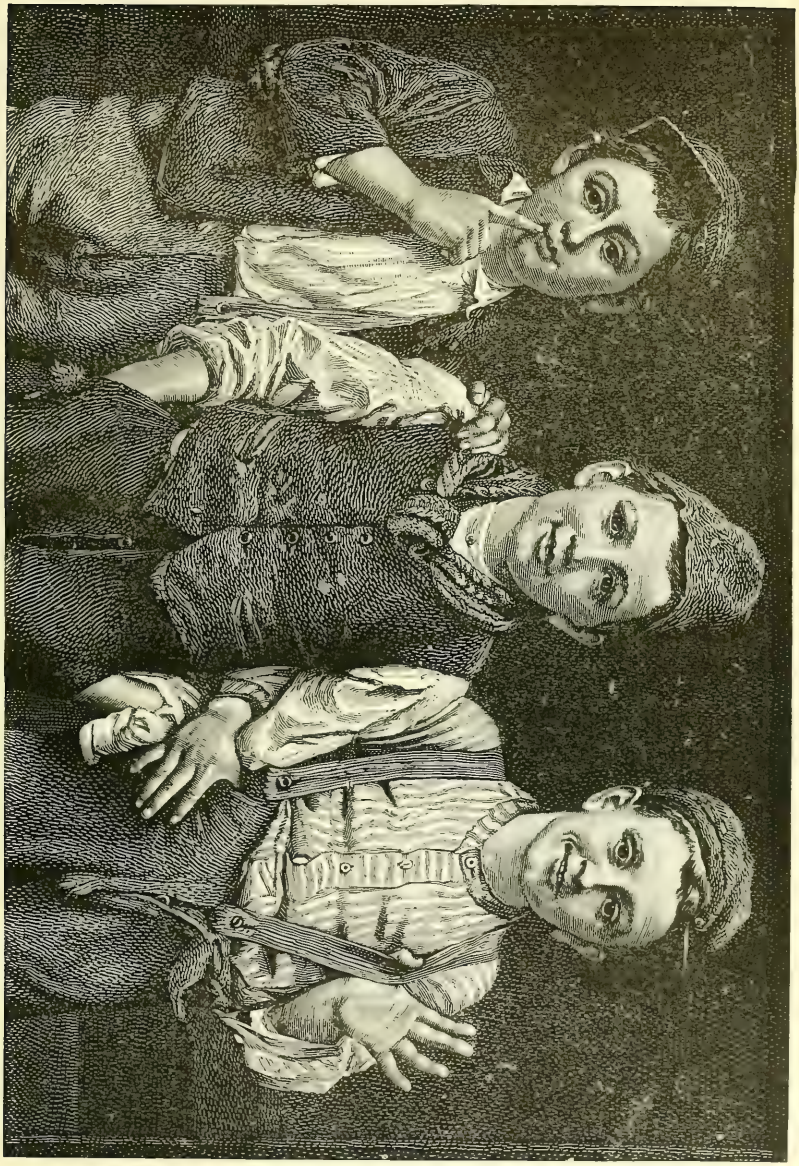
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHILDHOOD.

THE perfection of the providence for Childhood is easily acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the happy patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldiers, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham or Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation,—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than virtue. His flesh is angel's flesh, all alive. "Infancy," says Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity; the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon house, sputters, and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors,—he is overpowered by the light, and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power, the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand, —no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandams, fall an easy prey: he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

"The Childhood," said Milton, "shows the man, as morning shows the day." The child realizes to every man his own earliest remembrance, and so supplies a defect in our education, or enables us to live over the unconscious history with sympathy so tender as to be almost personal experience.

Fast,—almost too fast for the wistful curiosity of the parents, studious of the witchcraft of curls and dimples and broken words—the little talker grows to a boy. He walks daily among wonders: fire, light, darkness, the moon, the stars, the furniture of the house, the red tin horse, the domestics who, like rude foster-mothers, befriend and feed him—the faces that claim his kisses, are all in turn absorbing; yet warm, cheerful, and with good appetite the little sovereign subdues them without knowing it, the new knowledge is taken up into the life of to-day and becomes the



THE THREE GRACES.

—*Brown.*

means of more. The blowing rose is a new event; the garden full of flowers is Eden over again to the small Adam; the rain, the ice, the frost, make epochs in his life. What a holiday is the first snow in which Two-shoes can be trusted abroad.

What art can paint or gild any object in after-life with the glow which nature gives to the first baubles of childhood! St. Peter's cannot have the magical power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-book possessed. How the imagination cleaves to the warm glories of that tinsel even now! What entertainments make every day bright and short for the fine freshman! The street is old as nature; the persons all have their sacredness. His imaginative life dresses all things in their best. His fears adorn the dark parts with poetry. He has heard of wild horses and of bad boys, and with a pleasing terror he watches at his gate for the passing of those varieties of each species. The first ride into the country, the first bath in running water, the first time the skates are put on, the first game out of doors in moonlight, the books of the nursery, are new chapters of joy. "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," "The Seven Champions of Christendom," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress,"—what mines of thought and emotion, what a wardrobe to dress the whole world withal, are in this encyclopædia of young thinking! And so by beautiful traits, which, without art, yet seem the masterpiece of wisdom, provoking the love that watches and educates him, the little pilgrim prosecutes the journey through nature which he has gaily begun. He grows up the ornament and joy of the house, which rings to his glee, to rosy boyhood.

R. W. Emerson.

(From *Domestic Life.*)

HOW'S MY BOY.

HO, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not a soul in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—

"Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no—
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor—
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,

"Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"—
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

Sydney Dobell.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night:
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent:
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While, for music, came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod:
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Introduction to the Songs of Innocence.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.
(By Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—"
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



THE GENIUS OF GERMAN LITERATURE.
(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From "The Works of Frederick the Great.")

YOUTH.



Youth hath a strong and strange desire to try
All feelings on the heart.

P. J. Bailey—*Festus.*

What is Youth?—A dancing billow,
Winds behind, and rocks below!

Wordsworth.

Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.

THERE is no more thrilling spectacle than that of a young man, conscious of power, and full of ambitious aims and generous impulses, standing at the door of life's opportunities, with one foot already advanced upon the threshold, flushed with hope and full of confidence. Little knows he the tests of skill and strength that will so soon put him to the proof. Without prescience of impending tempests, he takes his measures. What revelations will be made to him in the next five years! Happy will he be, indeed, if, with the invincible instinct of candor and sincerity, he shall understand, as he sees successive hopes drift to their wreck, that nothing is lost while honor and faith remain.

E. M. Marvin.

THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH.



SPRING. A PANEL.
(Painted by Rosa Jameson Strutt.)

HOW beautiful is youth,—early manhood, early womanhood,—how wonderfully fair! What freshness of life, cleanness of blood, purity of breath! What hopes! There is nothing too much for the young maid or man to put into their dream, and in their prayer to hope to put in their day. O, young men and women! there is no picture of ideal excellence of manhood and womanhood that I ever draw that seems too high, too beautiful for young hearts.

I love to look on these young faces, and see the firstlings of a young man's beard, and the maidenly bloom blushing over the girl's fair cheek. I love to see the pure eyes beaming with joy and goodness, to see the unconscious joy of such young souls, impatient of restraint, and longing for the heaven which we fashion here.

So have I seen in early May, among the New England hills, the morning springing in the sky, and gradually thinning out the stars that hedge about the cradle of day; and all cool and fresh and lustrous came the morning light, and a few birds commenced their songs, prophets of very many more; and ere the sun was fairly up, you saw the pinky buds upon the apple trees, and scented the violets in the morning air, and thought of what a fresh and lordly day was coming up the eastern sky.

THEODORE PARKER.

MAIDEN DREAMS.

I LOOK at you in passionless pride,
The stainless trust of your maiden years,
And I wonder how much the dog at your side
Knows of your delicate hopes and fears.

As wise as he is he scarce can guess
All that I'd give to take his place,
To hear you those pretty thoughts confess,
To sit at your side and look in your face.

My little lady, this thing is sure
That, till upwards flow the sacred streams,
No folly of mine your heart shall lure,
No word of mine shall disturb your dreams.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.



MAIDENHOOD.
(*By Marcus Stone, A. R. A. By permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic."*)

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HERE'S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.

HERE'S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;
For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native grace;
For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sunshine of thy face;
For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet as speech can be,—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! Though my glow of youth is o'er,
And I, as once I felt and dream'd, must feel and dream no more;
Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has chill'd my soul at last,
And genius with the foodful looks of youthful friendship pass'd;
Though my path is dark and lonely now, o'er this world's dreary sea,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! though I know that not for me
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;
Though thou, with cold and careless looks, wilt often pass me by,
Unconscious of my swelling heart and of my wistful eye;
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste one thought on me,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet thee in the throng
Of merry youths and maidens dancing lightsomely along,
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy form,
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like lightning through a storm;
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy looks of glee,
And for once, my Scottish lassie, dance a giddy dance with thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! I shall think of thee at even,
When I see its first and fairest star come smiling ud through heaven;
I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice in every wind that grieves,
As it whirls from the abandon'd oak its wither'd autumn leaves;
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the sea,
I shall think, my Scottish lassie, I shall often think of thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! In my sad and lonely hours,
The thought of thee comes o'er me like the breath of distant flowers:
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that bless mine eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of the sky,
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms on the tree,
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie, is the lonely thought of thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie!—here's a parting health to thee!
May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far from me!
May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open still thy brow,
Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy heart as light as now—
And, whatsoe'er my after-fate, my dearest toast shall be:
Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a hearty health to thee!

JOHN MOULTRIE.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day:
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break :
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I m to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year :
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;
And the New-year's coming up mother, but I shall never see
The blossoms on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers ; we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May ;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles' Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills ; the frost is on the pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry, dark wold the summer air blows cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor;
Let her take 'em: they are her's: I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me before the day is born,
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him who died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet.
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call:
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here:
With all my strength, I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them; it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TENNYSON.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

A LITTLE past the village
The Inn stood, low and white;
Green shady trees behind it,
And an orchard on the right;
Where over the green paling
The red-cheeked apples hung,
As if to watch how wearily
The sign-board creaked and swung.

The heavy-laden branches,
Over the road hung low,
Deflected fruit or blossom
From the wayside well below;
Where children, drawing water,
Looked up and paused to see,
Amid the apple-branches,
A purple Judas-Tree.

The road stretched winding onward
For many a weary mile,—
So dusty, foot-sore wanderers
Would pause and rest awhile;
And panting horses halted,
And travelers loved to tell
The quiet of the wayside inn,
The orchard, and the well.

Here Maurice dwelt; and often
The sunburnt boy would stand
Gazing upon the distance,
And shading with his hand
His eyes, while watching vainly
For travelers, who might need
His aid to loose the bridle,
And tend the weary steed.

And once (the boy remembered
That morning many a day,—
The dew lay on the hawthorn,
The bird sang on the spray)
A train of horsemen, nobler
Than he had seen before,
Up from the distance galloped,
And halted at the door.

Upon a milk-white pony,
Fit for a fairy queen,
Was the loveliest little damsel
His eyes had ever seen:
A serving-man was holding
The leading rein, to guide
The pony and its mistress,
Who cantered by his side.

Her sunny ringlets round her
A golden cloud had made,
While her large hat was keeping
Her calm blue eyes in shade;
One hand held fast the silken reins
To keep her steed in check,
The other pulled his tangled mane,
Or stroked his glossy neck.

And as the boy brought water,
And loosed the rein, he heard
The sweetest voice that thanked him
In one low gentle word;
She turned her blue eyes from him,
Looked up, and smiled to see
The hanging purple blossoms
Upon the Judas-Tree;

And showed it with a gesture,
Half pleading, half command,
Till he broke the fairest blossom,
And laid it in her hand;

And she tied it to her saddle
With a ribbon from her hair,
While her happy laugh rang gayly,
Like silver on the air.

But the champing steeds were rested,—
The horsemen now spurred on,
And down the dusty highway
They vanished and were gone.
Years passed, and many a traveler
Paused at the old inn-door,
But the little milk-white pony
And the child returned no more.

Years passed, the apple-branches
A deeper shadow shed;
And many a time the Judas-Tree,
Blossom and leaf, lay dead;
When on the loitering western breeze
Came the bells' merry sound,
And flowery arches rose, and flags
And banners waved around.

Maurice stood there expectant;
The bridal train would stay
Some moments at the inn-door,
The eager watchers say;
They come,—the cloud of dust draws near—
'Mid all the state and pride,
He only sees the golden hair
And blue eyes of the bride.

The same, yet, ah, still fairer;
He knew the face once more
That bent above the pony's neck
Years past at that inn-door;
Her shy and smiling eyes looked round,
Unconscious of the place,
Unconscious of the eager gaze
He fixed upon her face.

He plucked a blossom from the tree,—
The Judas-Tree,—and cast
Its purple fragrance towards the Bride,
A message from the Past.
The signal came, the horses plunged,—
Once more she smiled around:
The purple blossom in the dust
Lay trampled on the ground.

Again the slow years fleeted,
Their passage only known
By the height the Passion-flower
Around the porch had grown;
And many a passing traveler
Paused at the old inn-door,
But the bride, so fair and blooming,
The bride returned no more.

One winter morning, Maurice,
Watching the branches bare,
Rustling and waving dimly
In the gray and misty air,
Saw blazoned on a carriage
Once more the well-known shield,
The stars and azure fleurs-de-lis
Upon a silver field.

He looked—was that pale woman,
So grave, so worn, so sad,
The child, once young and smiling,
The bride, once fair and glad?
What grief hath dimmed that glory,
And brought that dark eclipse
Upon her blue eyes' radiance,
And paled those trembling lips?

What memory of past sorrow,
What stab of present pain,
Brought that deep look of anguish,
That watched the dismal rain,
That watched (with the absent spirit
That looks, yet does not see)
The dead and leafless branches
Upon the Judas-Tree?

The slow, dark months crept onward
Upon their icy way,
Till April broke in showers,
And Spring smiled forth in May;
Upon the apple-blossoms
The sun shone bright again,
When slowly up the highway
Came a long funeral train.

The bells tolled slowly, sadly,
For a noble spirit fled;
Slowly, in pomp and honor,
They bore the quiet dead.
Upon a black-plumed charger
One rode, who held a shield,
Where stars and azure fleurs-de-lis
Shone on a silver field.

'Mid all that homage given
To a fluttering heart at rest,
Perhaps an honest sorrow
Dwelt only in one breast.
One by the inn-door standing
Watched with fast-dropping tears
The long procession passing,
And thought of bygone years.

The boyish, silent homage
To child and bride unknown,
The pitying, tender sorrow
Kept in his heart alone,
Now laid upon the coffin
With a purple flower, might be
Told to the cold, dead sleeper;—
The rest could only see
A fragrant purple blossom,
Plucked from a Judas-Tree.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curled to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.

When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper;—

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

BYRON.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wander'd to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which shelter'd you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
That play'd with us upon the grass some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom—barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is alter'd some, the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
It's music, just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath the same old tree—
I do forget the name just now; you've play'd the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas play'd with knives, by throwing so and so,
The loser had a task to do, there, just twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom, the stream appears less wide;
But the grapevine swing is ruin'd now where once we play'd the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I even started so!
To see how much that I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same—
Some heartless wretch had peel'd the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties—
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me,
And when our time is come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we play'd, just twenty years ago.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



Past All Repair.



A Cobbler's Shop.

(Painted by C. Van Haanen. By Permission of T. McLean, Esq.)

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah! woeful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys that came down shower-like
Of Friendship, Love and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah! woeful ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gate, this altered size:
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
An tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own,
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreathe,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

BYRON.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WITH cheerful step the traveler
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears
Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapors hide
Some beauty from his sight.

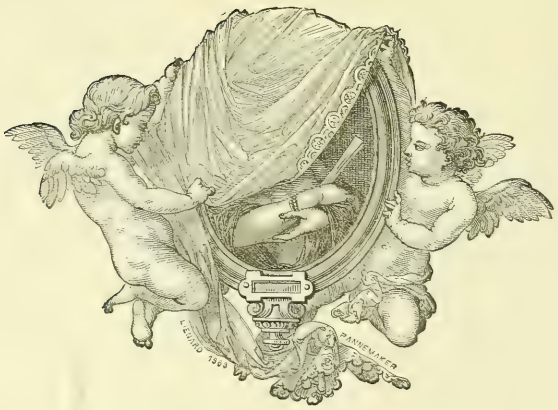
But, when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveler
Pursues his evening way!

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labors up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveler feels
The fears of wary age!

SOUTHEY.



THE VEILED PORTRAIT.

Sebastiano del Piomba.

MANHOOD--WOMANHOOD.

Oh! ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear
Locked up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels and what riches hast thou there?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest?

SIR J. DAVIES.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanted yet, and then was man designed,
Conscious of thought.

DRYDEN.

Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She while Apostles shrank could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

E. S. BARRET—*Woman.*

A man can never become a gentleman in manner until he is a gentleman at heart.

DICKENS.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than any other, what kind of man you are yourself; for you show me what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long to be.

CARLYLE.

WEDDING BELLS.

WANDERING away on tired feet,
Away from the close and crowded street,
Faded shawl and faded gown,
Unsmoothed hair of a golden brown,
Eyes once bright
With joyous light,
Away from the city's smoke and din,
Trying to flee from it and sin.
In shame cast down,
'Neath the scorn and frown
Of those who had known her in days that were flown.
The same blue eyes—the abode of tears,
The once light heart—the abode of fears,
While dark despair came creeping in,
As she fled from the city's smoke and din.
With a yearning sigh,
And a heart-sick cry—
"Oh, to wander away and die!
God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I dare to crave!"
And she struggled on,
With a weary moan,
In the noon-day heat,
From the dusty street;
And they turned to gaze on the fair young face,
And marveled much at her beauty and grace.
What cared they if her heart was aching?
How knew they that her heart was breaking?

Forth from the West the red light glowed,
And the weary feet still kept on their road,
Wand'ring on in the golden sheen,
Where the country lanes were fresh and green.
The red light gleamed on the village tower,
And lit up the clock at the sunset hour;
And still her cry
Was, "Oh, to die!
God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I care to crave!"
The sun uprose, and the light of day
Brightly scattered the clouds of gray;
And the village was gay
For a holiday.
Merrily echoed the old church bells,
Peal on peal, o'er the hills and dells;
Borne away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas;
Back again with a joyous clang!
Merrily, cheerily, on they rang!
But they woke her not, she slumbered on,
With her head laid down on the cold gray stone.

The village was bright
In the gladsome light,
And the village maidens were clad in white,
As side by side
They merrily hied,
In gay procession, to meet the bride;
Strewing the path of the village street
With choicest flowers for her dainty feet.
A joyful chime of the bells again,
To proclaim the return of the bridal train;
A louder peal from the old church-tower
(As the bride passes on through the floral bower,
With the bridegroom happy, tender and gay),
And the echoes are carried away, away;
But they linger awhile o'er the tombstones gray;
And the sleeper awakes with a yearning cry—
"Oh, to die! oh, to die!
God let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis all my broken heart can crave!"
And she lays her head again on the stone,
With a long-drawn breath and a sobbing moan;
While the bridal train (with many a thought
Unspoken of omens with evils fraught)
Sweeps down the path from the old church door,
And the bells' glad music is wafted once more
Over the moorland, over the heath—
But they wake her not, for her sleep is death!

Why does the bridegroom's cheek turn pale?
Why in his eye such a look of bale?
Why does he totter, then quicken his pace
As he catches a glimpse of the poor dead face?
Oh, woe betide,
That so fair a bride
As she who steps with such grace by his side,
Should have faced grim death on her wedding-day!
Did this thought trouble the bridegroom gay,
And dash from his eye the glad light away?
I wist not; for never a word he spoke,
And soon from his face the troubled look
Was gone, and he turned to his beautiful bride
With a radiant smile and a glance of pride:
And his eye was bright,
And his step was light,
As would beseem with her by his side.
Oh, his smile is glad, and his heart is brave!
What cares he for the dead on the grave?
The faded shawl, and faded gown,
And unsmoothed hair of golden brown?
Why should the face on the tombstone gray
Trouble him so on his wedding-day?
Forgotten words that were long since spoken,
Thoughts of vows that were made to be broken?
Fling them away!
Be joyous and gay!
Death will never a secret betray.
Quaff the red wine, the glasses ring;
Drink, till the gloomy thoughts take wing;
Drink and be merry, merry and glad!
With a bride so lovely, who could be sad?



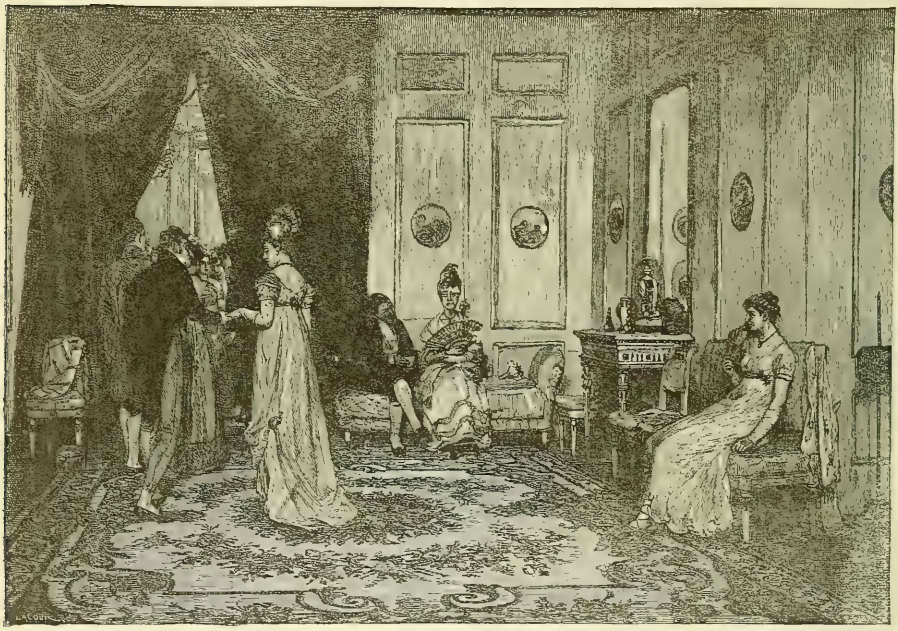
THE QUEEN OF SWORDS. (*From the Painting by William Quiller Orchardson, R. A., in the possession of J. Glas Sandeman, Esq., Glasgow.*)

Hark! the wedding bells are ringing,
Over the hills their echoes flinging;
Carried away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas,
Riding back on the zephyr's wing,
Joyously, merrily, on they ring!
But she will not wake, her sleep is deep,
And death can ever a secret keep.
Ah! thy smile may be glad and thy heart may be brave,
And the secret be kept betwixt thee and the grave;
But shouldst thou forget it for one short day,
In the gloom of night, from the tombstone gray,
Will come the sound of a wailing cry—
"Oh, to die! oh, to die!"

And the bride at thy bosom will raise her head
In affright, as she hears thee call on the dead
In a ghastly dream, on whose wings are borne
The memories of thy wedding morn!

Oh, the woeful sight of the pale, dead face,
With the cold, dank stone for its resting-place!
Oh, the mocking chime of the old church bell!
It shall seem to peal from the mouth of hell;
Into thy dreams its echoes bringing,
Merrily, madly, ceaselessly ringing!
The white face shall haunt thee!
The bells they shall taunt thee!
Echoed and tossed on the withering breath
Of a curse that shall cling round thy soul till death.

CHARLOTTE M. GRIFFITHS.



A SOCIAL EDDY—LEFT BY THE TIDE.

(*From the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R. A., in the possession of A. Macdonald, Esq., Keppleston, Aberdeen.*)

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me into supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
Neath its white-gloved and jewell'd load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE RECONCILIATION.

AS thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
We fell out—I know not why—
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling-out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FORGET ME NOT.

GO, youth beloved, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find,
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot,
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me;
But, oh, if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend;
Forget me not, forget me not!

AMELIA OPIE.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

MY life, which was so bright and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
The chain in woof be wed.

One weary night, when months went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
In grief unnamed, untold;
But when at last the morning's light
Broke on my vision, fair and bright
There gleamed a cloth of gold.

And now I never lose my trust,
Weave as I may—and weave I must—
That God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day;
What more, then, can be said?

CLARA J. MOORE.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day by day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hæmus cool, reads what the muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,

Abrupt and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!
O Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; the rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift—
These ever open to my ravished eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal—if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition—under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

IN rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sound of hound and

horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature which abound in the British poets, that have continued down from "The Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knell'd,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory well'd,
Which once had quench'd my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged paths to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And sear'd below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

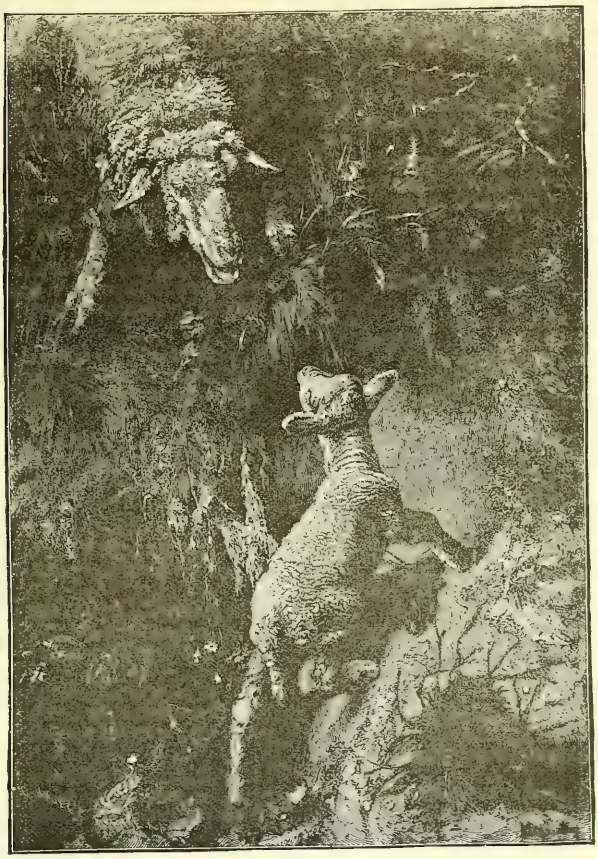
And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldrom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,—
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.



MOTHERLY LOVE.

—*E. Zuegel, Munich.*

THE HOMESTEAD.

FROM the old squire's dwelling, gloomy and grand,
Stretching away on either hand,
Lie fields of broad and fertile land.

Acres on acres everywhere,
The look of smiling plenty wear,
That tells of the master's thoughtful care.

Sleek cows down the pasture take their ways,
Or lie in the shade through the sultry days,
Idle, and too full-fed to graze.

Ah! you might wander far and wide,
Nor find a spot in the country's side
So fair to see as our valley's pride!

Here blossoms the clover, white and red,
Here the heavy oats in a tangle spread,
And the millet lifts her golden head;

And, ripening, closely neighbored by
Fields of barley and pale white rye,
The yellow wheat grows strong and high.

And near, untried through the summer days,
Lifting their spears in the sun's fierce blaze,
Stand the bearded ranks of the maize.

Straying over the side of the hill,
The sheep run to and fro at will,
Nibbling of short green grass their fill.

How, just beyond, if it will not tire
Your feet to climb this green knoll higher,
We can see the pretty village spire;

And, mystic haunt of the whippoorwills,
The wood, that all the background fills,
Crowning the tops to the mill-creek hills.

There, miles away, like a faint blue line,
Whenever the day is clear and fine,
You can see the track of a river shine.

Near it a city hides unseen,
Shut close the verdant hills between,
As an acorn set in its cup of green.

And right beneath, at the foot of the hill,
The little creek flows swift and still,
That turns the wheel of Dovecote mill.

Nearer the grand old house one sees
Fair rows of thrifty apple-trees,
And tall straight pears o'ertopping these.

And down at the foot of the garden, low,
On a rustic bench, a pretty show,
White bee-hives, standing in a row.

Here, trimmed in sprigs, with blossoms, each
Of the little bees in easy reach,
Hang the boughs of the plum and peach.

At the garden's head are poplars tall,
And peacocks, making their harsh, loud call,
Sun themselves all day on the wall.

And here you will find on every hand
Walks and fountains and statues grand,
And trees from many a foreign land.

And flowers, that only the learned can name,
Here glow and burn like a gorgeous flame,
Putting the poor man's blooms to shame.

Far away from their native air
The Norway pines their green dress wear;
And larches swing their long, loose hair.

Near the porch grows the broad catalpa tree,
And o'er it the grand wistaria
Born to the purple of royalty.

There looking the same for a weary while—
'Twas built in this heavy, gloomy style—
Stands the mansion, a grand old pile.

Always closed, as it is to-day,
And the proud squire, as the neighbors say,
Frowns each unwelcome guest away.

Though some, who knew him long ago,
If you ask, will shake their heads of snow,
And tell you he was not always so,

Though grave and quiet at any time,
But that now, his head in manhood's prime
Is growing white as the winter's rime.

PHŒBE CARY.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labors see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.



THE GARDEN.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed !
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race :
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life this is I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden state
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers!

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,—
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man,—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough, in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod, or stane.
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
An low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd;
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

ROB'T BURNS.

SONNET.

TO one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS.





THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogg'd with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And weary hands unbind the panting steers.
These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines that heaven-commanded Toil
Shows on his deed,—the charter of the soil!
O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!

We stain thy flowers,—they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tassell'd corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.
No! by these hills whose banners now display'd
In blazing cohorts Autumn has array'd;
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines,—
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chain'd ban-dogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that, bending even now,
Bow'd their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run;
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers, adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMBARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostril thin
But blown abroad with the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins—
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet—he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all that hot Arabian day)—
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands.

B. W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).



A SONG OF THE HARVEST.

'TIS harvest-tide, and a tremulous quiver
Ripples across the broad seas of grain;
The breezes whisper the news to the river,
That harvest time has come again!
And the river, wrapt in its secret, hushes,
Then carries its tale to the swaying rushes,
Who nod their heads in solemn pride;
But the listening birds that round them throng
Break blithely forth in joyous song—
"Hurrah for the ripe corn far and wide!
Hurrah for the golden harvest tide!"

At eventide glad earnest voices
Unite in chorus pure and strong:
The weary son of toil rejoices,
And the children join the harvest song:
Until when the ruddy sunset flushes
Die out in the west, the chorus hushes,

And a chant of praise for wants supplied
Goes up to Him who gives the grain;
And then all hearts break forth again—
"Thank God for the ripe corn far and wide!
Thank God for the joyous harvest-tide!"

GEO. WEATHERLY.

THE HARVEST TIME.

THE summer days had come and gone,
And o'er the fields of golden grain
The reapers' song rang cheerily,
For harvest time had come again.
The lassies—bless their bonny hearts!—
With many a smile our hearts did cheer;
But brown-eyed Nora—ah! *my* heart
Ran mad with joy when she came near.

Of this and that ere long we talked,
Till Nora in a sober fit,
On "Reaping that which we have sown,"
Began to moralize a bit.

Then whispered I, "Ah! Nora dear,
Can you not think how long ago,
Within that little heart of yours,
The seeds of *love* I tried to sow?

"How rich a harvest that dear heart
Will yield to me, I cannot say,
But if there's aught awaits me there,
I am a happy man to-day!"
And then, amid the golden sheaves,
Ere yet the twilight did begin,
I opened wide my longing arms,
And gathered *my* sweet harvest in.

HARVEST SONG.

THE wind blows in at early morn
Across the rippling sea,
And dances along o'er the rustling corn,
That welcomes it lovingly.
Ah, summer breeze, caress while you may!
Bees, linger with your humming!
For the golden grain will be gathered to-day,
The harvesters are coming!

E'en now you may hear their joyous shout
Far down in the shady lane,
Where the little brook winds in and out,
And hides and peeps forth again.
See now they are passing the lowing herds,
And the pool where darts the swallow,
And their song wafts up with the song of birds,
Right down from the leafy hollow:

"Hurrah for the work begun!
Hurrah for the golden grain!
Hurrah for the ripening sun!
Hurrah for the fresh'ning rain!
Hurrah for the work begun!
Hurrah for the golden grain!"

The wind blows in at eve again,
Across the shimmering sea,
But seeks in vain for the rustling grain
It had wooed so lovingly;
For the corn is cut, and the golden sheaves
Lie heaped in the cliff-side meadow,
So it passes on to the nodding leaves,
And dallies with them in the shadow.

And now once more the joyous words
Ring out o'er the sun-lit sea,
And with ripple of waves and lay of birds
Make sweetest melody.
For toil is o'er, and a thankful song
From every heart is springing,
And the workers' words seem to linger long,
And still you can hear them singing:

"Hurrah for good work done!
Hurrah for the golden grain!
Hurrah for the ripening sun!
Hurrah for the fresh'ning rain!
Hurrah for good work done!
Hurrah for the golden grain!"



THE REAPER.

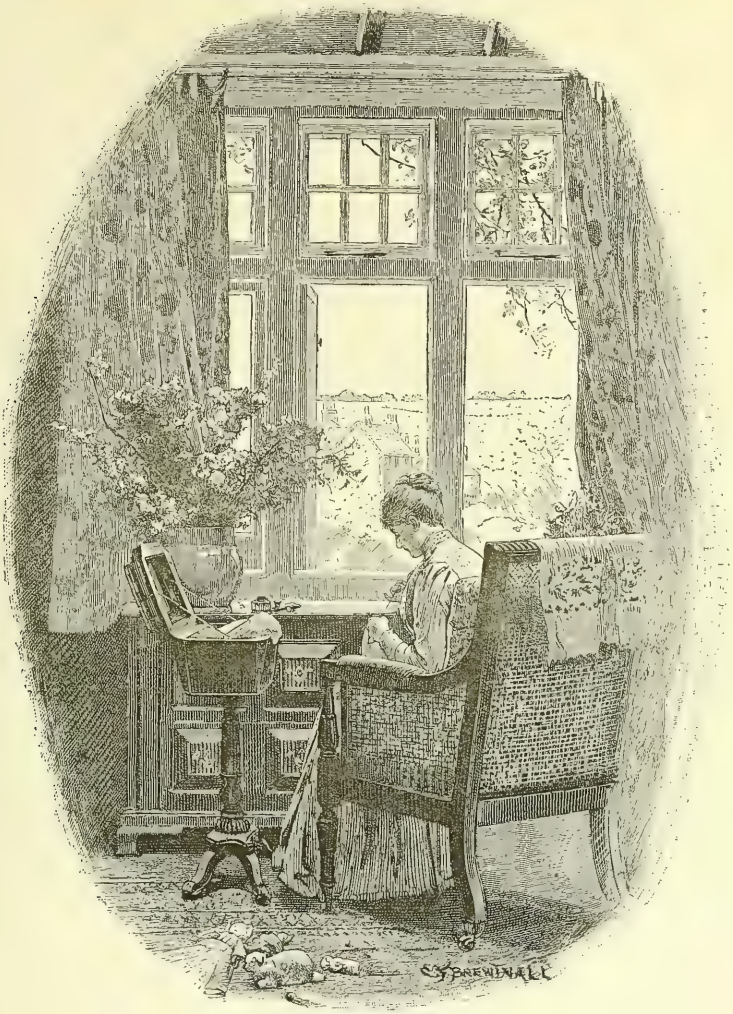
BEHOLD her single in the field,
You solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



FROM MY WORKSHOP WINDOW.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to follow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home! Sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call:
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home, home! Sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Mother, Home, and Heaven.

THERE are three words that sweetly blend,
That on the heart are graven;
A precious soothing balm they lend—
They're Mother, Home, and Heaven!

They twine a wreath of beauteous flowers,
Which, placed on memory's urn,
Will e'en the longest, gloomiest hours
To golden sunlight turn!

They form a chain, whose every link
Is free from base alloy;
A stream where whosoever drinks
Will find refreshing joy!

They build an altar where each day
Love's offering is renewed;
And peace illumes with genial ray
Life's darkened solitude!

If from our side the first has fled,
And Home be but a name,
Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
That we the last may gain!

MARY J. MUCKLE.

Mother, Home, Heaven.

THREE words fall sweetly on my soul
As music from an angel lyre,
That bid my spirit spurn control
And upward to its source aspire;
The sweetest sounds to mortals given
Are heard in Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Dear Mother! ne'er shall I forget
Thy brow, thine eye, thy pleasant smile!
Though in the sea of death hath set
Thy star of life, my guide awhile,
Oh, never shall thy form depart
From the bright pictures in my heart.

And like a bird that from the flowers,
Wing-weary seeks her wonted nest,
My spirit, e'en in manhood's hours,
Turns back in childhood's Home to rest;
The cottage, garden, hill and stream,
Still linger like a pleasant dream.

And while to one engulfing grave,
By time's swift tide we're driven,
How sweet the thought that every wave
But bears us nearer Heaven!
There we shall meet when life is o'er,
In that blest Home, to part no more.

WM. GOLDSMITH BROWN.

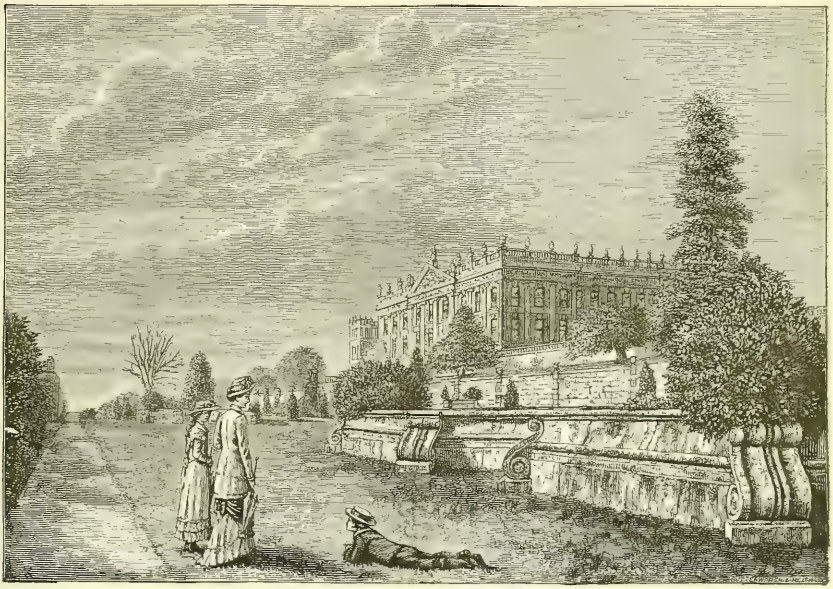
Great Popular Questions are Decided at the Fireside.

From Mr. Garfield's speech, delivered at the Chicago Convention, in June, 1880.

I HAVE seen the sea lashed into a fury and tossed into a spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed, and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor takes the level from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When our enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find the calm level of public opinion below the storm from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here in

this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed; not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates, waiting to cast their votes into the urn and determine the choice of their party; but by four million Republican firesides, where the thoughtful fathers, with wives and children about them, with calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and the knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by,—there God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night.

J. A. Garfield.



Chatsworth House from the Southwest.

HOMES OF ENGLAND.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"—*Marmion.*

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, at that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

HOME.

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WE ARE SEVEN.

——A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we:
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we:
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And ,when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

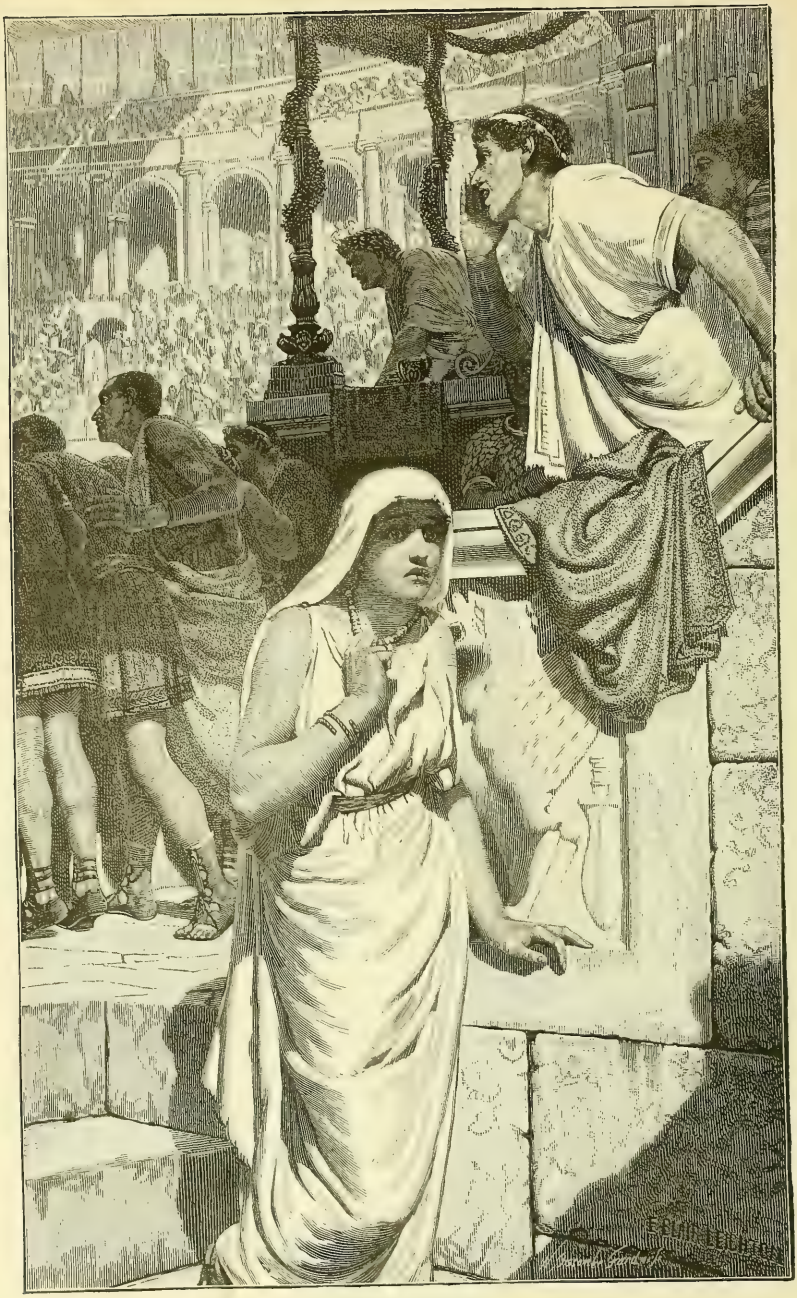
"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WORDSWORTH.

CONSTANTIUS AND THE LION.

A PORTAL of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led into the surroundery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me.

All my rancor vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart,—I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was, at the worst, but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see that noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me, I would have obtested heaven and earth to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—pale—paralyzed—the beating of my pulse stopped—my eyes alone alive.



THE GLADIATOR'S WIFE.

(Painted by E. Blair Leighton. Royal Academy, 1884.)

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air: when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for an instant, life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion, reared upon his hind feet, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword now swung around the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose his hold; but his strength was evidently giving way,—he still struck his terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage beast yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling around the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and the conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless on the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane and bared his fangs; but his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing around the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name,—called on her, by every feeling of nature, to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice, she looked up, and, calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head,—with the other she pointed to it as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eye,—her cheek burned,—she waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered, in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body *was* my husband,—I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him

from the hand of evil that you abandoned your quiet home! Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that, to the last moment of his liberty, only sought how he might serve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild power, "he was betrayed, and may the Power whose thunders avenge the cause of His people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared"—

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him, I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above.

An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck,—gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

GEORGE CROLY.

THE GLADIATOR.

THEY led a lion from his den,
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
And shook his flowing mane.
There's not of all Rome's heroes, ten
That dare abide this game.
His bright eye naught of lightning lacked;
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
And yet unscathed of wound.
Blithely he stepped among the throng,
And careless threw around
A dark eye, such as courts the path
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd,—
Rung the glad galleries with the sound;
And from the throne there spake aloud
A voice,—"Be the bold man unbound!
And, by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life."

Joy was upon that dark man's face:
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he:
"Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste,
And let my arms be free:
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest;
But oh! who will not be
A hero, when he fights for life,
For home and country, babes and wife?

"And thus I for the strife prepare:
The Thracian falchion to me bring,
But ask th' imperial leave to spare
The shield,—a useless thing,
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,
Then o'er me would I fling
The broad orb; but to lion's wrath
The shield were but a sword of lath."

And as he bared the shining blade,
And springs he on the shaggy foe;
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played;—
The desert-king lies low:
His long and loud death-howl is made;
And there must end the show.
And when the multitude were calm,
The favorite freedman took the palm.

"'Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside!'
He knelt, that dark man;—o'er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed;
And fair words gild it now:
"'Thou art the bravest youth that ever tried
To lay a lion low;
And from our presence forth thou go'st
To lead the Dacians of our host."

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
And grieved and gloomily spake he:
"'My cabin stands where blithely glide
Proud Danube's waters to the sea:
I have a young and blooming bride,
And I have children three:—
No Roman wealth or rank can give
Such joy as in their arms to live.

"My wife sits at the cabin door,
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes;—
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,
She speaks of sundered ties;
She bids my tender babes deplore
The death their father dies;
She tells these jewels of my home,
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

"I cannot let those cherubs stray
Without their sire's protecting care;
And I would chase the griefs away
Which cloud my wedded fair."
The monarch spoke; the guards obey;
The gates unclosed are:
He's gone! No golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

J. A. Jones.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

ANDROMACHE.

WILL Hector leave me for the fatal plain,
Where, fierce with vengeance for Patroclus slain,
Stalks Peleus' ruthless son?
Who, when thou glid'st amid the dark abodes,
To hurl the spear and to revere the Gods,
Shall teach thine Orphan one?

HECTOR.

Woman and wife beloved—cease thy tears;
My soul is nerved—the war-clang in my ears!
Be mine in life to stand
Troy's bulwark! fighting for our hearths, to go,
In death exulting, to the streams below,
Slain for my father-land!

ANDROMACHE.

No more I hear thy martial footsteps fall—
Thine arms shall hang, dull trophies, on the wall—
Fallen the stem of Troy!
Thou go'st where slow Cocytus wanders,—where
Love sinks in Lethè, and the sunless air
Is dark to light and joy!

HECTOR.

Longing and thought—yea, all I feel and think
May in the silent sloth of Lethè sink,
But my love not!
Hark, the wild swarm is at the walls!—I hear!
Gird on my sword—Beloved one, dry the tear—
Lèthe for love is not!

Schiller.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

(Iliad, Lib. vi.)

SHE rushed to meet him: the nurse following
Bore on her bosom the unsaddened child,
A simple babe, prince Hector's well-loved son,
Like a star shining when the world is dark.
Scamandrius, Hector called him; but the rest
Named him Astyanax, the city's prince,
Because that Hector only, had saved Troy.
He, when he saw his son, smiled silently;
While, dropping tears, Andromache pressed on,
And clung to his hands, and spake, and named his name.

"Hector, my best one, thine own nobleness
Must needs undo thee. Pity hast thou none
For this young child and this most sad myself,
Who soon shall be thy widow, since that soon
The Greeks will slay thee in the general rush;
And then, for me, what refuge, 'reft of *thee*,
But to go graveward? Then, no comfort more
Shall touch me, as in the old sad times thou know'st.
Grief only—grief! I have no father now,
No mother mild. Achilles the divine,
He slew my father, sacked his lofty Thebes,
Cilicia's populous city, and slew its king,
Eëtion—father!—did not spoil the corse,
Because the Greek revered him in his soul,
But burnt the body with its dædal arms,
And poured the dust out gently. Round that tomb
The Oreads, daughters of the goat-nursed Zeus,
Tripped in a ring, and planted their green elms.
There were seven brothers with me in the house,
Who all went down to Hades in one day,—

For *he* slew all, Achilles the divine,
Famed for his swift feet,—slain among their herds
Of cloven-footed bulls and flocking sheep!
My mother, too, who queened it o'er the woods
Of Hippoplacia, he, with other spoil,
Seized,—and, for golden ransom, freed too late,—
Since, as she went home, arrowy Artemis
Met her and slew her at my father's door.
But—O my Hector,—thou art still to me
Father and mother!—yes, and brother dear,
O thou, who art my sweetest spouse beside!
Come now, and take me into pity! Stay
I' the town here with us! Do not make thy child
An orphan, nor a widow thy poor wife!
Call up the people to the fig-tree, where
The city is most accessible, the wall
Most easy of assault!—for thrice thereby
The boldest Greeks have mounted to the breach,—
Both Ajaxes, the famed Idomeneus,
Two sons of Atreus, and the noble one
Of Tydeus,—whether taught by some wise seer,
Or by their own souls prompted and inspired."

Great Hector answered: "Lady, for these things
It is my part to care. And *I* fear most
My Trojans, and their daughters, and their wives,
Who through their long veils would glance scorn at me
If, coward-like, I shunned the open war.
Nor doth my own soul prompt me to that end!
I learnt to be a brave man constantly,
And to fight foremost where my Trojans fight,
And vindicate my father's glory and mine—
Because I know, by instinct and my soul,
The day comes that our sacred Troy must fall,
And Priam and his people. Knowing which,
I have no such grief for all my Trojans' sake,
For Hecuba's, for Priam's, our old king,
Not for my brothers', who so many and brave
Shall bite the dust before our enemies,—
As, sweet, for *thee!*—to think some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping and deprive thy life
Of the free sun-sight—that when gone away
To Argos, thou shalt throw the distaff there,
Not for thy uses—or shalt carry instead
Upon thy loathing brow, as heavy as doom,
The water of Greek wells—Messeis' own.
Or Hyperea's!—that some standerby,
Marking my tears fall, shall say, 'This is she,
The wife of that same Hector who fought best
Of all the Trojans, when all fought for Troy'—
Ay!—and, so speaking, shall renew thy pang
That, 'reft of him so named, thou shouldst survive
To a slave's life! But earth shall hide my corse
Ere that shriek sound, wherewith thou art dragged from Troy."

Thus Hector spake, and stretched his arms to his child.
Against the nurse's breast with childly cry,
The boy clung back, and shunned his father's face,
And feared the glittering brass and waving hair
Of the high helmet, nodding horror down.
The father smiled, the mother could not choose
But smile too. Then he lifted from his brow
The helm, and set it on the ground to shine:
Then kissed his dear child—raised him with both arms,
And thus invoked Zeus and the general gods:

"Zeus, and all godships: grant this boy of mine
To be the Trojan's help, as I myself,—
To live a brave life and rule well in Troy!
Till men shall say, 'The son exceeds the sire
By a far glory.' Let him bring home spoil
Heroic, and make glad his mother's heart."

With which prayer, to his wife's extended arms
He gave the child; and she received him straight
To her bosom's fragrance—smiling up her tears.
Hector gazed on her till his soul was moved;
Then softly touched her with his hand and spake:
"My best one—'ware of passion and excess
In any fear. There's no man in the world
Can send me to the grave apart from fate,—
And no man ....sweet, I tell thee ....can fly fate,—
No good nor bad man. Doom is self-fulfilled.
But now, go home, and ply thy woman's task
Of wheel and distaff! bid thy maiden's haste
Their occupation. War's a care for men—
For all men born in Troy, and chief for me."

Thus spake the noble Hector, and resumed
His crested helmet, while his spouse went home;
But as she went, still looked back lovingly,
Dropping the tears from her reverted face.

E. B. Browning.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

WEARY way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Traveling painfully over the rugged road,—
Wild-visaged Wanderer! God help thee, wretched one!
Sorely thy little one drags by thee barefooted;
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,
Meager and livid, and screaming for misery.

Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou look'st to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.
Ne'er will thy husband return from the war again;
Cold is thy heart, and as frozen as Charity;
Cold are thy children.—Now God be thy comforter.

SOUTHEY.

THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CH. KINGSLEY.



NO TIDINGS.

(*Painted by Frank Holl, A. R. A. Exhibited at Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons' Gallery.*)

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571).

THE old mayor climb'd the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pull'd before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he,
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play up, 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouch'd on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty to the milking-shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple tower'd from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd-lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some look'd uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I look'd without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall," he cried, "is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,
With her two bairns I mark'd her long,
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He look'd across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre rear'd his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward press'd
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout,
Then beaten foam flew round about.
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobb'd in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I mark'd the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high;
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless row'd;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glow'd;
And yet he moan'd beneath his breath,
"Oh come in life, or come in death,
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow,
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jaud's fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on
My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to pleasure my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her Sunday gown,
And Jock his button coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bank
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave:
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

JEAN ADAM.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

PART I.

I'VE a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I can read and never tire,
Baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to thee,
He is coming home to me,
Baby mine.

He's been parted from us long,
Baby mine, baby mine;
But if hearts be true and strong,
Baby mine,
They shall brave Misfortune's blast,
And be overpaid at last
For all pain and sorrow pass'd,
Baby mine.

Oh, I long to see his face,
Baby mine, baby mine,
In his old-accustom'd place,
Baby mine.
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine.

Thou wilt see him and rejoice,
Baby mine, baby mine;
Thou wilt know him by his voice,
Baby mine,
By his love-looks that endear,
By his laughter ringing clear,
By his eyes that know not fear,
Baby mine.

I'm so glad—I cannot sleep,
Baby mine, baby mine.
I'm so happy—I could weep,
Baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming home to me,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine.

PART II.

O'er the blue ocean gleaming
She sees a distant ship,
As small to view
As the white sea-mew
Whose wings in the billows dip.
"Blow, favoring gales, in her answering sails,
Blow steadily and free!
Rejoicing, strong,
Singing a song
Her rigging and her spars among,
And waft the vessel in pride along
That bears my love to me."

Nearer, still nearer driving,
The white sails grow and swell;
Clear to her eyes
The pennant flies,
And the flag she knows so well.
"Blow, favoring gales, in her answering sails.
Waft him, O gentle sea!
And still, O heart,
Thy fluttering start!
Why throb and beat as thou wouldst part,
When all so happy and bless'd thou art?
He comes again to thee!"

The swift ship drops her anchor,
A boat puts off for shore;
Against its prow
The ripples flow
To the music of the oar.
"And art thou here, mine own, my dear,
Safe from the perilous sea?
Safe, safe at home,
No more to roam!
Blow, tempests, blow; my love has come!
And sprinkle the clouds with your dashing foam!
He shall part no more from me."

CHARLES MACKAY.



MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

—*Rafael Santi d'Urbina.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

(TYPICAL OF GOD'S LOVE.)

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping,
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best:
So, when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

SAXE HOLM.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein hope all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings,
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays: "Dear Lord, thou knowest best—
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"—
And that is all

A little spirit speeding through the night,
A little home grown lonely, dark and chill,
A sad heart groping for the light;
A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps her safe through his eternal years"—
And that is all.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus.

SLEEP, sleep, mine Holy One!
My flesh, my Lord!—what name? I do not know
A name that seemeth not too high or low,
Too far from me or heaven:
My Jesus, *that* is best! that word being given
By the majestic angel whose command
Was softly as a man's beseeching, said,
When I and all the earth appeared to stand
In the great overflow
Of light celestial from his wings and head.
Sleep, sleep, my saving One!

And art thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being—art thou come for saving?
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed
By treadings of the low winds from the south,
A restless shadow through the chamber waving:
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun;
But thou, with that close slumber on thy mouth,
Dost seem of wind and sun already weary.
Art come for saving, O my weary One?

Perchance this sleep, that shutteth out the dreary
Earth sounds and motions, opens on thy soul
High dreams on fire with God;
High songs that make the pathways where they roll
More bright than stars do theirs; and visions new
Of thine eternal Nature's old abode.
Suffer this mother's kiss,
Best thing that earthly is,
To glide the music and the glory through,
Nor narrow in thy dream the broad upliftings
Of any seraph wing.
Thus noiseless, thus. Sleep, sleep, my dreaming One!

The slumber of his lips meseems to run
Through *my* lips to mine heart, to all its shiftings
Of sensual life, bringing contrariousness
In a great calm. I feel I could lie down
As Moses did, and die,*—and then live most.

I am 'ware of you, heavenly Presences,
That stand with your peculiar light unlost,
Each forehead with a high thought for a crown,
Unsunned i' the sunshine! I am 'ware. Ye throw
No shade against the wall! How motionless
Ye round me with your living statuary,
While through your whiteness, in and outwardly,
Continual thoughts of God appear to go,
Like light's soul in itself. I bear, I bear
To look upon the dropt lids of your eyes,
Though their external shining testifies
To that beatitude within which were
Enough to blast an eagle at his sun:
I fall not on my sad clay face before ye,—
I look on His. I know
My spirit which dilateth with the woe
Of His mortality,
May well contain your glory.
Yea, drop your lids more low.
Ye are but fellow-worshippers with me!
Sleep, sleep, my worshipped One!

We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem;
The dumb kine, from their fodder turning them,
Softened their horned faces
To almost human gazes
Toward the newly Born:
The simple shepherds from the starlit brooks
Brought visionary looks,
As yet in their astonied hearing rung
The strange, sweet angel-tongue:
The magi of the East, in sandals worn.
Knelt reverent, sweeping round,
With long pale beards, their gifts upon the ground,
The incense, myrrh, and gold
These baby hands were impotent to hold:
So let all earthlies and celestials wait
Upon thy royal state.
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One!

*It is a Jewish tradition that Moses died of the kisses of God's lips.

I am not proud—meek angels, ye invest
New meeknesses to hear such utterance rest
On mortal lips,—"I am not Proud"—*not proud!*
Albeit in my flesh God sent His Son,
Albeit over Him my head is bowed
As others bow before Him, still mine heart
Bows lower than their knees. O centuries
That roll in vision your futurities
My future grave athwart,
Whose murmurs seem to reach me while I keep
Watch o'er this sleep,
Say of me as the Heavenly said, "Thou art
The blessedest of women!"—blessedest,
Not holiest, not noblest, no high name
Whose height misplaced may pierce me like a shame
When I sit meek in heaven!
For me, for me,
God knows that I am feeble like the rest!
I often wandered forth more child than maiden,
Among the midnight hills of Galilee
Whose summits looked heaven-laden,
Listening to silence as it seemed to be
God's voice, so soft yet strong, so fain to press
Upon my heart as heaven did on the height,



THE VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST.
—*Pollaiuolo.*

And waken up its shadows by a light,
And show its vileness by a holiness.
Then I knelt down most silent like the night,
Too self-renounced for fears,
Raising my small face to the boundless blue
Whose stars did mix and tremble in my tears:
God heard *them* falling after, with His dew.
So, seeing my corruption, can I see
This Incorruptible now born of me,
This fair new Innocence, no sun did chance
To shine on (for even Adam was no child),
Created from my nature all defiled,
This mystery, from out mine ignorance,—
Nor feel the blindness, stain, corruption, more

Than others do, or *I* did heretofore?
Can hands wherein such burden pure has been
Not open with the cry, "Unclean, unclean,"
More oft than any else beneath the skies?
Ah King, ah Christ, ah son!
The kine, the shepherds, the abasèd wise
Must all less lowly wait
Than I, upon thy state.
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One.

Art thou a King, then? Come, his universe,
Come, crown me him a King.
Pluck rays from all such stars as never fling
Their light where fell a curse,
And make a crowning for this kingly brow.
What is my word? Each empyreal star
Sits in a sphere afar
In shining ambuscade:
The child-brow, crowned by none,
Keeps its unchildlike shade.
Sleep, sleep, my crownless One.

Unchildlike shade! No other babe doth wear
An aspect very sorrowful, as thou.
No small babe-smiles my watching heart has seen
To float like speech the speechless lips between,
No dove-like cooing in the golden air,
No quick, short joys of leaping babyhood:
Alas! our earthly good
In heaven thought evil, seems too good for thee.
Yet sleep, my weary One.

And then the drear, sharp tongue of prophecy,
With the dread sense of things which shall be done,
Doth smite me inly, like a sword: a sword?
That "smites the shepherd." Then, I think aloud
The words "despised," "rejected," every word
Recoiling into darkness as I view
The DARLING on my knee.
Bright angels, move not, lest ye stir the cloud
Betwixt my soul and his futurity.
I must not die, with mother's work to do,
And could not live—and see.

It is enough to bear
This image still and fair;
This holier in sleep
Than a saint at prayer;
This aspect of a child
Who never sinned or smiled;
This presence in an infant's face;
This sadness most like love;
This love, than love more deep;
This weakness like omnipotence
It is so strong to move.
Awful is this watching place,
Awful what I see from hence,—
A king without regalia,
A God without the thunder,
A child without the heart for play;
Ay, a Creator, rent asunder
From his first glory, and cast away
On his own world, for me alone
To hold in hands created, crying, "SON!"

That tear fell not on thee,
Beloved, yet thou stirrest in thy slumber!
Thou, stirring not for glad sounds out of number,
Which through the vibratory palm-trees run
From summer wind and bird,
So quickly hast thou heard
A tear fall silently?
Wak'st thou, O loving One?

E. B. BROWNING.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love—how sweet the name!
What is a Mother's love?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a Mother's Love.


IESUS
NAZARENUS
REX

And can a Mother's Love grow cold ?
Can she forget her boy ?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy ?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild ;
Is this a Mother's Love ?

Ten thousand voices answer "No !"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;
Yet, ah ! remember this,—
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth ;
—Is this a Mother's Love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare ;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell ;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind :
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant ! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word ;
This was the lesson to her son.
—Time is eternity begun :
Behold that Mother's Love.

Blest Mother ! who, in wisdom's path
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear, of God :
Ah, youth ! like him enjoy your prime ;
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !
What was that Mother's Love ?
—The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold :
This was that Mother's Love.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

I KNOW in grief like yours how more than vain
All comfort to the stricken heart appears ;
And as the bursting cloud must spend its rain,
So grief its tears.

I know that when your little darling's form
Had freed the angel spirit fettered there,
You could not pierce beyond the breaking storm,
In your despair.

You could not see the tender hand that caught
Your little lamb, to shield him from all harm ;
You missed him from your own, but never thought
Of Jesus' arm !

You only knew those precious eyes were dim ;
You only felt those tiny lips were cold :
You only clung to what remained of him
Beneath the mould.

But oh ; young mother, look ! the gate unbars !
And through the darkness, smiling from the skies,
Are beaming on you, brighter than those stars,
Your darling's eyes.

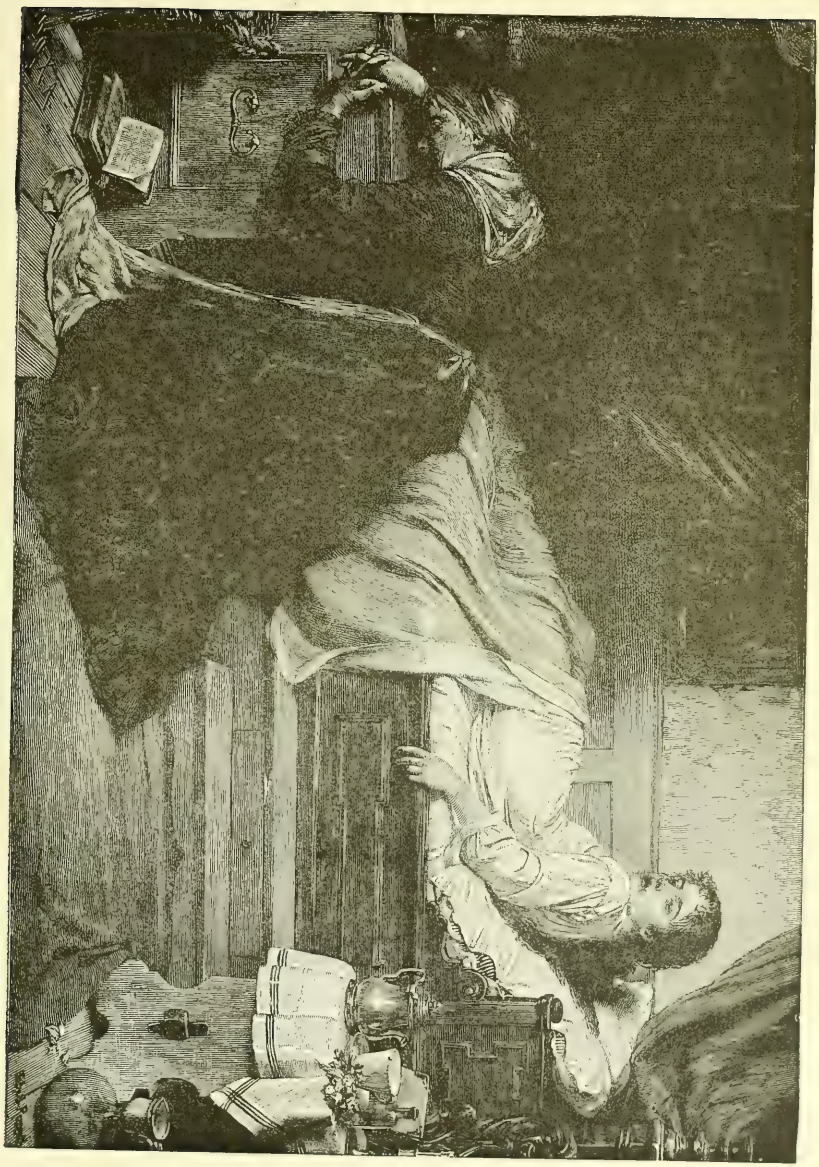
'Tis said that when the pastures down among
The Alpine hills have ceased to feed the flocks,
And they must mount to where the grass is young—
Far up the rocks,

The shepherd takes a little lamb at play,
And lifts him gently to his careful breast,
And, with its tender bleating, leads the way
For all the rest ;

That quick the mother follows in the path,
Then others go, like men whose faith gives hopes,
And soon the shepherd gathers all he hath—
Far up the slopes.

And on those everlasting hills He feeds
The trusting fold in green that never palls ;
Look up ! O see ! your little darling leads,—
The Shepherd calls !

WILLIAM MUNFORD.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A NEW MOTHER.

I WAS with my lady when she died :
I it was who guided her weak hand
For a blessing on each little head,
Laid her baby by her on the bed,
Heard the words they could not understand.

And I drew them round my knee that night,
Hushed their childish glee, and made them say
They would keep her words with loving tears,
They would not forget her dying fears
Lest the thought of her should fade away.

I, who guessed what her last dread had been ;
Made a promise to that still, cold face,
That her children's hearts, at any cost,
Should be with the mother they had lost,
When a stranger came to take her place.

And I knew so much ! for I had lived
With my lady since her childhood : known
What her young and happy days had been,
And the grief no other eyes had seen
I had watched and sorrowed for alone.

Ah ! she once had such a happy smile !
I had known how sorely she was tried :
Six short years before, her eyes were bright
As her little blue-eyed May's that night,
When she stood by her dead mother's side.

No, I will not say he was unkind ;
But she had been used to love and praise.
He was somewhat grave,—perhaps, in truth,
Could not weave her joyous, smiling youth
Into all his stern and serious ways.

She, who should have reigned a blooming flower,
First in pride and honor, as in grace,—
She, whose will had once ruled all around,
Queen and darling of us all,—she found
Change indeed in that cold, stately place.

Yet she would not blame him, even to me,
Though she often sat and wept alone ;
But she could not hide it near her death,
When she said with her last struggling breath,
"Let my babies still remain my own !"

I it was who drew the sheet aside,
When he saw his dead wife's face. That test
Seemed to strike right to his heart. He said,
In a strange, low whisper, to the dead,
"God knows, love, I did it for the best !"

And he wept—O yes, I will be just—
When I brought the children to him there,
Wondering sorrow in their baby eyes ;
And he soothed them with his fond replies,
Bidding me give double love and care.

Ah, I loved them well for her dear sake :
Little Arthur, with his serious air :
May, with all her mother's pretty ways,
Blushing, and at any word of praise
Shaking out her sunny golden hair.

And the little one of all—poor child !
She had cost that dear and precious life.
Once Sir Arthur spoke my lady's name,
When the baby's gloomy christening came,
And he called her "Olga—like my wife !"

Save that time, he never spoke of her :
He grew graver, sterner, every day ;
And the children felt it, for they dropped
Low their voices, and their laughter stopped,
While he stood and watched them at their play.

No, he never named their mother's name.
But I told them of her : told them all
She had been ; so gentle, good, and bright ;
And I always took them every night
Where her picture hung in the great hall.

There she stood : white daisies in her hand,
And her red lips parted as to speak
With a smile ; the blue and sunny air
Seemed to stir her floating golden hair,
And to bring a faint blush on her cheek.

Well, so time passed on ; a year was gone,
And Sir Arthur had been much away.
Then the news came ! I shed many tears
When I saw the truth of all my fears
Rise before me on that bitter day.

Any one but her I could have borne !
But my lady loved her as her friend.
Through their childhood and their early youth,
How she used to count upon the truth
Of this friendship that would never end !

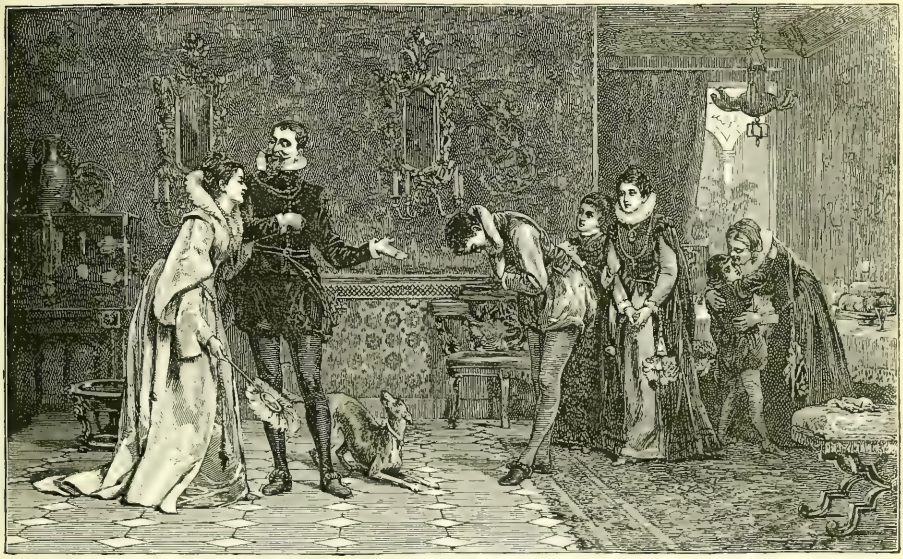
Older, graver than my lady was,
Whose young, gentle heart on her relied,
She would give advice, and praise, and blame,
And my lady leant on Margaret's name,
As her dearest comfort, help and guide.

I had never liked her, and I think
That my lady grew to doubt her, too,
  Since her marriage; for she named her less,
  Never saw her, and I used to guess
At some secret wrong I never knew.

That might be or not. But now, to hear
She would come and reign here in her stead,
  With the pomp and splendor of a bride:
  Would no thought reproach her in her pride
With the silent memory of the dead!

So, the day came, and the bells rang out,
And I laid the children's black aside;
  And I held each little trembling hand,
  As I strove to make them understand
They must greet their father's new-made bride

Ah, Sir Arthur might look grave and stern,
And his lady's eyes might well grow dim,
  When the children shrank in fear away,—
  Little Arthur hid his face, and May
Would not raise her eyes, or speak to him



THE STEPMOTHER.
(*From the Painting by Haynes Williams.*)

When Sir Arthur bade them greet their "mother,"
I was forced to chide, yet proud to hear
  How my little loving May replied,
  With her mother's pretty air of pride,—
"Our dear mother has been dead a year!"

Ah, the lady's tears might well fall fast,
As she kissed them, and then turned away.
  She might strive to smile or to forget,
  But I think some shadow of regret
Must have risen to blight her wedding-day.

She had some strange touch of self-reproach;
For she used to linger day by day,
  By the nursery door, or garden gate,
  With a sad, calm, wistful look, and wait
Watching the three children at their play.

But they always shrank away from her
When she strove to comfort their alarms,
  And their grave, cold silence to beguile:
  Even little Olga's baby-smile
Quivered into tears when in her arms.

I could never chide them: for I saw
How their mother's memory grew more deep
In their hearts. Each night I had to tell
Stories of her whom I loved so well
When a child, to send them off to sleep.

But Sir Arthur—O, this was too hard!—
He, who had been always stern and sad
In my lady's time, seemed to rejoice
Each day more; and I could hear his voice
Even, sounding younger and more glad.

He might perhaps have blamed them, but his wife
Never failed to take the children's part:
She would stay him with her pleading tone,
Saying she would strive, and strive alone,
Till she gained each little wayward heart.

And she strove indeed, and seemed to be
Always waiting for their love, in vain;
Yet, when May had most her mother's look,
Then the lady's calm, cold accent shook
With some memory of reproachful pain.

Little May would never call her mother:
So, one day, the lady, bending low,
Kissed her golden curls, and softly said,
"Sweet one, call me Margaret, instead,—
Your dear mother used to call me so."

She was gentle, kind, and patient, too,
Yet in vain: the children held apart.
Ah, their mother's gentle memory dwelt
Near them, and her little orphan's felt
She had the first claim upon their heart.

So three years passed; then the war broke out;
And a rumor seemed to spread and rise;
First we guessed what sorrow must befall,
Then all doubt fled, for we read it all
In the depths of her despairing eyes.

Yes: Sir Arthur had been called away
To that scene of slaughter, fear, and strife,—
Now he seemed to know with double pain
The cold, bitter gulf that must remain
To divide his children from his wife.

Nearer came the day he was to sail,
Deeper grew the coming woe and fear,
When, one night, the children at my knee
Knelt to say their evening prayer to me,
I looked up and saw Sir Arthur near.

There they knelt with folded hands, and said
Low, soft words in stammering accents sweet;
In the firelight shone their golden hair
And white robes: my darlings looked so fair,
With their little bare and rosy feet!

There he waited till their low "Amen!"
Stopped the rosy lips raised for "Good night!"—
Drew them with a fond clasp, close and near,
As he bade them stay with him, and hear
Something that would make his heart more light.

Little Olga crept into his arms;
Arthur lent upon his shoulder; May
Knelt beside him, with her earnest eyes
Lifted up in patient, calm surprise,—
I can almost hear his words to-day.

"Years ago, my children, years ago,
When your mother was a child, she came
From her Northern home, and here she met
Love for love, and comfort for regret,
In one early friend,—you know her name.

"And this friend—a few years older—gave
Such fond care, such love, that day by day
The new home grew happy, joy complete,
Studies easier, and play more sweet,
While all childish sorrows passed away.

"And your mother—fragile, like my May—
Leant on this deep love,—nor leant in vain.
For this friend (strong, generous, noble heart!)
Gave the sweet, and took the bitter part,—
Brought her all the joy, and kept the pain.

"Years passed on, and then I saw them first:
It was hard to say which was most fair,
Your sweet mother's bright and blushing face,
Or the graver Margaret's stately grace;
Golden locks, or braided raven hair.

"Then it happened, by a strange, sad fate,
One thought entered into each young soul:
Joy for one—if for the other pain;
Loss for one—if for the other gain:
One must lose, and one possess the whole.

"And so this—this—what they cared for—came
And belonged to Margaret: was her own.
But she laid the gift aside, to take
Pain and sorrow for your mother's sake,
And none knew it but herself alone.

"Then she traveled far away, and none
The strange mystery of her absence knew.
Margaret's secret thought was never told:
Even your mother thought her changed and cold,
And for many years I thought so, too.

"She was gone; and then your mother took
That poor gift which Margaret laid aside:
Flower, or toy, or trinket, matters not:
What it was had better be forgot.....
It was just then she became my bride.

"Now, I think May knows the hope I have.
Arthur, darling, can you guess the rest?
Even my little Olga understands
Great gifts can be given by little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best.

"Margaret is my dear and honored wife,
And I hold her so. But she can claim
From your hearts, dear ones, a loving debt
I can neither pay, nor yet forget:
You can give it in your mother's name.

"Earth spoils even Love, and here a shade
On the purest, noblest heart may fall:
Now your mother dwells in perfect light,
She will bless us, I believe, to-night,—
She is happy now, and she knows all."

Next day was farewell,—a day of tears;
Yet Sir Arthur, as he rode away,
And turned back to see his lady stand
With the children clinging to her hand,
Looked as if it were a happy day.

Ah, they loved her soon! The little one
Crept into her arms as to a nest;
Arthur always with her now; and May
Growing nearer to her every day;—
—Well, I loved my own dear lady best.

A. A. Proctor.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief;
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Campbell.



THE PIETY OF ÆNEUS.

ONCE more I gird me for the field,
And to my arm make fast my shield,
And issue from the door; when see!
Creusa clings around my knee,
And offers with a tender grace
Iulus to his sire's embrace:
"If but to perish forth you fare,
Take us with you, your fate to share;
But if you hope that help may come
From sword and shield, first guard your home.
Think, think to whom you leave your child,
Your sire, and her whom bride you styled."
So cried she, and the tearful sound
Was filling all the chambers round,
When sudden in the house we saw
A sight for wonderment and awe:
Between us while Iulus stands
'Mid weeping eyes and clasping hands,
Lo! from the summit of his head
A lambent flame was seen to spread,
Sport with his locks in harmless play,
And grazing round his temples stray.
We hurrying strive his hair to quench,
And the blest flame with water drench.
But sire Anchises to the skies
In rapture lifts voice, hands, and eyes:
"Vouchsafe this once, almighty Jove,
If prayer thy righteous will can move,
And if our care have earned us thine;
Give aid, and ratify this sign."
Scarce had the old man said, when hark!
It thundered left, and through the dark
A meteor with a train of light
Athwart the sky gleamed dazzling bright.
Right o'er our palace-roof it crossed,
Then in Idæan woods was lost,
Still glittering on: a fiery trail
Succeeds, and sulphurous fumes exhale.
At this my sire his form uprears,
Salutes the Gods, the star reveres:
"Lead on, blest sign! no more I crave:
Gods, save my house, my grandchild save!
You sent this augury of joy;
Where you are present, there is Troy.
I yield, I yield, nor longer shun
To share the exile of my son."

He ceased: and near and yet more near
The loud flame strikes on eye and ear.
"Come, mount my shoulders, dear my sire:
Such load my strength shall never tire.
Now, whether fortune smiles or lowers,
One risk, one safety shall be ours.
My son shall journey at my side,
My wife her steps by mine shall guide,
At distance safe. What next I say,

Attend, my servants, and obey.
Without the city stands a mound
With Ceres' ruined temple crowned:
A cypress spreads its branches near,
Hoar with hereditary fear.
Part we our several ways, to meet
At length beside that hallowed seat.
You, father, in your arms upbear
Troy's household gods with duteous care:
For me, just 'scaped from battle-fray,
On holy things a hand to lay
Were desecration, till I lave
My body in the running wave."

So saying, in a lion's hide
I robe my shoulders, mantling wide,
And stoop beneath the precious load:
Iulus fastens to my side,
His steps scarce matching with my stride:
My wife behind me takes her road.
We travel darkling in the shade,
And I, whom through that fearful night
Nor volleyed javelins had dismayed
Nor foemen hand to hand in fight,
Now start at every sound, in dread
For him I bore and him I led.

—*Translation of the Æneid, by Comington.*



THE HORATH GOING FORTH TO BATTLE

—*From a Painting by David.*

OLD AGE.

AGE'S chief arts and aims, are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise.

SIR J DENHAM.

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly pluck'd.

MILTON.

Forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty is the youth of old age.

VICTOR HUGO.

Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures;
That life is long which answers life's great end;
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name,
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

YOUNG.



"EVENTIDE."

(By H. Herkomer, A. R. A. From the Picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878.)

ONLY WAITING.



NLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the dawn of heaven is breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

THE RIVER PATH.

NO bird-song floated down the hill;
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of Twilight round us grew;
We felt the falling of the dew.

For from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill tops glorified.

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day, without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And still our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed
A long slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shady stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father! let thy light break through!

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

"So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth!

"And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below."

WHITTIER.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING.

O DON'T be sorrowful, darling!
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

But God is God, my darling,
Of the night as well as the day:
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

A God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

OLD AGE.

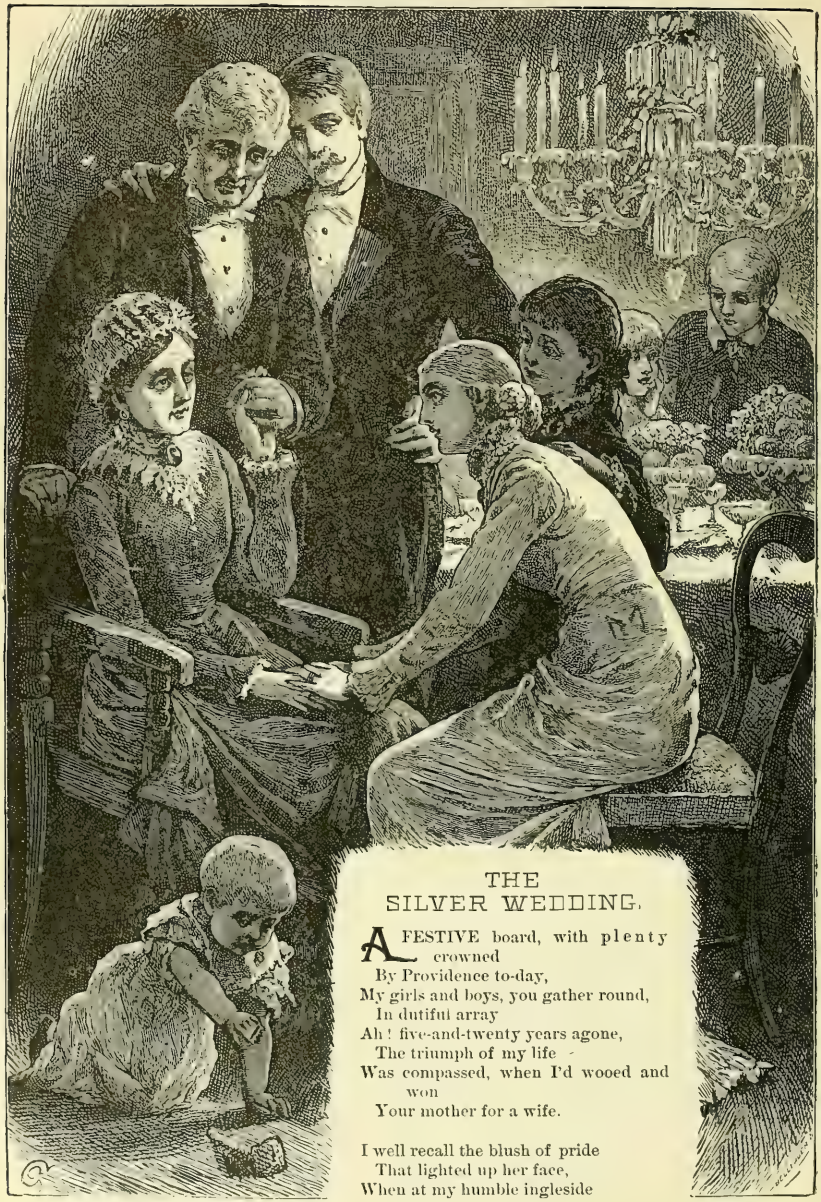


AS to *giving up*, because the Almanac or the Family Bible says that it is about time to do it, I have no intention of doing such a thing. I grant you that I burn less carbon than some years ago. I see people of my standing really good for nothing, —decrepit, effete, with what little life they have left mainly concentrated in their epigastrium. But as the disease of old age is epidemic, endemic and sporadic, and everybody that lives long enough is sure to catch it, I am going to say, for the encouragement of such as need it, how I treat the malady in my own case.

First. As I feel that, when I have anything to do, there is less time for it than when I was younger, I find that I give my attention more thoroughly, and use my time more economically, than ever before; so that I can learn anything twice as easily as in my earlier days. I am not, therefore, afraid to attack a new study. I took up a difficult language a very few years ago with good success, and think of mathematics and metaphysics by and by.

Secondly. I have opened my eyes to a good many neglected privileges and pleasures within my reach, and requiring only a little courage to enjoy them. You may well suppose it pleased me to find that old Cato was thinking of learning to play the fiddle, when I had deliberately taken it up in my old age, and satisfied myself that I could get much comfort, if not much music, out of it.

Thirdly. I have found that some of those active exercises, which are commonly thought to belong to young folks only, may be enjoyed at a much later period.



THE SILVER WEDDING.

A FESTIVE board, with plenty crowned
By Providence to-day,
My girls and boys, you gather round,
In dutiful array
Ah! five-and-twenty years agone,
The triumph of my life
Was compassed, when I'd wooed and won
Your mother for a wife.

I well recall the blush of pride
That lighted up her face,
When at my humble ingleside

I led her to her place—
And how I told her, land nor sea
Could such adornment bring.
She was a very queen to me;
I, happier than a king.

And when two fair-haired little elves
Stole into our wee nest,
To share our love, we deemed ourselves
More, more than ever blest;
And though succeeding seasons brought
Fresh rosy cheeks to press,
We ever found the bread we sought,
And peace and happiness.

Like other folk, we proved life's way
Not wholly free from care,
But if the heavens were dark to-day,
We drooped not in despair;
We knew the sun again would shine,
The blue sky re-appear,
And, trusting in the Great Benign,
Lost every sense of fear.

By work and faith in bygone hours
We prospered and we throve.
And now our path is strewn with flowers
Of fond and filial love.
Joy yields us a perpetual spring,
Contentment with us dwells,
While your congratulations ring
As sweet as silver bells.

JOHN G. WATTS.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE day but not the bride is come,
As in her blossom-time;
But golden lights sustain the home
She cherished in her prime.

May we not call upon the band?
May we not ask the priest?
Our golden wedding is at hand,
And we shall hold a feast.

But where is he in snow-white stole
Who the old service read,
That made us one in heart and soul?
Long, long has he been dead.

The bridesmaids clad in silken fold
Who waited on the bride,
Where are they now? Their tale is told:
Long, long ago they died.

Where is the groomsman, chosen friend,
The true, the well-beloved?
His term, alas! is at an end;
Too soon was he removed.

Where is the bride, ah! such a bride
As every joy foretells!
I see her walking by my side,
I hear the wedding bells.

Where is she now? That we should say
She did not live to know
How passed her silver wedding-day,
So many years ago!

But come, and for your mother's sake,
Though vain it were to weep,
Let us the silent feast partake,
Her golden wedding keep.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony
A dying warrior lay,
The stern old baron Rudiger,
Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—
That I—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is Death? I've dared him oft
Before the Paynim spear,—
Think ye he's enter'd at my gate,
Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him,
When the fight was raging hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power;
Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,—
And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet-board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there!"

A hundred hands were busy then,—
The banquet forth was spread,—
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mail'd retainers pour'd,
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And throng'd around the board.
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop,—
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
Mine eyes are waxing dim;—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not.
Draw forth each trusty sword,—
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board:
I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!—
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all,—and shout for Rudiger,
'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl,—steel clang'd to steel
—And rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high:—
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?
Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards have ye left me
To meet him here alone?

"But *I* defy him:—let him come!"
Down rang the massive cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
Old Rudiger sat, *dead*.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

AUNT SILVA.

WHY, hi! young Mas'r John, dat you?
Well, bless de goodness, so it is!
An' shake Aunt Silvey's han', you do?
D' ole 'oman's mons'ous proud o' dis;
Dese ole eyes mighty dim, Mas' John,
An' streamin' tears don't help 'em none!

How is it wid me? Well, you see,
'T aint no time been so good but what
Ole mas'r's home befo' we's free
Is nebber in de least fo'got—
Dese twenty years since I was dah,
An' you was fightin' in de wah.

I mind dem Sat'day a'ternoons,
When, out befo' de cabins, all
De darkies sat—sich happy loons!—
To rest an' talk, an' laugh an' bawl.
I likes my freedom, fust an' last,
But still I cries 'bout what's done past.

My ole man's in his grave, long 'go—
Some chillun's dead, none lef' wid me;
I's gittin' mighty feeble, now,
An' lonesome in dis world, you see.
Where does I lib? I's got no home,
So here an' dah I has to roam.

You's bought de ole place, you, Mas' John?
An' takes me back to rest, you say?
De cabin's mine? Bless God, I'm done
Wid troubles till my dyin' day!
Young mas'r, Silvy 'll serve you still,
An' God will lub you, dat He will!

ED. PORTER THOMPSON.



TATTERED AND TORN.

—*Painted by Alfred Kappes.*

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the fields where the sugar cane grow;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill,
That evermore his teeth they chatter
Chatter, chatter, chatter still?
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffel gray and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill,
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were as red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor,
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling
It would not pay for candle light.
Remote from sheltering village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman, housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day;
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead;
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink!

Oh, joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about,
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now, Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vowed that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And off from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble-land.
He hears a noise!—he's all awake!
Again!—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps. 'Tis Goody Blake!
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her!
Stick after stick did Goody pull;
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The byway back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast;
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you, then, at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God, who is the Judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm
"God, who art never out of hearing,
Oh, may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray.
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And, icy cold, he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow—
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he;
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain—a useless matter—
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, "'Tis plain
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again."

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold!"
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now, think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



DEATH IN THE FAMILY.

ERE sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.

YOUNG.

SORROW is our John the Baptist, clad in grim garments, with rough arms, a son of the wilderness, baptizing us in bitter tears, preaching repentance; and behind him comes the gracious, affectionate, healing Lord, gathering the wheat into the garner.

BISHOP HUNTINGDON.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance to affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turned upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still

beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

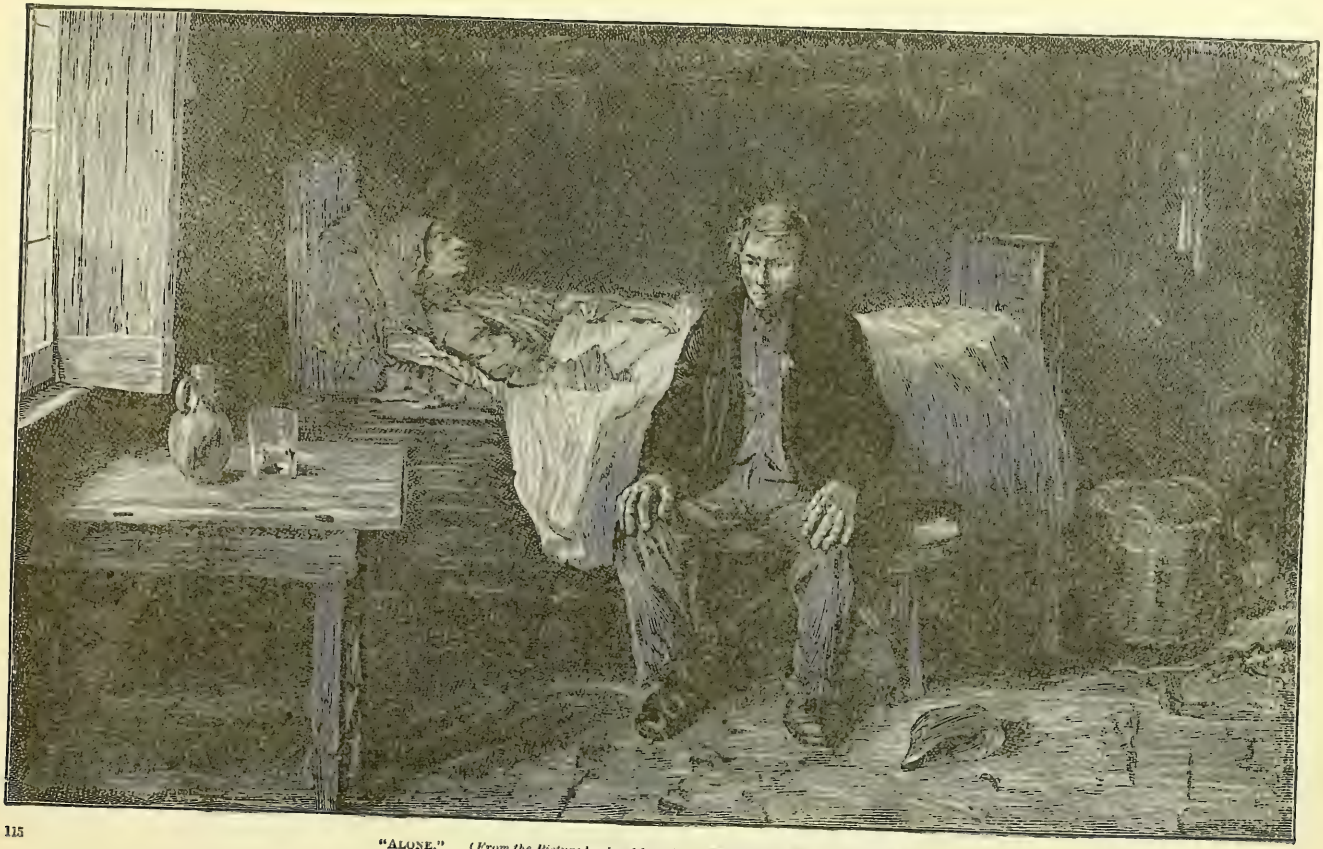
TH. HOOD.

"ALONE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEF ISRAELS.

THE back so ofttimes bent in toil's dumb prayer,
Amid the fields, is stricken straight by Death;
But silence on her lips is sweeter breath
Than sighing life; her face is smoothed of care
Like some sea-pool be-rippled, then left bare
To list and learn what night to ocean saith,
To gaze upon each star that wandereth,
And calmly shine with Heaven's own secret there.
Soul-hungered men and women! who shall tell,
Save Death, what is this Life of love and strife,
And what the answer for such dark Surprise
As stands between these two that loved so well?
Her ears are tuned to some supernal life;
'Tis his seem hearkening for a sound that dies.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.



"ALONE." (*From the Picture by Josef Israels, exhibited at the United Arts Gallery.*)

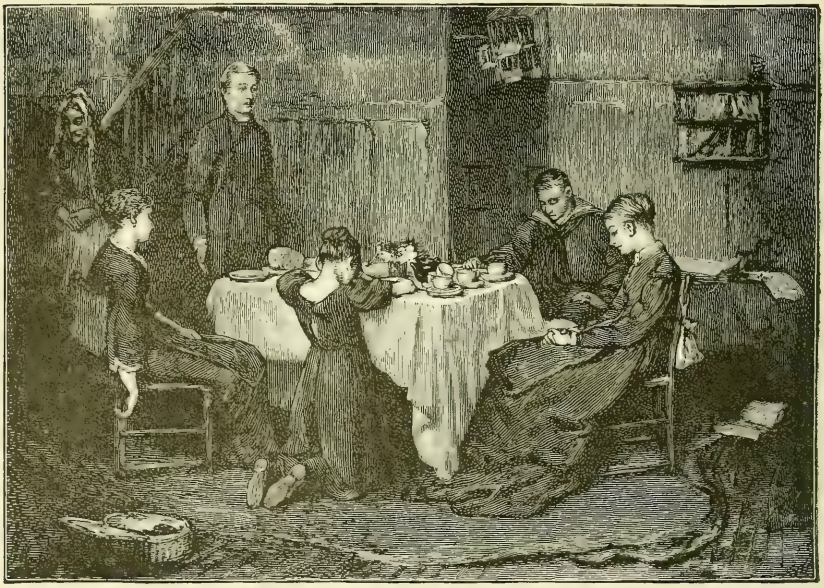
RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying;
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.



"THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY."

(From the Picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, by Frank Holl, A. R. A.)

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
But silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LAST HOURS OF LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY.

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and the gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars, and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun: and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!"

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his

sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always sooth and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you*, now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down stairs and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that the gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

Late one evening Paul closed his eyes and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, waving to and fro: then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at the sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other would so have forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that? who said Walter?" he asked, looking round. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly, but his father said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy,

Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, "Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

For an instant Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-by! Walter dear, good-by!" turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face,—"remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-by!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down again," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and rushes, Floy! But its very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE CHILD IS DEAD.

THE child is dead. You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Its clothes you may lay aside; I shall often look them over, and each of the colors that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world. I think of that child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead. The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold. Its little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of the face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D. D.

THE BLOSSOM TRANSPLANTED.

TELL us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the remembrance of the light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, and at the end of its little period expired, we cannot think that we venture too far when we say, that he is only to persevere in the faith, and in the following of the Gospel, and that very light will shine again upon him in heaven. The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will there gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affliction which has been sorely wounded; and in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow, not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the hope of that country where there is no sorrow, and no separation.

Dr. Thomas Chalmers.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

(From the Painting by Phil. Morris, A. R. A., in the Possession of Captain Hill.)

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THOU hast done well to kneel and say,
"Since He who gave can take away,
And bid me suffer, I obey."

And also well to tell thy heart,
That good lies in the bitterest part,
And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all:
When even truths like these will pall,
Sick hearts for humbler comfort call.

Then I would have thee strive to see,
That good and evil come to thee,
As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,
That even the loneliest one must stand
Dependent on his brother's hand;

So links more subtle and more fine
Bind every other soul to thine
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vexed;
Though incomplete, and even prelext,
It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.

The flash that struck thy tree—no more
To shelter thee—lets Heaven's blue floor
Shine where it never shone before.

Thy life that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide
In rippled circles spreading wide.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart should throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be, that when all is light,
Deep set within that deep delight
Will be to know *why* all was right;

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And, while it floods the happy skies
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will.

And trust, as if already plain,
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another full gain.

I dare not limit time or place,
Touched by thy life: nor dare I trace
Its far vibrations into space.

One only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in weak regret
Needs a more tender comfort yet:

Then thou mayst take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years;

And through thy anguish there outspread
May ask that God's great love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head.

And thus thy soul shall learn to draw
Sweetness from out that loving law
That sees no failure and no flaw,

Where all is good. And life is good,
Where the one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

A. A. PROCTOR.



1. PATRIOTISM---Love of Country.

2. CHARITY---Love of Humanity.

3. AFFECTION---Love of Persons.



THE sword may pierce the bearer,
Stone walls in time may sever;
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever.

MOORE.

The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.

EMERSON.

Love is life's end; an end but never ending;
All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent but ever spending);
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding;
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove.
Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live, but live to love.

EDMUND SPENSER.

PATRIOTISM.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.



THE REVIEW.
—*A. Menzel.*

OUR true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the name of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organizations are but far off approaches to so fair a model, and all those are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from their original intendment.

O. W. HOLMES.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

D. WEBSTER.



MY NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SCOTT.

CHILDE HAROLD'S ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

"A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I am from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

"My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again."
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call
What answer shall she make?"
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs,
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!

BYRON.

THE DREAM OF ARGYLE.

EARTHLY arms no more uphold him;
On his prison's stony floor,
Waiting death, in his last slumber,
Lies the doomed MacCallum More.

And he dreams a dream of boyhood;
Rise again his heathery hills,
Sound again the hound's long baying,
Cry of moor-fowl, laugh of rills.

Now he stands amidst his clansmen,
In the low, long banquet-hall,
Over grim, ancestral armor
Sees the ruddy firelight fall.

Once again, with pulses beating,
Hears the wandering minstrel tell
How Montrose on Inverary
Thief-like from his mountains fell.

Down the glen, beyond the castle,
Where the Linn's swift waters shine,
Round the youthful heir of Argyle
Shy feet glide and white arms twine.

Fairest of the rustic dancers,
Blue-eyed Effie smiles once more,
Bends to him her snooded tresses,
Treads with him the grassy floor.

Now he hears the pipes lamenting,
Harpers for his mother mourn,
Slow, with sable plume and pennon,
To her cairn of burial borne.

Then anon his dreams are darker,
Sounds of battle fill his ears
And the pibroch's mournful wailing
For his father's fall he hears.

Wild Lochaber's mountain echoes
Wail in concert for the dead,
And Loch Awe's deep waters murmur
For the Campbell's glory fled!

Fierce and strong the godless tyrants
Trample the apostate land,
While her poor and faithful remnant
Wait for the avenger's hand.

Once again at Inverary,
Years of weary exile o'er,
Armed to lead his scattered clansmen,
Stands the bold MacCallum More.

Once again to battle calling
Sound the war-pipes through the glen,
And the court-yard of Dunstaffnage
Rings with tread of armed men

All is lost! the godless triumph,
And the faithful ones and true
From the scaffold and the prison
Covenant with God anew.

On the darkness of his dreaming
Great and sudden glory shone;
Over bonds and death victorious
Stands he by the Father's Throne!

From the radiant ranks of martyrs
Notes of joy and praise he hears,
Songs of his poor land's deliverance
Sounding from the future years.

Lo, he wakes! but airs celestial
Bathe him in immortal rest,
And he sees with unsealed vision
Scotland's cause with victory blest.

Shining hosts attend and guard him
As he leaves his prison door;
And to death as to a triumph
Walks the great MacCallum More!

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rears't aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall

Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy star shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rushed wildly back
Before the broadsides' reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone who lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble flight?
A noble cause!

Give that—and welcome War to brace
Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not,—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august!
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That man can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples,—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof, star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?

Ye must be heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

LAY down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours are fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green;
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight;
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.

Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind; stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand;
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,—
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks;
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac river, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet and when they came within sight of Fort McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered and their homes and friends were in danger, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song. Thus, this patriotic, impassioned ode became forever associated with the "Stars and Stripes."

O, SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed in the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havock of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us as a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS S. KEY.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted: "*Ring!* RING! RING!"

THERE was a tumult in the city
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside,
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news, to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
While't the boy cries, joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drop of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain,
Men start not at the battle-cry;
Oh, be it never heard again!



THE DEATH OF WOLFE.
—*West.*

Soon rested those who fought; but thou,
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand the sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.



It was a summer even'g,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by:
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

WESTBURY, 1798. ROB'T SOUTHEY.



DEATH OF PRIAM.

THE DEATH OF PRIAM.

FULL in the gate see Pyrrhus blaze,
A meteor, shooting steely rays:
So flames a serpent into light,
On poisonous herbage fed,
Which late in subterranean night
Through winter lay as dead:
Now from its ancient weeds undressed
Invigorate and young,
Sunward it rears its glittering breast
And darts its three-forked tongue.
There at his side Automedon,
True liegeman both to sire and son,
And giant Periphas, and all
The Scyrian youth assail the wall
And firebrands roofward dart:
Himself the first with two-edged axe
The brazon-plated doors attacks,
And makes their hinges start:

Now through the heart of oak he drives
His weapon, and a loophole rives.
There stands revealed the house within,
Where the long hall retires:
The stately privacy is seen
Of Priam and his sires,
And on the threshold guards appear,
In warlike pomp of shield and spear.

But far within the palace swarms
With tumult and confused alarms:
The deep courts wail with woman's cries:
The clamor strikes the spangled skies.
Pale matrons run from place to place,
And clasp the doors in wild embrace.
Strong as his father, Pyrrhus strains,
Nor bar nor guard his force sustains:
The hacked door reels 'neath blow on blow,

Breaks from its hinges, and lies low.
Force wins her footing ; in they rush,
The Danaan hordes, the foremost crush
And deluge with an armed tide
The spacious level far and wide.
Less fierce when, breaking from its bounds,
The water surges o'er the mounds,
Down pours it, tumbling in a heap,
O'er all the fields with headlong sweep,
And whirls before it fold and sheep.
These eyes beheld fell Pyrrhus there
Intoxicate with gore,
Beheld the curst Atridan pair
Within the sacred door,
Beheld pale Hecuba, and those
The brides her hundred children chose,
And dying Priam at the shrine
Staining the hearth he made divine.
Those fifty nuptial chambers fair,
That promised many a princely heir,
Those pillared doors in pride erect,
With gold and spoils barbaric decked,
Lie smoking on the ground : the Greek
Is potent, where the fires are weak.

Perhaps you ask of Priam's fate :
He, when he sees his town o'erthrown,
Greeks bursting through his palace gate
And thronging chambers once his own,
His ancient armor, long laid by,
Around his palsied shoulders throws,
Girds with a useless sword his thigh,
And totters forth to meet his foes.
Within the mansion's central space,
All bare and open to the day,
There stood an altar in its place,
And, close beside, an aged bay,
That drooping o'er the altar leaned,
And with its shade the home-gods screened.
Here Hecuba and all her train
Were seeking refuge, but in vain,
Huddling like doves by storms dismayed,
And clinging to the gods for aid.
But soon as Priam caught her sight,
Thus in his youthful armor dight,
"What madness," cries she, "wretched spouse,
Has placed that helmet on your brows?
Say, whither fare you? times so dire
Bent knees, not lifted arms require :
Could Hector now before us stand,
No help were in my Hector's hand.
Take refuge here, and learn at length
The secret of an old man's strength :
One altar shall protect us all :
Here bide with us, or with us fall."
She speaks, and guides his trembling feet
To join her in the hallowed seat.

See, fled from murdering Pyrrhus, runs
Polites, one of Priam's sons ;
Through foes, through javelins, wounded sore,
He circles court and corridor,
While Pyrrhus follows in his rear
With outstretched hand and leveled spear ;
Till just before his parents' eyes,
All bathed in blood, he falls and dies.
With death in view, the unchilded sire
Checked not the utterance of his ire :
"May Heaven, if Heaven be just to heed
Such horrors, render worthy meed,"
He cries, "for this atrocious deed,
Which makes me see my darling die,
And stains with blood a father's eye.
But he to whom you feign you owe
Your birth, Achilles, 'twas not so
He dealt with Priam, though his foe ;
He feared the laws of right and truth :
He heard the suppliant's prayer with ruth,
Gave Hector's body to the tomb,
And sent me back in safety home."
So spoke the sire, and speaking threw
A feeble dart, no blood that drew :
The ringing metal turned it back,
And left it dangling, weak and slack.
Then Pyrrhus : "Take the news below,
And to my sire, Achilles, go :
Tell him of his degenerate seed,
And that and this my bloody deed.
Now die :" and to the altar-stone
Along the marble floor
He dragged the father, sliddering on
E'en in his child's own gore ;
His left hand in his hair he wreathed,
While with the right he plied
His flashing sword, and hilt-deep sheathed
Within the old man's side.
So Priam's fortune's closed at last ;
So passed he, seeing as he passed
His Troy in flames, his royal tower
Laid low in dust by hostile power,
Who once o'er lands and peoples proud
Sat, while before him Asia bowed ;
Now on the shore behold him dead,
A nameless trunk, a trunkless head.

THE ÆNEID—CONNINGTON'S TRANS.

THE PICKET GUARD.



"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

ETHELIN ELIOT BEERS.

SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

IN their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot!
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And the grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad-sword was swinging
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible, swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE BATTLE.

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread,
Is that table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Shrinkingly down bend the looks to the ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;
Pale is the face of the stoutest man
As the Major spurs fast by the ranks to the van.
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command;
Silently halts the van!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the Foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the Foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with ye—children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and the fife,
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
Quivers the eyelid, as round and round,
From rank to rank, flies the signal sound;
Shout it forth! shout it forth! to the life or the death!
Freer already breathes the breath!
Death has broke loose, and the strife is begun,
More fast through the smoke comes the flash of the gun;
More fast through the vapor, that hangs like a pall,
Do the iron dice fall.

Nearer they close—foes upon foes.
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes;
Down on the knee they sank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank;
Many a man to the earth it sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent—
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder-man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and wherever ye gaze,
Goes the Dance of Death in its whirling maze.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding Night!
Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What, Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?
Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!—
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,
Sleep soft! where Death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side shall regain!"
Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,
And broods o'er the battle yet darker the night.
Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The Adjutants flying,—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
The terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed is the bitter but glorious fight:
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Hark to the music—the drum and the fife,
How they ring with the triumph that follows the strife!
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

SCHILLER—TRANS. BY BULWER.



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THE DECLARATION OF WAR.
(Painted by James D. Linton. Royal Academy, 1884.)

Charles The Bold and the Swiss Deputies.

Archibald von Hagenbach, a German noble of fierce, rapacious and haughty disposition, had been appointed by Charles the Bold governor of the district of La Ferette, where his exactions upon the traders of the surrounding country had provoked much discontent. The commercial towns of Germany appealed to the Duke of Burgundy against the iniquitous conduct of the governor, but Charles treated their complaints with contempt. The Swiss League carried their remonstrances further, and requested that justice should be done upon Hagenbach, as having offended against the law of nations, but even their complaints were of no avail; and at length the Diet of the Confederation resolved to send a deputation to Dijon to personally represent to the Duke the wicked injustice of his representative. On their way to Dijon the deputies had been witness to a revolt in the town of La Ferette, one consequence of which was the execution of Hagenbach.

THE doors of the hall were opened to the Swiss Deputies, who for the preceding hour had been kept in attendance on the outside of the building, without receiving the slightest of those attentions which among civilized nations are universally paid to the representatives of a foreign State. Indeed, their very appearance, dressed in coarse grey frocks, like mountain hunters or shepherds, in the midst of an assembly blazing with divers colored garments, gold and silver lace, embroidery and precious stones, served to confirm the idea that they could only have come hither in the capacity of the most humble petitioners.

Oxford, however, who watched closely the deportment of his fellow-travellers, failed not to observe that they retained each in his own person the character of firmness and indifference which formerly distinguished them. Rudolph Donnerhugel preserved his bold and haughty look; the Banneret the military indifference which made him look with apparent apathy on all around him; the burgher of Soleure was as formal and important as ever; nor did any of the three show themselves affected in the slightest degree by the splendor of the scene around them, or embarrassed by the consideration of their own comparative inferiority of appointments. But the noble Landamman, on whom Oxford chiefly bent his attention, seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the precarious state in which his country was placed; fearing, from the rude and unhonored manner in which they were received, that war was unavoidable, while, at the same time, like a good patriot, he mourned over the consequences of ruin to the freedom of his country by defeat, or injury to her simplicity and virtuous indifference to wealth, by the introduction of foreign luxuries, and the evils attending on conquest.

Well acquainted with the opinions of Arnold Biederman, Oxford could easily explain his sadness, while his comrade Bonstetten, less capable of comprehending his friend's feelings, looked at him with the expression which may be seen in the countenance of a faithful dog, when the creature indicates sympathy with his master's melancholy, though unable to ascertain or appreciate its cause. A look of wonder now and then glided around the splendid assembly on the part of all the forlorn group, excepting Donnerhugel and the Landamman; for the indomitable pride of the one, and the steady patriotism of the other, could not for even an instant be diverted by external objects from their own deep and stern reflections.

After a silence of nearly five minutes, the Duke spoke, with the haughty and harsh manner which he might imagine belonged to his place, and which certainly expressed his character.

"Men of Berne, of Schwytz, or of whatever hamlet and wilderness you may represent, know that we had not honored you, rebels as you are, to the dominion

of your lawful superiors, with an audience in our own presence, but for the intercession of a well-esteemed friend, who has sojourned among your mountains, and whom you may know by the name of Philipson, an Englishman following the trade of a merchant, and charged with certain valuable matters of traffic to our court. To his intercession we have so far given way, that instead of commanding you, according to your demerits, to the gibbet and the wheel in the Place de Morimont, we have condescended to receive you into our own presence, to hear from you such submission as you can offer for your outrageous storm of our town of La Ferette, the slaughter of many of our liegemen, and the deliberate murder of the noble knight, Archibald of Hagenbach, executed in your presence, and by your countenance and device. Speak—if you can say aught in defence of your felony and treason, either to deprecate just punishment, or to crave undeserved mercy."

The Landamman seemed about to answer; but Rudolph Donnerhugel, with his characteristic boldness and hardihood, took the task of reply on himself. He confronted the proud Duke with an eye unappalled, and a countenance as stern as his own.

"We came not here," he said, "to compromise our own honor, or the dignity of the free people whom we represent, by pleading guilty in their name, or our own, to crimes of which we are innocent. And when you term us rebels, you must remember that a long train of victories, whose history is written in the noblest blood of Austria, has restored to the confederacy of our communities the freedom of which an unjust tyranny in vain attempted to deprive us. While Austria was a just and beneficent mistress, we served her with our lives;—when she became oppressive and tyrannical, we assumed independence. If she has aught yet to claim from us, the descendents of Tell, Faust and Stauffacher will be as ready to assert their liberties as their fathers were to gain them. Your Grace—if such be your title—has no concern with any dispute betwixt us and Austria. For your threats of gibbet and wheel, we are here defenceless men, on whom you may work your pleasure; but we know how to die, and our countrymen know how to avenge us."

The fiery Duke would have replied by commanding the instant arrest, and probably the immediate execution, of the whole deputation. But his chancellor, availing himself of the privilege of his office, rose, and doffing his cap with a deep reverence to the Duke, requested leave to reply to the misproud young man, who had, he said, so greatly mistaken the purpose of his Highness's speech.

Charles, feeling perhaps at the moment too much irritated to form a calm decision, threw himself back in his chair of state, and with an impatient and angry nod gave his chancellor permission to speak.

"Young man," said that high officer, "you have mistaken the meaning of the high and mighty sovereign in whose presence you stand. Whatever be the lawful rights of Austria over the revolted villages which have flung off their allegiance to their native superior, we have no call to enter on that argument. But that for which Burgundy demands your answer is, wherefore, coming here in the guise and with the character of peaceful envoys, on affairs touching your own communities and the rights of the Duke's subjects, you have raised war in our peaceful dominions, stormed a fortress, massacred its garrison, and put to death a noble knight, its commander?—all of them actions contrary to the law of nations, and highly deserving of the punishment with which you have been justly threatened, but with which I hope our gracious

sovereign will dispense, if you express some sufficient reason for such outrageous insolence, with an offer of due submission to his Highness' pleasure, and satisfactory reparation for such a high injury."

"You are a priest, grave sir;" answered Rudolph Donnerhugel, addressing the Chancellor of Burgundy. "If there be a soldier in this assembly who will avouch your charge, I challenge him to the combat, man to man. We did not storm the garrison of La Ferette—we were admitted into the gates in a peaceful manner, and were there instantly surrounded by the soldiers of the late Archibald de Hagenbach, with the obvious purpose of assaulting and murdering us on our peaceful mission. I promise you there had been news of more men dying than us. But an uproar broke out among the inhabitants of the town, assisted, I believe, by many neighbors, to whom the insolence and oppression of Archibald de Hagenbach had become odious, as to all who were within his reach. We rendered them no assistance; and, I trust, it was not expected that we should interfere in the favor of men who had stood prepared to do the worst against us. But not a pike or sword belonging to us or our attendants was dipped in Burgundian blood. Archibald de Hagenbach perished, it is true, on a scaffold, and I saw him die with pleasure, under a sentence pronounced by a competent court, such as is recognized in Westphalia, and its dependencies on this side of the Rhine. I am not obliged to vindicate their proceedings; but I aver, that the Duke has received full proof of his regular sentence; and, in fine, that it was amply deserved by oppression, tyranny, and foul abuse of his authority, I will uphold against all gainsayers, with the body of a man. There lies my glove."

And with an action suited to the language he used, the stern Swiss flung his right-hand glove on the floor of the hall. In the spirit of the age, with the love of distinction in arms which it nourished, and perhaps with the desire of gaining the Duke's favor, there was a general motion among the young Burgundians to accept the challenge, and more than six or eight gloves were hastily doffed by the young knights present, those who were more remote flinging them over the heads of the nearest, and each proclaiming his name and title as he proffered the gage of combat.

"I set at all," said the daring young Swiss, gathering the gauntlets as they fell clashing around him. "More, gentlemen, more! a glove for every finger! come on, one at once—fair lists, equal judges of the field, the combat on foot, and the weapons two-handed swords, and I will not budge for a score of you."

"Hold, gentlemen; on your allegiance, hold!" said the Duke, gratified at the same time, and somewhat appeased, by the zeal which was displayed in his cause—moved by the strain of reckless bravery evinced by the challenger, with a hardihood akin to his own—perhaps also not unwilling to display, in the view of his *cour pleniere*, more temperance than he had been at first capable of. "Hold, I command you all.—Toison d'Or, gather up these gauntlets, and return them each to its owner. God and St. George forbid that we should hazard the life of even the least of our noble Burgundian gentry against such a churl as this Swiss peasant, who never so much as mounted a horse, and knows not a jot of knightly courtesy, or the grace of chivalry.—Carry your vulgar brawls elsewhere, young man, and know that, on the present occasion, the Place Morimont were your only fitting lists, and the hangman your meet antagonist. And you, sirs, his companions—whose behavior in suffering this swaggerer to take the lead amongst you, seems to show that the laws of nature, as well as of society, are

inverted, and that youth is preferred to age, and peasants to gentry—you white-bearded men, I say, is there none of you who can speak your errand in such language as it becomes a sovereign prince to listen to?"

"God forbid else," said the Landamman, stepping forward and silencing Rudolph Donnerhugel, who was commmencing an answer of defiance—"God forbid," he said, "noble Duke, that we should not be able to speak so as to be understood before your Highness, since, I trust, we shall speak the language of truth, peace and justice. Nay, should it incline your Highness to listen to us the more favorably for our humility, I am willing to humble myself rather than you should shun to hear us. For my own part, I can truly say, that though I have lived, and by free choice have resolved to die a husbandman and a hunter on the Alps of the Unterwald, I may claim by birth the hereditary right to speak before Duke's and Kings, and the Emperor himself. There is no one, my Lord Duke, in this proud assembly, who derives his descent from a nobler source than Geierstein."

"We have heard of you," said the Duke. "Men call you the peasant-count. Your birth is your shame; or perhaps your mother's, if your father had happened to have been a handsome ploughman, the fitting father of one who has become a willing serf."

"No serf, my lord," answered the Landamman, "but a free man, who will neither oppress others, nor be himself tyrannized over. My father was a noble lord, my mother a most virtuous lady. But I will not be provoked, by taunt or scornful jest, to refrain from stating with calmness what my country has given me in charge to say. The inhabitants of the bleak and inhospitable regions of the Alps desire, mighty sir, to remain at peace with all their neighbors, and to enjoy the government they have chosen, as best fitted to their condition and habits, leaving all other states and countries to their free-will in the same respects. Especially, they desire to remain at peace and in unity with the princely House of Burgundy, whose dominions approach their possessions on so many points. My lord, they desire it, they entreat it, they even consent to pray for it. We have been termed stubborn, intractable, and insolent contemners of authority, and headers of sedition and rebellion. In evidence of the contrary, my Lord Duke, I, who never bent a knee but to Heaven, feel no dishonor in kneeling before your Highness, as before a sovereign prince in the *cour pleniere* of his dominions, where he has a right to exact homage from his subjects out of duty, and from strangers out of courtesy. No vain pride of mine," said the noble old man, his eyes swelling with tears, as he knelt on one knee, "shall prevent me from personal humiliation, when peace—that blessed peace, so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man—is in danger of being broken off."

The whole assembly, even the Duke himself, were affected by the noble and stately manner in which the brave old man made a genuflection, which was obviously dictated by neither meanness nor timidity. "Arise, sir," said Charles, "if we have said aught which can wound your private feelings, we retract it as publicly as the reproach was spoken, and sit prepared to hear you as a fair meaning envoy."

"For that, my noble lord, thanks; and I shall hold it a blessed day, if I can find words worthy of the cause I have to plead. My lord, a schedule in your Highness' hands has stated the sense of many injuries received at the hand of your Highness' officers, and those of Romont, Count of Savoy, your strict ally and adviser, we have a right to suppose, under your Highness' countenance. For Count Romont—he

has already felt with whom he has to contend; but we have as yet taken no measures to avenge injuries, affronts, interruptions to our commerce, from those who have availed themselves of your Highness' authority to intercept our countrymen, spoil our goods, impress their persons, and even, in some instances, take their lives. The affray at La Ferette—I can vouch for what I saw—had no origin or abettance from us; nevertheless, it is impossible an independent nation can suffer the repetition of such injuries, and free and independent we are determined to remain, or to die in defence of our rights. What then must follow, unless your Highness listens to the terms which I am commissioned to offer? War, a war to extermination; for so long as one of our Confederacy can wield a halberd, so long, if this fatal strife once commences, there will be war betwixt your powerful realms and our poor and barren States. And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife?—is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of your Highness' household troops, than can be found in the public treasures or private hoards of our whole Confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honor to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands, by men clad in mail over half-armed husbandmen and shepherds—of such conquest small were the glory. But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers,—if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse-armed party, I leave it to your Highness to judge, what would, in that event, be the diminution of worship and fame. Is it extent of vassalage and dominion your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbors? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Ay, men, women and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master."

The speech of the Landamman made an obvious impression on the assembly. The Duke observed it, and his hereditary obstinacy was irritated by the general disposition which he saw entertained in favor of the embassador. This evil principle overcame some impression which the address of the noble Biederman had not failed to make upon him. He answered with a lowering brow, interrupting the old man as he was about to continue his speech—"You argue falsely, Sir Count, or Sir Landamman, or by whatever name you call yourself, if you think we war on you from any hope of spoil, or any desire of glory. We know, as well as you can tell us, that there is neither profit nor fame to be achieved by conquering you. But sovereigns, to whom heaven has given the power, must root out a band of robbers, though there is dishonor in measuring swords with them; and we hunt to death a herd of wolves, though their flesh is carrion, and their skins are naught."

The Landamman shook his grey head, and replied, without testifying emotion, and even with something approaching to a smile—"I am an older woodsman than you, my Lord Duke—and, it may be, a more experienced one. The boldest, the hardiest hunter, will not safely drive the wolf to his den. I have shown your Highness the poor chance of gain, and the great risk of loss, which even you, powerful as you are, must incur by risking a war with determined and desperate men. Let me now tell what we are willing to do to secure a sincere and lasting peace with our powerful neighbor

of Burgundy. Your Grace is in the act of engrossing Lorraine, and it seems probable, under so vigorous and enterprising a Prince, your authority may be extended to the shores of the Mediterranean—be our noble friend and sincere ally, and our mountains, defended by warriors familiar with victory, will be your barriers against Germany and Italy. For your sake we will admit the Count of Savoy to terms, and restore to him our conquests, on such conditions as your Highness shall yourself judge reasonable. Of past subjects of offence on the part of your lieutenants and governors upon the frontier, we will be silent, so we have assurance of no such aggressions in future. Nay, more, and it is my last and proudest offer, we will send three thousand of our youth to assist your Highness in any war which you may engage in, whether against Louis of France or the Emperor of Germany. They are a different set of men—proudly and truly may I state it—from the scum of Germany and Italy, who form themselves into mercenary bands of soldiers. And if heaven should decide your Highness to accept our offer, there wi l be one corps in your army which will leave their carcasses on the field ere a man of them break their plighted troth."

A swarthy, but tall and handsome man, wearing a corslet richly engraved with arabesque work, started from his seat with the air of one provoked beyond the bounds of restraint. This was the Count de Campo-Basso, commander of Charles' Italian mercenaries, who possessed, as has been alluded to, much influence over the Duke's mind, chiefly obtained by accommodating himself to his master's opinions and predjudices, and placing before the Duke specious arguments to justify him for following his own way.

"This lofty presence must excuse me," he said, "if I speak in defence of my honor, and those of my bold lances, who have followed my fortunes from Italy to serve the bravest Prince in Christendom. I might, indeed, pass over without resentment the outrageous language of this grey-haired churl, whose words cannot affect a knight and a nobleman more than the yelling of a peasant's mastiff. But when I hear him propose to associate his bands of mutinous misgoverned ruffians with your Highness' troops, I must let him know that there is not a horse-boy in my ranks who would fight in such fellowship. No, even I myself, bound by a thousand ties of gratitude, could not submit to strive abreast with such comrades. I would fold up my banners, and lead five thousand men to seek, not a nobler master, for the world has none such, but wars in which we might not be obliged to blush for our assistants."

"Silence, Campo-Basso," said the Duke, "and be assured you serve a prince who knows your worth too well to exchange it for the untried and untrustful services of those whom we have only known as vexatious and malignant neighbors."

Then addressing himself to Arnold Biederman, he said, coldly and sternly, "Sir Landamman, we have heard you fairly. We have heard you, although you come before us with hands dyed deep in the blood of our servant, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach; for, supposing he was murdered by a villainous association—which, by Saint George! shall never, while we live and reign, raise its pestilential head on this side of the Rhine—yet it is not the less undeniable and undenied, that you stood by in arms, and encouraged the deed the assassins performed under your countenance. Return to your mountains, and be thankful that you return in life. Tell those who sent you that I will be presently on their frontiers. A deputation of your most notable persons, who meet me with halters round their necks, torches in their left hands, in their right their swords held by the point, may learn on what conditions we will grant you peace."

"Then farewell peace, and welcome war," said the Landamman; "and be its plagues and curses on the heads of those who choose blood and strife rather than peace and union. We will meet you on our frontiers with our naked swords, but the hilts, not their points, shall be in our grasp. Charles of Burgundy, Flanders and Lorraine, Duke of seven dukedoms, Count of seventeen earldoms, I bid you defiance; and declare war against you in the name of the Confederated Cantons, and such others as shall adhere to them. There," he said, "are my letters of defiance."

The herald took from Arnold Biederman the fatal denunciation.

"Read it not, Toison d'Or!" said the haughty Duke. "Let the executioner drag it through the streets at his horse's tail, and nail it to the gibbet, to show in what account we hold the paltry scroll, and those who sent it.—Away, sirs," speaking to the Swiss, "trudge back to your wilderness with such haste as your feet can use. When we next meet, you shall better know whom you have offended. Get our horse ready—the council is broken up."

The Maire of Dijon, when all were in motion to leave the hall, again approached the Duke, and timidly expressed some hopes that his Highness would deign to partake of a banquet which the magistracy had prepared, in expectation he might do them such an honor.

"No, by Saint George of Burgundy, Sir Maire," said Charles, with one of the withering glances by which he was wont to express indignation mixed with contempt; "you have not pleased us so well with our breakfast as to induce us to trust our dinner to the loyalty of our good town of Dijon."

So saying, he rudely turned off from the mortified chief magistrate, and mounting his horse, rode back to his camp, conversing earnestly on the way with the Count of Campo-Basso.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

"A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman!—A power to suffer and to love;
Therefore thou so canst pity."

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moon-lit forests broke;
"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come."—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,
Like a king's son; though from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright
And high around him blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face: but who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to heaven that hour? Perchance a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day!—and he might *see* the band
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand
Where the laburnums drooped; or haply binding
The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,
Where sat their mother; and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled! Perchance the prayer
Learned at her knee came back on his despair;
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her "good-night!" might breathe from boyhood gone
—He started and looked up; thick cypress boughs,
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy firelight; savage brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England! Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it? Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forests? To the stake
They bound him; and that proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He, the love
Of many hearts!—the fondly reared—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see! And fettered there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light in the chieftain's hand.
He thought upon his God. Hush! hark! a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity—
A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet, one that knew how early tears are shed,
For *hers* had mourned a playmate-brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervor swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close liannes; then raised her glittering eye,
And clear-toned voice, then said, "He shall not die!"
"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were stilled,
Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed: their dark souls bowed before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
Something of heaven in silence felt and seen;
And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree:
"Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou art free!"



RESCUE.
(Painted by H. Gandy. Royal Academy, 1887.)



THE THIN RED LINE.

(From the Painting by Robert Gibb, A.R.S.A., in the possession of Archibald Ramsden, Esq., Leeds.)

THE 93d HIGHLANDERS AT BALAKLAVA

THE 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them on the heights the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ship's guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain; but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt, they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime, the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust, we saw the Turks in redout No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across toward redoubt No. 3 and toward Balaklava, but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order. The shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little platoon in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return f om the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion toward the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long

spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which were placed along the French intrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen: their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves toward the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly awaiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—Lancers, Dragoons and Hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke with the whole force of horse and man here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifles and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen.

"No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of the Muscovite Cavaliers.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo;
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then



ON THE ROAD TO WATERLOO.

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be uncontined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

BYRON.

THE LESSON OF THE WAR.

1855.

THE feast is spread through England
For rich and poor to day:
Greetings and laughter may be there,
But thoughts are far away;
Over the stormy ocean,
Over the dreary track,
Where some are gone, whom England
Will never welcome back.

Breathless she waits, and listens
For every eastern breeze
That bears upon its bloody wings
News from beyond the seas.
The leafless branches stirring
Make many a watcher start;
The distant tramp of steed may send
A throb from heart to heart.

The rulers of the nation,
The poor one's at their gate,
With the same eager wonder
The same great news await,
The poor man's stay and comfort,
The rich man's joy and pride,
Upon the bleak Crimean shore
Are fighting side by side.

The bullet comes and either
A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be!
The dread that stirs the peasant
Thrills nobles' hearts with fear;
Yet above selfish sorrow
Both hold their country dear.

The rich man who reposes
In his ancestral shade,
The peasant at his ploughshare,
The worker at his trade,
Each one his all has perilled,
Each has the same great stake,
Each soul can but have patience,
Each heart can only break!

Hushed is all party clamor;
One thought in every heart,
One dread in every household,
Has bid such strife depart.
England has called her children;
Long silent—the word came
That lit the smouldering ashes
Through all the land to flame.

O you who toil and suffer,
You gladly heard the call;
But those you sometimes envy,
Have they not given their all?
O you who rule the nation,
Take now the toil-worn hand:
Brothers you are in sorrow,
In duty to your land.

Learn but this noble lesson
Ere Peace returns again,
And the life-blood of Old England
Will not be shed in vain.

A. A. Proctor.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

CLEAR shone the morn, the gale was fair,
When from Coruna's crowded port,
With many a cheerful shout and loud acclaim,
The huge Armada passed.

To England's shores their streamers point,
To England's shores their sails are spread;
They go to triumph o'er the sea-girt land,
And Rome hath blest their arms.

Along the ocean's echoing verge,
Along the mountain range of rocks,
The clustering multitudes behold their pomp,
And raise the votive prayer.

Commingling with the ocean's roar,
Ceaseless and hoarse their murmurs rise;
And soon they trust to see the winged bark
That bears good tidings home.

The watch-tower now in distance sinks;
And now Galicia's mountain rocks
Faint as the far-off clouds of evening lie,
And now they fade away.

Each like some moving citadel,
On through the waves they sail sublime;
And now the Spaniards see the silvery cliffs,
Behold the sea-girt land.

O fools! to think that ever foe
Should triumph o'er that sea-girt land!
O fools! to think that ever Britain's sons
Should wear the stranger's yoke!

For not in vain hath Nature reared
Around her coast those silvery cliffs;
For not in vain old Ocean spreads his waves
To guard his favorite isle.

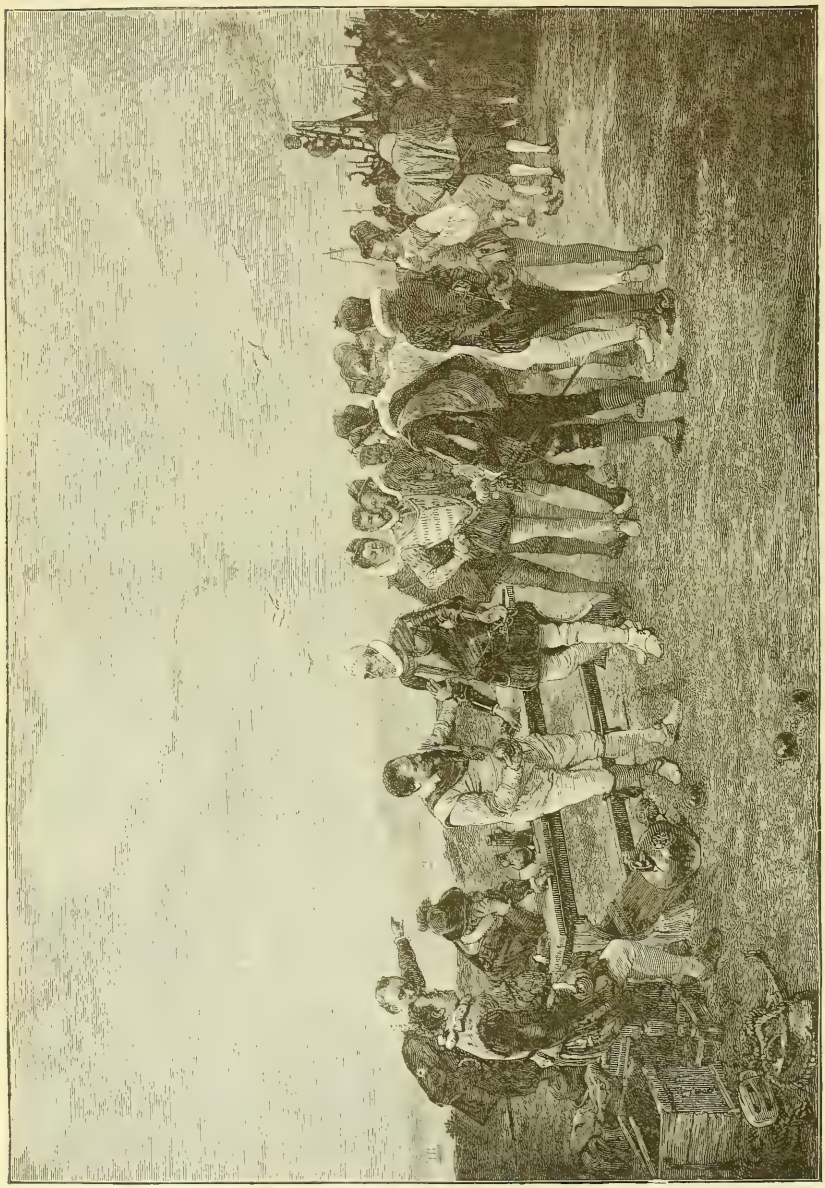
On come her gallant mariners!
What now avail Rome's boasted charms?
Where are the Spaniard's vaunts of eager wrath,
His hopes of conquest now?

And hark! the angry Winds arise,
Old Ocean heaves his angry Waves;
The Winds and Waves against the invaders fight,
To guard the sea-girt land.

Howling around his palace-towers,
The Spanish despot hears the storm;
He thinks upon his navies far away,
And boding doubts arise.

Long over Biscay's boisterous surge
The watchman's aching eye shall strain;
Long shall he gaze, but never winged bark
Shall bear good tidings home.

Westbury, 1798. Southey.



"THE ARMADA IN SIGHT."

(From the Picture by Seymour Lucas, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1880. By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, Publisher and sole Registered Proprietor of the Copyright.)

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

SHE comes, she comes—the Burden of the Deeps!
Beneath her wails the Universal Sea!
With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps,
And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
The ocean-castles and the floating hosts—
Ne'er on their like looked the wild waters!—Well
May man the monster name "Invincible."
O'er the shuddering waves she gathers to thy coasts!
The horror that she spreads can claim
Just title to her haughty name.
The trembling Neptune quails
Under the silent and majestic forms;
The Doom of Worlds in those dark sails:—
Near and more near she sweeps! And slumber all the Storms!

Before thee, the array,
Blest island, Empress of the Sea!
The sea-born squadrons threaten thee
And thy great heart, Britannia!
Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud—
She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!
Who, to thy hand, the orb and sceptre gave,
Thou that should'st be the sovereign of the nations?
To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave,
Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations;
The mighty Chart thy citizens made kings,
And kings to citizens sublimely bowed!
And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
Hast thou not rendered millions up to slaughter,
When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
The sceptre—and the shroud?
What should'st thou think?—Blush, Earth, to hear and feel:
What should'st thou thank?—thy genius and thy steel!
Behold the hidden and the giant fires!
Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!
Thy coming down the round earth shall appall,
And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
Theirs is *thy* glory's fall!

One look below the Almighty gave,
Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe;
And near and wider yawned the horrent grave.
"And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low;
The stem that blooms with hero deeds—
The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?
Who shall bid England vanish from the main?
Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,
Man's stout defense from power, to Fate consigned."

God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind!

SCHILLER.—TRANS. BY BULWER.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

WITH bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild charges fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons
The order, "Trot out!"

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word, "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank:
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader;
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!—
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-scattered reeds.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.



CAVALRY CHARGE.

—*Wouvermans.*

Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square,—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men,—
The trumpet sounds "Rally
To colors" again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain;
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

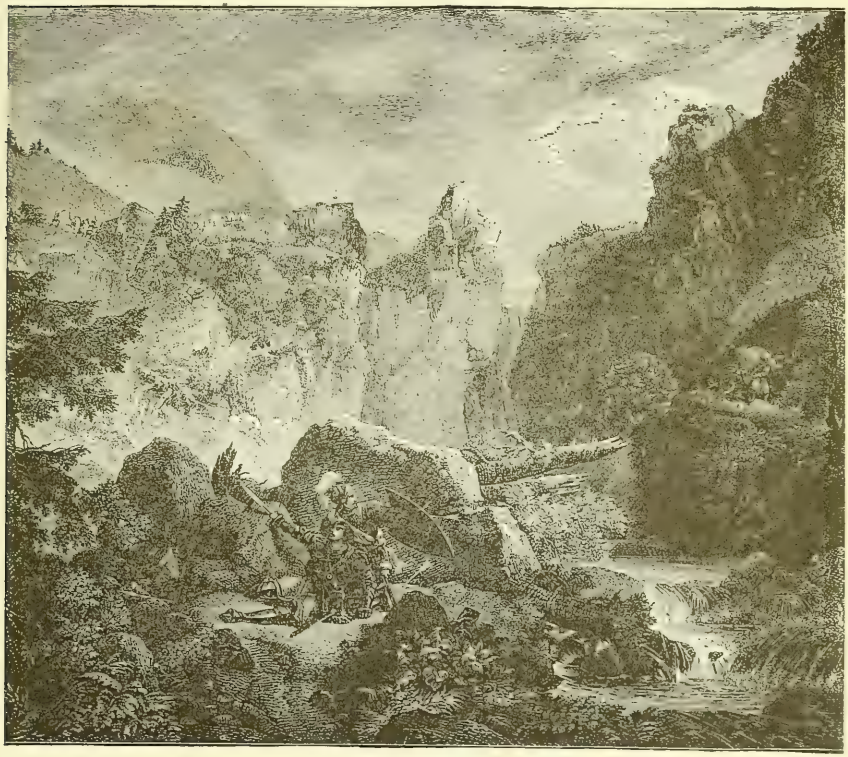
THE BRAVE ROLAND.

THE brave Roland!—the brave Roland!—
False tidings reached the Rhenish strand,
That he had fallen in fight;
And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,
O loveliest maiden of Allemayne!
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn.

Wo! wo! each heart shall bleed—shall break!
She would have hung upon his neck
Had he come but yester-even;
And he had clasped those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
He could not bid that spot adieu;
It was dear still 'midst his woes;
For he loved to breathe the neighboring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
When the Halleluiah rose.



THE DEATH OF ROLAND AT RONCESVALLES.
—*Meckallon.*

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle;
Thence sad and oft looked he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died!—he sought the battle-plain;
Her image filled his dying brain,
When he fell and wished to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

CAMPBELL.



THE GIRLHOOD OF JOAN OF ARC.

—*By Jules Bastien-Lepage.*

FROM JOAN OF ARC.

"WHEN we had all betaken us to rest,
Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolved
The high-souled warrior's speech. Then Madelon
Rose in remembrance; over her the grave
Had closed; her sorrows were not registered
In the rolls of Fame: but, when the tears run down
The widow's cheek, shall not her cry be heard
In heaven against the oppressor? Will not God
In sunder smite the unmerciful, and break
The sceptre of the wicked?—Thoughts like these
Possessed my soul, till at the break of day
I slept; nor did my heated brain repose
Even then; for visions, sent, as I believe,
From the Most High, arose. A high-towered town,
Hemmed in and girt with enemies, I saw,
Where Famine on a heap of carcasses,
Half envious of the unutterable feast,
Marked the gorged raven clog his beak with gore.
I turned me then to the besieger's camp,
And there was revelry; a loud lewd laugh
Burst on mine ear, and I beheld the chiefs
Sit at their feast, and plan the work of death.
My soul grew sick within me; I looked up,
Reproaching heaven: lo! from the clouds an arm
As of the avenging angel was put forth,
And from his hand a sword, like lightning, fell.

"From that night I could feel my burdened soul
Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
I sate in silence, musing on the days
To come, unheeding and unseeing all
Around me, in that dreaminess of thought
When every bodily sense is as it slept,
And the mind alone is wakeful. I have heard
Strange voices in the evening wind: strange forms
Dimly discovered thronged the twilight air.
The neighbors wondered at the sudden change;
They called me crazed; and my dear uncle, too,
Would sit, and gaze upon me wistfully,—
A heaviness upon his aged brow,
And in his eye such sorrow, that my heart
Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all
The mighty future laboring in my breast,
But that the hour, methought, not yet was come.

"At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe
Walled in from human help: thither all thoughts
All hopes, were turned; that bulwark beaten down,
All were the invaders'. Then my troubled soul
Grew more disturbed; and, shunning every eye,
I loved to wander where the woodland shade
Was deepest, there on mightiest deeds to brood
Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
Throb loud: anon I paused, and, in a state
Of half expectance, listened to the wind.

"There is a fountain in the forest called
The Fountain of the Fairies: when a child
With a delightful wonder I have heard
Tales of the elfin tribe who on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside:
Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
By the woods bounded like some little isle.
It ever hath been deemed their favorite tree:
They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
And bask in moonshine. Here the woodman leads
His boy, and, showing him the greensward marked
With darker circlets, says their midnight dance
Hath traced the rings, and bids him spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
Which made it holy, and the villagers
Would say that never evil thing approached
Unpunished there. The strange and fearful pleasure
Which filled me by that solitary spring,
Ceased not in riper years; and now it woke
Deeper delight and more mysterious awe.

"A blessed spot! Oh, how my soul enjoyed
Its holy quietness! with what delight,
Escaping from mankind, I hastened there
To solitude and freedom! Thitherward,
On a spring eve, I had betaken me;
And there I sat, and marked the deepred clouds,
Gather from the wind,—the rising wind,
Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
Appeared to rock my senses. Soon the night
Darkened around, and the large rain-drops fell
Heavy; anon, tempestuously the gale
Swept o'er the wood. Methought the thunder-shower
Fell with refreshing coolness on my head;
And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
Made a wild music. On a rock I sat:
The glory of the tempest filled my soul;
And when the thunders pealed, and the long flash

Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight
Spread the gray forest, memory, thought, were gone,
All sense of self annihilate, I seemed
Diffused into the scene.

"At length a light
Approached the spring: I saw my uncle Claude,
His gray locks dripping with the midnight storm.
He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried,
'My God! my child is safe!'
"I felt his words
Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged;
I fell upon his neck, and told him all;
God was within me; as I felt, I spake,
And he believed.

"Ay, chieftain! and the world
Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord
Will raise up indignation and pour out
His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress."

SOUTHEY.

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS.

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earth-born frame
Above mortality:
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring!"

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within? Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—
The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage! While midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar stone,
With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form!
Was that the leader through the battle storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lovely dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,
And beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.
Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,
And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of victory! a triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound:
Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to glory on her high career!
Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that filled
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart. "Joanne!"—Who spoke
Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
Under one roof? "Joanne!"—*that* murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth! she turned—she knew
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth whose joy,
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,
The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—
"Father! and ye, my brothers!" On the breast
Of thet gray sire she sank—and swiftly back,

Even in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more,
The plumes, the banners; to her cabin-door,
And to the Fairy's Fountain in the glade,
Where her young sisters by her side had played,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,
Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature. She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said—
"Bless me, my father! bless me! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
Let me return!
Oh! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne! too much of fame
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.

HAVING placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which *she* did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was now at hand. Still, she continued to expose her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles VII, as the work of a witch; and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation.

Never, from the foundation of the earth, was there such a *trial* as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its malignity of attack. O, child of France, shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect,—quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark,—that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against *myself?*" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a *fairer* victim by *baser* means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man! no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman! cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do *one* thing as well as the best of men,—you can *die grandly!* On the twentieth of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifest in a most remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the

danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment, did this noblest of girls think only for him,—the one friend that would not forsake her,—and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in Him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

Few spectators of this martyrdom were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust. "She dies a martyr!" "Ah, we are lost, we have burned a saint!" "Would to God that *my* soul were with *hers!*" Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral-pile, hearing Joan's last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove, rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she stood.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

To flaunt the fair shape of Humanity,
Lewd Mockery dragg'd thee through the mire it trod.
Wit wars with Beauty everlastingly—
Yearns for no angel—and adores no God—
Views the heart's wealth—to steal it as the thief—
Assails Delusion, but to kill Belief.

Yet the true Poetry—herself, like thee,
Childlike; herself, like thee, a shepherd maid—
Gives thee her birthright of Divinity,
And lifts unto the stars thy starry shade.
Thy brows receive the auriole of her sky;
The Heart created thee—thou canst not die.

The mean world loves to darken what is bright,
To see to dust each loftier image brought;
But fear not—souls there are that can delight
In the high Memory and the stately Thought,
To ribald mirth let Momus rouse the mart,
But forms more noble glad the noble heart.

SCHILLER.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.



MAID OF ORLEANS.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd ;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd :
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

"MAKE way for liberty!"—he cried ;
Made way for liberty, and died.

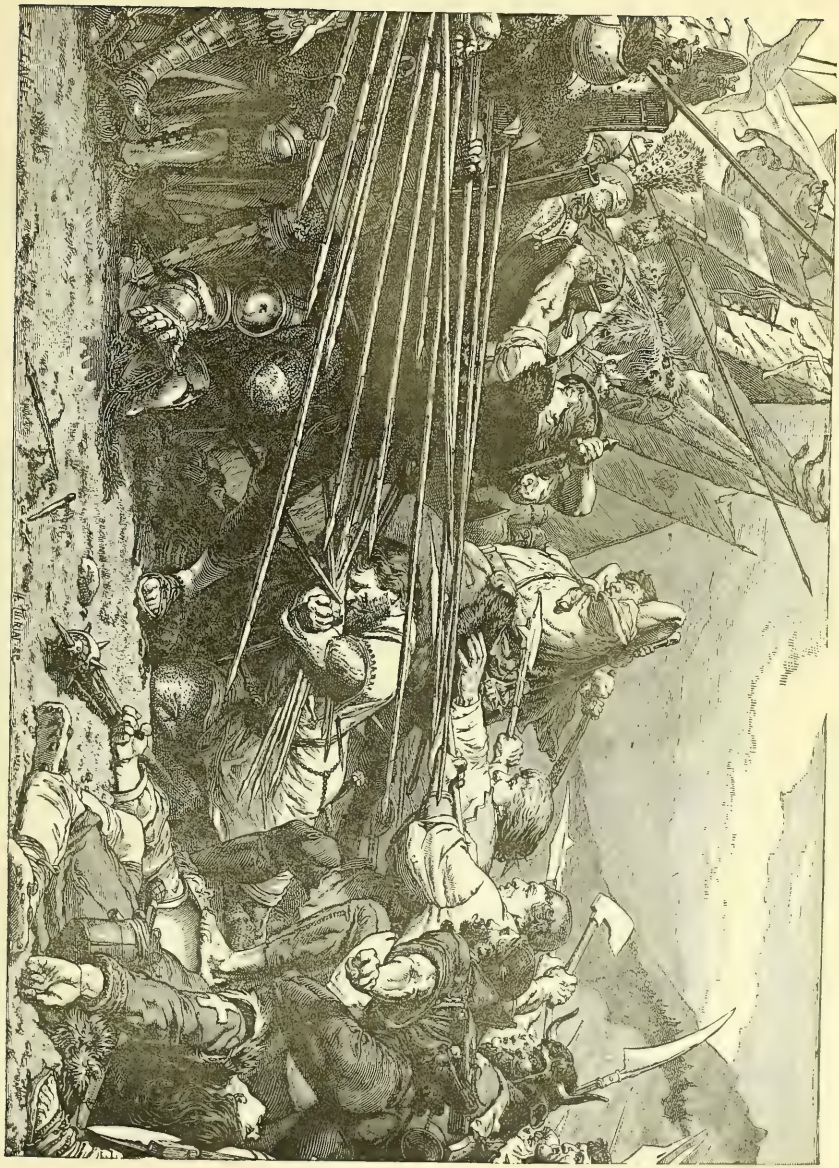
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown ;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear ;
A wood, like that enchanted grove
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit prison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life ;
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polish'd points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the Sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land :
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords :
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray maintain'd ;
Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead or living Tell!
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That whereso'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath ;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin :
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found.
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed ;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet,—
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be : this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power ;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall ; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast ;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed ;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm ;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.



"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!"

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won :—

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried :
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bow'd amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart ;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic scatter'd all :
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free :
Thus death made way for Liberty!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

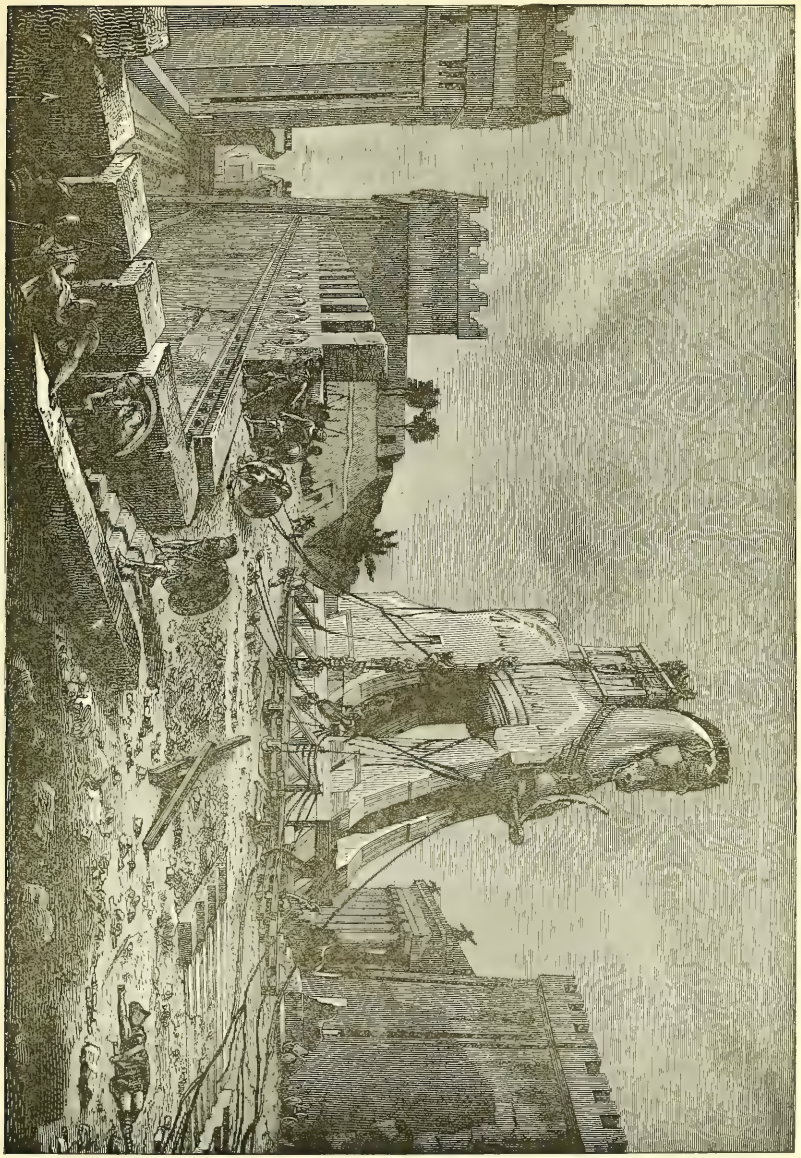
THE WOODEN HORSE.

AT once through Ilium's hapless sons
A shock of feverous horror runs :
All in Laocoon's death-pangs read
The just requital of his deed,
Who dared to harm with impious stroke
Those ribs of consecrated oak.
"The image to its fane!" they cry :
"So soothe the offended deity."
Each in the labor claims his share :
The walls are breeched, the town laid bare
Wheels 'neath its feet are fixed to glide,
And round its neck stout ropes are tied :
So climbs our wall that shape of doom,
With battle quickening in its womb,
While youths and maidens sing glad songs,
And joy to touch the harness-thongs.
It comes, and, glancing terror down,
Sweeps through the bosom of the town.
O Ilium, city of my love!
O warlike home of powers above!
Four times 'twas on the threshold stayed :
Four times the armor clashed and brayed.
Yet on we press with passion blind,
All forethought blotted from our mind,
Till the dread monster we install
Within the temple's tower-built wall.
E'en then Cassandra's prescient voice
Forewarned us of our fatal choice—
That prescient voice, which heaven decreed
No son of Troy should hear and heed.
We, careless souls, the city through,
With festal boughs the fanes bestrew,
And in such revelry employ
The last, last day should shine on Troy.

Meantime heaven shifts from light to gloom,
And night ascends from ocean's womb,
Involving in her shadow broad
Earth, sky, and Myrmidonian fraud :
And through the city, stretched at will,
Sleep the tired Trojans, and are still.

And now from Tenedos set free
The Greeks are sailing on the sea,
Bound for the shore where erst they lay,
Beneath the still moon's friendly ray :
When in a moment leaps to sight
On the king's ship the signal light,
And Sinon, screened by partial fate,
Unlocks the pine-wood prison's gate.
The horse its charge to air restores,
And forth the armed invasion pours.
Thessander, Sthenelus, the first,
Slide down the rope : Ulysses curst,
Thoas and Acamas are there,
And great Pelides' youthful heir,
Machaon, Menelaus, last
Epeus, who the plot forecast.
They seized the city, buried deep
In floods of revelry and sleep,
Cut down the warders of the gates,
And introduce their banded mates.

THE ÆNEID.—TRANS. BY COVINGTON.



THE WOODEN HORSE.

THE FORCED RECRUIT.

SOLFERINO, 1859.

IN the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands;—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away!"

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side—

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he, without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obediance, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here:
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have with us been at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round him wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

CHARITY.

LOVE OF HUMANITY.

A large charity is the growth of years, the last result of many trials.

STOPFORD A. BROOKS.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

POPE.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. I Cor: xiii.

CHARITY.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all,
Were that withdrawn, thou too wouldst swerve and halt.

Send back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold,
That were an action worthy of a saint;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

The Saviour suffers when His children slide,
Then is His holy name by men blasphemed
And He afresh is mocked and crucified,
Even by those His bitter death redeemed.

Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke;
Feel as one member in another's pain;
Win back the soul that His fair path forsook,
And mighty and eternal is thy gain.

EDMESTON.

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

ST. CHARITY! In classic time
They would have carved her large, sublime,
Less mind than matter;
Lifting a horn that overflows
To men whose need (like Figaro's)
But makes them fatter.

Or, in the neo-Durer style,
They would have made her grimly smile
From wrecks symbolic;
Symbol herself of grinding want,
Hard, introspective, haggard, gaunt,
and melancholic.

Now, we have changed all that. To-day,
We treat her in a different way;
We make her pretty:
We send her tripping through the snow,
To pour her pity on the woe
Of some huge city.

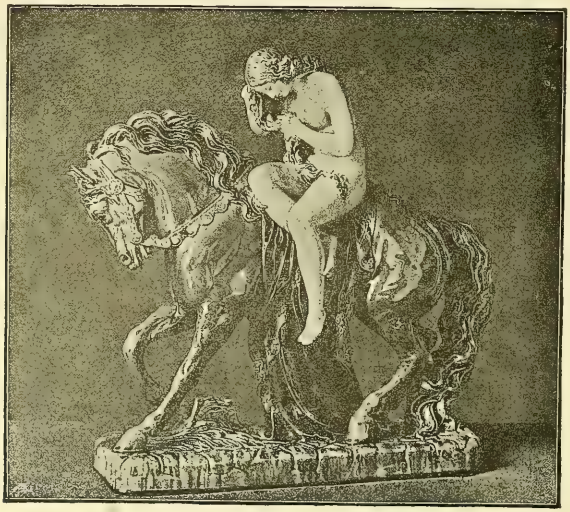
God speed! Kind heart, kind hand, kind eyes,
Life to too many a one denies
The joy of laughter,
That we should grudge, when you go by,
To wish your errand well, and cry
Our blessing after!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

AN ardent spirit dwells with Christian love,—
The eagle's vigor in the pitying dove:
'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
That we the wants of pleading man supply;
That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal:—
Not these suffice; to sickness, pain and woe,
The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;
Will not be sought, waits not for want to plead,
But seeks the duty,—nay, prevents the need;
Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
And plants relief for coming miseries.

CRABBE.



LADY GODIVA.
—*Thomas.*

GODIVA.



WAITED for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife of that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*"—"But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it," and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple, blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

A. TENNYSON.

AT THE SEASON OF THANKSGIVING.

OH! Charity, dear messenger,
From heaven's courts descend,
And to our earth-born hearts the gift
Of thy sweet influence lend.
Touch and arouse the slumbering eyes
Which do not wake to see
How other eyes grow dim with tears,
And hearts droop wearily.

Remind us, whom a Father's grace
Hath blessed with many a gift,
That there are those whom we may help
From sorrow's gloom to lift.
Quicken our sympathy, our love;
Our mercies let us share;
Let the glad sunshine of our lives
Spread o'er sad lives of care.

Sweet Charity, we will not close
Our ears to thy soft voice;
For every impulse born of thee
Must make some heart rejoice.
Then come, come quickly, Charity!
And all throughout our land
On waiting hearts, or cold or warm,
Lay thine own blessed hand.

And may the Lord, who ever heeds
And marks the sparrow's fall,
Help us to know, *what e'er our deeds*
He sees and marks them all.
By day and night, thro' storm and shine,
Whate'er our lives may be,
God grant these gifts of his delight—
Faith, Hope and *Charity!*

MAY D. BRUIL.

CHARITY.

I SAW a pale young orphan boy
Go wandering sadly by;
His feet were bare, his garments torn,
And tears were in his eye.
He gazed on every face that passed;
In none was pity shown;
And then upon the cold, damp ground
He sat and wept alone.

The drifting snow came thick and fast,
The wind was high and wild;
He found no shelter for his head,
The poor, forsaken child.
And all who had come forth that day,
To brave the cheerless storm,
Wrapped their warm garments closer round,
And passed unheeding on.

* * * *

Anon an angel form drew near,
With a sweet, pitying eye,
And soon she raised him from the ground,
And soon his tears were dry;
She folded him within her robe,
To shield him from the storm,
And took him to her cheerful home,
To feed, and clothe, and warm.

Yes, thou wilt soothe the suffering one,
And bid his woes depart;
The orphan's prayers shall follow thee,
Maid of the gentle heart.
Faith leads us through life's trying scenes,
Hope's smiles are sweet to see;
But lovelier than these art thou,
O soft-eyed Charity.

Daughter of heaven, 'tis thine to cheer
The hearts that hopeless grieve,
To follow in the steps of want,
Its victims to relieve.
Fain would we imitate thy love;
Fain would we talk with thee;
Come thou and make our hearts thy home,
O blessed Charity.

ANON.

CHARITY.

COULD I command, with voice or pen,
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence to me,
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor—
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep—
What were such zeal, such power, to me
Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future, as the things gone by—
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span—
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind—
Charity bears a humble mind—
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all;
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought;
But charity shall never fail—
Her anchor is within the veil.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

CHARITY.



H! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace and contemplation joined,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Nice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied and unheard, where misery moans ;
Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants raged :
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed ;
Even robbed them of the last comforts, sleep ;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes ;
And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toiled, or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search ;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Must still untouched remains ; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade),
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!

THOMSON.

REPENTANCE BEFORE FORGIVENESS.

A SONNET.

IF I have sinned in act, I may repent ;
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame ;
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
Making my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival,—
Where, in all worlds that round the Sun revolve
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive, and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



REPENTANCE.

CHARITY.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence:
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or the sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

ANONYMOUS.

FORGIVENESS.

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but sees
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,—
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a freeborn heart, slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against his mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW, 1613.

ARTHUR'S FAREWELL TO GUINEVERE.

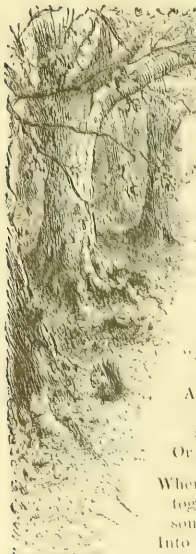
(IDYLS OF THE KING: GUINEVERE.)

"YET think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,

Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial moulded form,
And beauty such as woman never wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
"I loathe thee;" yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shalt I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more—
Farewell!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CONFESSIONS.



FACE to face in my chamber, in my silent chamber, I saw her:
God and she and I only, there I sate down to draw her
Soul through the clefts of confession;
"Speak, I am holding thee fast,
As the angel of ressurrection shall do it at the last!"
"My cup is blood red
With my sin," she said,
"And I pour it out to the bitter lees,
As if the angels of judgment stood over me strong at the last,
Or as thou wert as these."

When God smote his hands together, and struck out thy soul as a spark
Into the organized glory of things, from deeps of the dark,
Say, didst thou shine, didst thou burn, didst thou honor the power in the form,
As the star does at night, or the firefly, or even the little ground-worm?
"I have sinned," she said,
"For my seed light shed
Has smouldered away from His first decrees.
The cypress praiseth the firefly, the ground-leaf praiseth the worm:
I am viler than these."

When God on that sin had pity, and did not trample thee straight
With his wild rains beating and drenching thy light found inadequate;
When he only sent thee the north wind, a little searching and chill,
To quicken thy flame, didst thou kindle and flash to the heights of his will?
"I have sinned," she said,
"Unquickened, unspread,
My fire dropt down, and I wept on my knees:
I only said of his winds of the north as I shrank from their chill,
What delight is in these?"

When God on that sin had pity, and did not meet it as such,
But tempered the wind to thy uses, and softened the world to thy touch,
At least thou wast moved in thy soul, though unable to prove it afar,
Thou couldst carry thy light like a jewel, not giving it out like a star?
"I have sinned," she said,
"And not merited
The gift he gives, by the grace he sees!
The mind-cave praiseth the jewel, the hillside praiseth the star:
I am viler than these."



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THE CONFESSION.
(Painted by Theodor Poeckh.)

Then I cried aloud in my passion, Unthankful and impotent creature,
To throw up thy scorn unto God through the rents in thy beggarly nature!
If He, the All-giving and Loving, is served so unduly, what then
Hast thou done to the weak and the false and the changing,—thy fellows of men?
"I have *loved*," she said
(Words bowing her head
As the wind the wet acacia-trees),
"I saw God sitting above me, but I . . . . I sate among men,
And I have loved these."

Again with a lifted voice, like a choral trumpet, that takes
The lowest note of a viol that trembles, and triumphing breaks
On the air with it solemn and clear,
"Behold! I have sinned not in this!
Where I loved, I have loved much and well: I have verily loved not amiss.
Let the living," she said,
"Inquire of the dead,
In the house of the pale-fronted images:
My own true dead will answer for me, that I have not loved amiss
In my love for all these.

"The least touch of their hands in the morning, I keep it by day and by night;
Their least step on the stair, at the door, still throbs through me, if ever so light;
Their least gift which they left to my childhood, far off in the long-ago years,
Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and seen through the crystals of tears.
Dig the snow," she said,
"For my churchyard bed:
Yet I, as I sleep, shall not fear to freeze,
If one only of these my beloveds shall love me with heart-warm tears,
As I have loved these!

"If I angered any among them, from thenceforth my own life was sore;
If I fell by chance from their presence, I clung to their memory more:
Their tender I often felt holy, their bitter I sometimes called sweet;
And, whenever their heart has refused me, I fell down straight at their feet.
I have loved" she said;
"Man is weak, God is dread;
Yet the weak man dies with his spirit at ease,
Having poured such an unguent of love but once on the Saviour's feet,
As I lavished for these."

Go, I cried: thou hast chosen the human, and left the divine!
Then, at least, have the human shared with thee their wild berry-wine?
Have they loved back thy love, and, when strangers approached thee with blame,
Have they covered thy fault with their kisses, and loved thee the same?
But she shrunk and said,
"God over my head
Must sweep in the wrath of his judgment-seas,
If *He* shall deal with me sinning but only indeed the same,
And no gentler than these."

E. B. Browning.

THE FRONT AND SIDE DOORS.

EVERY person's feelings have a front-door and side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are

ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of the taste are struck with a crushing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



AFFECTION.

LOVE OF PERSONS.

A FRIEND is gold; if true, he'll never leave thee,
Yet both without a touchstone, may deceive thee.

THOS. RANDOLPH.

"Look on your best friends with the thought that they may one day become your worst enemies," was an ancient maxim of worldly prudence. It is for us to reverse the maxim, and rather say: "Look on your worst enemies with the thought that they may one day become your best friends."

DEAN STANLEY.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken: the full heart knows no rhetoric of words.

BOVEE.

Love has a thousand modes and forms, all of which may be consistent with reality and truth. It may come like the burst of morning light, kindling the whole soul into new life and radiance; it may grow inaudibly and unknown, until its roots are found to be through and through the heart, entwined in its every fibre; it is unreal and false only when it is a name for some form of selfishness.

PETER BAYNE.



CONSOLATION.

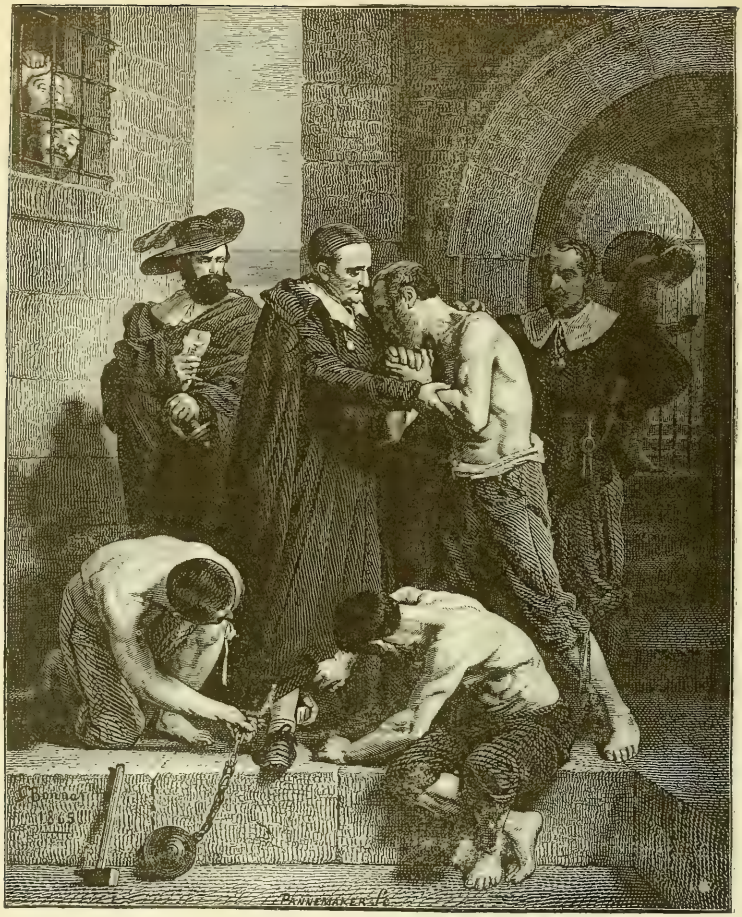
DAVID AND JOHNATHAN.

THY love to me was wonderful, passing the love
of women.
Oh heart of fire! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine, when thou and Johnathan
Last greeted face to face!
He doomed to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well:—for so, mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth joy and kingly pride;
With battle scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale, calm sceptre of a blameless friend.

Ah! had he lived before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high,
Sure it had snapped in twain love's slender band,
So dear to memory;
Paul strife unblest* its serious lesson gives,
He bides with us who dies, he is but lost who lives.

*Acts xv: 39.



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.
—*L. Bonnat.*

THE HOSTAGE.

A BALLAD.

HIS dagger concealed for the stroke,
Mœrus stole Dionysius to slay;
The guards bound and bore him away;
The king eyed him sternly, and spoke:
"Why the dagger concealed in thy cloak?
"The state from a tyrant to free!"
"On the cross rue thy treason to me!"

"I shrink not from death," he replied—
"Not meanly imploring to live,
If I ask thee a respite to give:
I would fain see my sister a bride—
Three days let the sentence abide;
I will leave thee as hostage and bail
My friend;—take his life if I fail."

Brief-pausing, malignantly said
The king, and he smiled, "Let it be ;
Three days I accord unto thee.
But mark—if the third should be sped,
And thou hast not returned,—in thy stead
The life of thy friend will be mine ;
And I grant thee a pardon for thine."

And he came to his friend—"By decree
Of the king, whom I compass'd to slay,
I must die on the cross! A delay
He vouchsafes to my sentence, days three,
That my sister a bride I may see ;
If thou be my hostage till I
Return to release thee,—and die!"

With a silent embrace he has gone
To the tyrant, that friend, the true-hearted ;—
The other has straightway departed.
The dawn of the third day creeps on,
And the rites of the nuptials are done ;
And the pledge brooks no further delay,
And his soul goads his step to the way.

Down the big rains unceasingly pour,
And the springs from the mountains are gushing,
And the streams into rivers are rushing.
And the wanderer has come to the shore :
Lost the bridge that had spanned it before—
As the breakers dash over and under
The arches that crack to their thunder.

By the waters his passage is banned—
He shouts as he wanders around ;
Not a human voice answers the sound.
No boat will put off from the strand,
To win through the wave to the land ;
No pilot so hardy will be—
And the wild stream now swells to a sea!

On the margin he sinks, and he weeps,
And he raises his arms to the skies—
"O Jove, cloud-compeller," he cries,
"Stay the torrent—it swells and it sweeps.
Noon, noon!—if the sun gain the deeps,
And I reach not the city to free
My friend—he will perish for me!"

And wider and wider it flows,
And billow the billow devours,
And the moments have sped into hours ;
And despair its wild valor bestows,
And the whirling waves over him close,
And he cleaves with strong arm through the waves,
And a God has compassion,—and saves.

He reaches, and flies o'er, the land,
And the God that delivered he blesses ;
When out from the forest recesses
Springs a lawless and menacing band ;
And the club arms each terrible hand—
Breathing murder, they bound on their prey,
And Death stands to block up the way.

"What would ye?" he cried, pale with fear ;
"No gold, to enrich you, I bring ;
And my life I must take to the king!
I strike for a friend"—and he here
Snatched a club from the caitiff most near :
And three of the foes did he slay—
Fled the rest,—free again is the way.

Now the sun glows as fierce as a brand ;
And weary and parched by the heat,
Flag at last,—flag and falter the feet ;
"Hast thou saved me, O Heaven, from the slaughter,
Led me safe from the storms of the water,
For my own limbs their strength to deny?
And my friend, O my friend, must he die!"

And hark, there it purls silver-clear !
Close at hand with its low-warbled gushes ;
To listen, his breathing he hushes.
And, see from the rocks that rise near
Leaps the fountain that sang on the ear ;
And his limbs in the fountain he laves,
And his strength is restored by the waves.

Through the boughs glints the sun's setting ray;
All giant-like falls from the tree
The shadow it limns on the lea :
Two men in discourse pass his way,
And one to the other doth say,
As they rush like himself o'er the ground,
"Ere this to the Cross he is bound!"

And his torture his vigor renews,
And despair wings the flying foot on,
And red in the fast-setting sun
Blaze thy domes from afar, Syracuse.—
And now, as the path he pursues,
His steward, Philostratus, meets him ;
With a shudder the servant thus greets him :

"Back—back—thou canst rescue no more
The life of thy friend—save thine own.
For the moment appointed is flown.
While we speak, must his sentence be o'er—
Still sure of thy coming, he bore
The taunts of the tyrant unaltered ;
And his trust in thy faith never faltered."

"Too late! has it come to this end?
Too late, then, in life, if it be,
Haste, Death, and restore him to me
No tyrant that union can rend
Boast that friend breaks his faith to a friend!
Let him learn by two deaths, how above
His scepter, are Honor and Love!"

He has passed through the gates; sinks the day;
And the cross rises dark from the ground,
And the crowd gathers, gazing, around;
And the cords to the cross lifts its prey.
Through crowd, through guard bursts his way;
"Me! Doomsman," he cries—"me, alone!
That life is redeemed take my own!"

Amaze hushed the multitude there;
Both friends are embracing again;
Both weeping in joy and in pain—
And the crowd wept with them! To the king
The news and the marvel they bring;
And a human emotion comes o'er him,
And behold where the friends stand before him.

Admiring, he gazed—silent long—
Then spoke—"Noble Victors, depart!
Ye have stormed, ye have conquered, this heart.

Truth is more than a dream and a song;
Pardon him who confesses his wrong;
Can the bond that unites you not be
Stretched wider?—Oh, room there, for THREE!"

SCHILLER—TRANS. BY BULWER.

NOTE.

This story, the heroes of which are more popularly known to us under the names of Damon and Pythias (or *Phintias*), Schiller took from Hyginus, in whom the friends are Mœrus and Selinuntius. Schiller has somewhat amplified the incidents in the original, in which the delay of Mœrus is occasioned only by the swollen stream—the other hindrances are of Schiller's invention. The subject, like "The Ring of Polycrates," does not admit of that rich poetry of description with which our author usually adorns some single passage in his narratives. The poetic spirit is rather shown in the terse brevity with which picture after picture is not only sketched, but finished—and in the great thought at the close. Still it is not one of Schiller's best ballads. His additions to the original story are not happy. The incident of the Robbers is commonplace and poor. The delay occasioned by the thirst of Mœrus is clearly open to Goethe's objection (an objection showing very nice perception of nature)—that weariness from thirst was not likely to happen to a man who had lately passed through a stream, on a rainy day, and whose clothes must be saturated with moisture—nor, in the traveler's preoccupied state of mind, is it probable that he would have so much felt the mere physical want. With less reason has it been urged by other critics, that the sudden relenting of the Tyrant is contrary to his character. The Tyrant here has no individual character at all. He is the mere personation of Disbelief in Truth and Love—which the spectacle of sublime self abnegation at once converts. In this idea lies the deep Philosophical Truth, which redeems all the defects of the piece—for Poetry, in its highest form, is merely "Truth made beautiful."

The Bloom was on the Alder and the Tassel on the Corn.

I HEARD the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath of morn;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.
I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Maeochee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along,
And pause to pluck a flower, or hear the thrush's song.
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me, with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone,
For she was belle and wide beloved, and I a youth unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave, with all her heart, to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of womanhood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered, as in awkward speech, I begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain, that lulls a dim-lit dream—
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the rippling stream;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south winds sigh,
More sweet than these and all beside was the loving, low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life,
To mold its better destiny and sooth to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned from above;
My angel walked with me on earth, and gave to me her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are dim with tears—
I think upon the loving faith of all these bygone years,
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn.

DON PIATT.



THE ENGAGEMENT RING. —*Paul Thumm.*



THE PROPOSAL.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,—
Shall I wed thee?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LAMENT

OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER SUMMONED FROM THE SIDE OF HIS BRIDE BY THE "FIERY CROSS" OF RODERICK DHU.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bender bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fail in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEEP AND TRUE.

LOOK in mine eyes, my fairest,
As I look into thine;
Say, is the love thou bearest
As deep and true as mine?—
Deep as the sea unfathomed,
True as the clinging vine?

Aye, in these orbs clear-beaming,
Serene, and soft, and blue,
Like stars in still lakes gleaming,
Mine, imaged there, I view,
And know the love thou feelest
For me is deep and true.

Lay now thy hand, my dearest,
In mine, and as thou dost,
Say, if in aught thou fearest
On my right hand to trust,
Leaning on man securely,
As woman ever must.

Ah! in thy hand no trembling
To meet my clasp I feel;
True faith hath no dissembling,
True love is strong as steel!
I'll hold this hand forever
Through life, come woe or weal.

Enough. No other token
I ask thy faith to prove,
I want no words low-spoken
To tell me thou dost love—
The eye and touch have language,
Though lip or tongue ne'er move.

Now, let me draw thee nearer,
And breathe my heart's delight,
Whispering that thou art dearer
To me than life or light,
In words as soft as breathings
Of air in leaves at night.

J. F. WALLER.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine,
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine!
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet;
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my love, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near:"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE TRYST.

FROM LAY OF THE LOST MINSTREL.

THE sun had brightened Cheviot grey,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And wakened every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
And paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie?
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair?
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As she rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The Ladye caresses the rough bloodhound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round.
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half-sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken riband pressed;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid:—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold:
I may not, must not, sing of love.

WALTER SCOTT.



THE TRYST.

THE TRYSTING HOUR.

HOMEWARD from the fields she hies,
Nora with the nut-brown eyes.
Thro' the woods at close of day
Eagerly she takes her way.
Weary? Yes; but knowing who
Seeks the little foot-bridge, too,
What cares she for weariness?

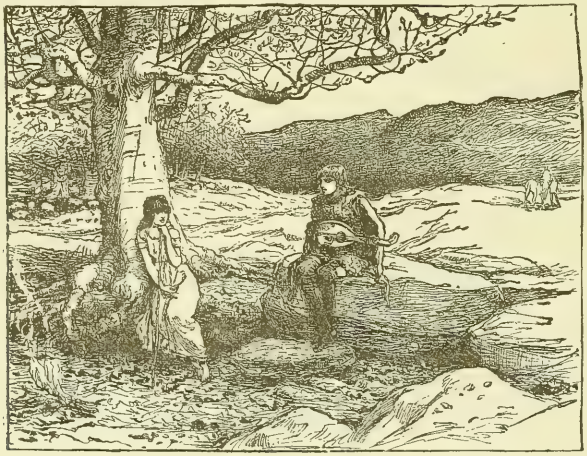
Her true laddie's fond caress
(As he comes his love to meet)
Soon her waiting heart will greet.
Then together, side by side,
At the happy eventide,
Hand in hand, with eyes aglow,
O'er the homeward path they'll go.

MARY D BRINE.

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

GREY walls, green grass, and ancient trees,
Twisted and gnarled; and over these,
Bright rays of sunlight streaming fair,
Like joys that bless a world of care.

What is it that I find so sweet
Where gloom and shining glory meet,
Where arching trees their branches spread,
Where roses blossom, white and red?



OMNIA VINCET AMOR.
(By G. H. Boughton, A. R. A.)

A light, light footstep in the fern:
What sight is this that I discern,
Most fair of all, where all is fair?
What bliss is mine, beholding her!

It is the lovers' trysting-place;
And here, when meeting face to face,
Where roses cluster, white and red,
The world without is cold and dead.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

THE OLD FOOT-PATH.

OH, dear old foot-path! day by day
You lie 'neath skies of blue or grey;
Across the meadow 'neath the hill,
Where shadows come and go at will.
Safe home from distant lands once more,
My busy memory travels o'er
Long years of mingled joy and pain,
And takes me back to youth again.

Just there beneath yon linden tree
My little sweetheart watched for me,
To greet me with her tell-tale face,
Where love had marked its own sweet trace.
I wonder where that dainty maid
Thro' all these years gone by has strayed;
Or did some new swain's eager feet
A pathway make o'er grasses sweet,
And bend the nodding daisies low,
Whilst two walked slowly to and fro?
And, oh! old path, none ever knew
The lovers' secrets trusted *you*.
Well, Time has many changes rung
Since my young lips its praises sung;
But all unchanged, old friend, are you
To whom my memory still is true.

Your rugged breast is scarred each day
By careless feet which o'er you stray,
And many a hidden foot-print lies
Unnoticed 'neath the changing skies.
Feet that once trod you, now at last
Forever rest– their journey past.
And who may know, old path, if e'er
My feet again shall tread you here?

MARY D. BRINE.

YOU AND I.

WHAT if either of us should die?
Could the hearts that have loved us so tenderly
Be severed by death? Not so! not so!
My soul leans out from its house of clay,
When the breeze that has fanned your cheek goes by,
And says: "She's near!" I feel the touch
Of her lip to mine! of her hand, at play
With my hair as it did, when, long ago,
We sat in the hush of summer eves,
Saying but little, yet loving much,
And believing all that Love believes.
And so I know, whate'er I list,
Our souls shall keep thy holy tryst
Through all the years of the life to be.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE.

AH, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart;
E'en the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use—
Treat them like a parting friend,
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send;
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again;
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.



THE FISHERMAN'S LOVE.

THE FISHERMAN'S LOVE.

THE water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisherman sat by,
And gazed upon his dancing float
With tranquil-dreaming eye.
And as he sits, and as he looks,
The gurgling waves arise ;
A maid, all bright with water drops,
Stands straight before his eyes.

She sang to him, she spake to him :
"My fish why dost thou snare,
With human wit and human guile,
Into the killing air?
Couldst see how happy fishes live
Under the stream so clear,
Thyself would plunge into the stream,
And live forever there.

"Bathe not the lovely sun and moon
Within the cool, deep sea,
And with wave-breathing faces rise
In twofold witchery?
Lure not the misty heaven-deeps,
So beautiful and blue?
Lures not thine image, mirrored in
The fresh eternal dew?"

The water rushed, the water swelled,
It clasped his feet, I wis ;
A thrill went through his yearning heart,
As when two lovers kiss!
She spake to him, she sang to him :
Resistless was her strain ;
Half drew him in, half lured him in ;
He ne'er was seen again.

TAMAR AND THE NYMPH.

"OH seek not destin'd evils to divine,
Found out at last too soon! cease here the search,
'Tis vain, 'tis impious, 'tis no gift of mine ;
I will impart far better, will impart
What makes, when Winter comes, the Sun to rest
So soon on Ocean's bed his paler brow,
And Night to tarry so at Spring's return.
And I will tell sometimes the fate of men
Who loos'd from drooping neck the restless arm
Adventurous, ere long nights had satisfied
The sweet and honest avarice of love ;
How whirlpools have absorb'd them, storms o'erwhelm'd,
And how amid their struggles and their prayers
The big wave blacken'd o'er the mouth supine :
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the tale,
Kissing his lips half open with surprise,
Glance from the gloomy story, and with glee
Light on the fairer fables of the Gods.
—Thus we may sport at leisure when we go
Where, loved by Neptune and the Naiad, loved
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread
The sprightly nymph whom constant Zephyr woos,
Rhine rolls his beryl-color'd wave ; than Rhine
What river from the mountains ever came
More stately? most the simple crown adorns
Of rushes and of willows intertwined
With here and there a flower : his lofty brow
Shaded with vines and mistletoe and oak
He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.
Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf
Will harbor us from ill." While thus she spake,
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip,
And breath'd ambrosial odors, o'er his cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing : grief dispersed,
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon his brow.
Then pointed she before him : first arose
To his astonisht and delighted view
The sacred isle that shrines the queen of love.
It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs
Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
And further to the right, the Cyclades :
Phœbus had rais'd and fixt them, to surround
His native Delos and aerial fane.
He saw the land of Pelops, host of gods,
Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
Beckoning the serious with the smiling Arts
Into the sunbright bay ; unborn the maid
That to assure the bent-up hand unskilled
Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might wake.
He heard the voice of rivers ; he descried
Pindan Peneus and the slender nymphs
That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide ;
These, and Amphrysos and Apidanus
And poplar-crown'd Spercheus, and reclined
On restless rocks Enipeus, where the winds
Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary hair.

Then, with Pirene and with Panope
Evenus, troubled from paternal tears,
And last was Achelous, king of isles.
Zacynthus here, above rose Ithaca,
Like a blue bubble floating in the bay.
Far onward to the left a glimm'ring light
Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he inquired
Whence that arose, his consort thus replied,
"Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long
We may again behold him and rejoice.
Of noble rivers none with mightier force
Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main."
And now Sicanian Etna rose to view:
Darkness with light more horrid she confounds,
Baffles the breath and dims the sight of day.
Tamar grew giddy with astonishment
And, looking up, held fast the bridal vest;
He heard the roar above him, heard the roar
Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,
Hurl, from Earth's base, rocks, mountains, to the skies.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDON.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

FLUSHED by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission dressed,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.
And let the aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay vissions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the illusive form, the kindling grace,
The enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid—while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours—
Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart; where honor still,
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

THOMSON.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string:
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye:
Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

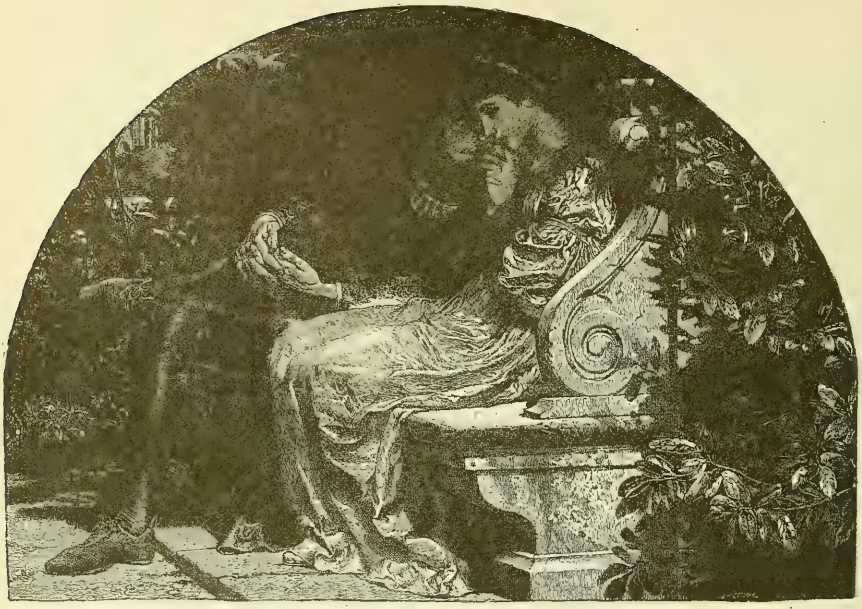
What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes,—I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE.



SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

—*Joshua Reynolds.*



A LOVE STORY.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal shame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose,
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright:
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

COLERIDGE.

SONNET.

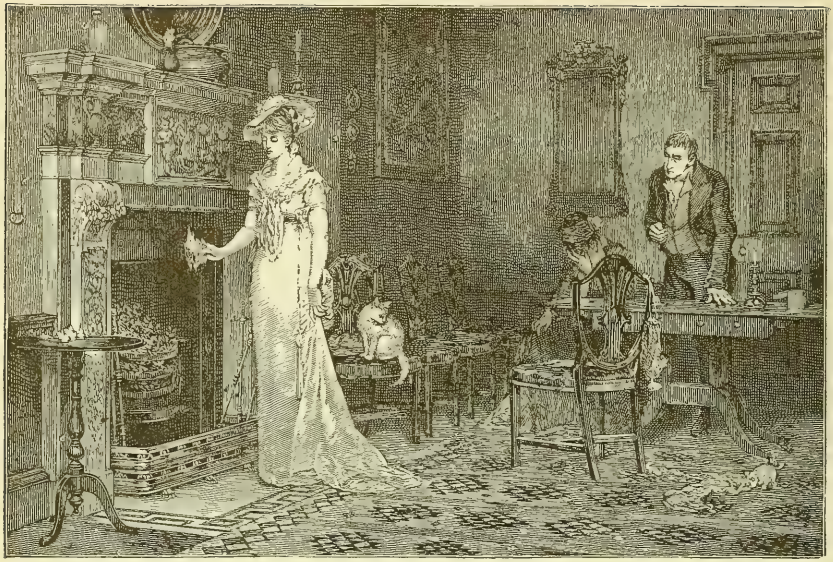
TO live in hell, and heaven to behold,
To welcome life, and die a living death,
To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold,
To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath,
To tread a maze that never shall have end,
To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears,
To climb a hill, and never to descend,
Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears,
To pine for food, and watch the Hesperian tree,
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw,
To live accursed, whom men hold blest to be,
And weep those wrongs, which never creature saw;
If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

TO IANTHE.

IANTHE! you are call'd to cross the sea!
A path forbidden *me!*
Remember, while the sun his blessing sheds
Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watcht him laying down
His brow, and dropt our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
Ianthe! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with pain.
Oh bid me hope again!
Oh give me back that Earth, what (without you)
Not Heaven itself can do,
One of the golden days that we have past;
And let it be my last!
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
Fragile and incomplete.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



SACRIFICE.

(From the Picture by Marcus Stone, A. R. A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877. By permission of Messrs. R. Brooks & Sons, Publishers, owners of the Copyright.)

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come hame,
When a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkenn'd by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound,—they were baith for me!

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna wark, my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jeanie, oh! for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or, why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to dee;
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young. Wae is to me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breath,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone—
But shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—
Remember, I *would* risk it all!

A. A. Proctor.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I WILL not let you say a Woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims besides your own.

I love—what do I not love? earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things
You would not deign to heed are cherished there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the Summer with her ebb and flow
Of light, and warmth, and music, that have nurst
Her tender buds to blossoms . . . and you know
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the Winter dearly, too, . . . but then
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,
Bleak, cold and stormy, you returned again,
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the Stars like friends; so many nights
I gazed at them, when you were far from me,
Till I grew blind with tears . . . . those far-off lights
Could watch you, whom I longed in vain to see.

I love the Flowers; happy hours lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast:
You have forgotten, dear; but they and I
Keep every fragment of the golden Past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my life,—to make
It better worth the giving, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls;—I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it, my soul was stirred
In the tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you; all who owe
Comfort to you: and I can find regret
Even for those poorer hearts who once could know
And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow,—I, who spare
Love for all these? Do I not even hold
My favorite books in special tender care,
And prize them as a miser does his gold?

The Poets that you used to read to me
While summer twilights faded in the sky;
But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
Because—because—do you remember why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before
I loved so many things? Still you the best:—
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
O, more a thousand times than all the rest!

A. A. Proctor



Married for Love.

(From the Painting by Marcus Stone, A. R. A., exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1881.)

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

Scene II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were?
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

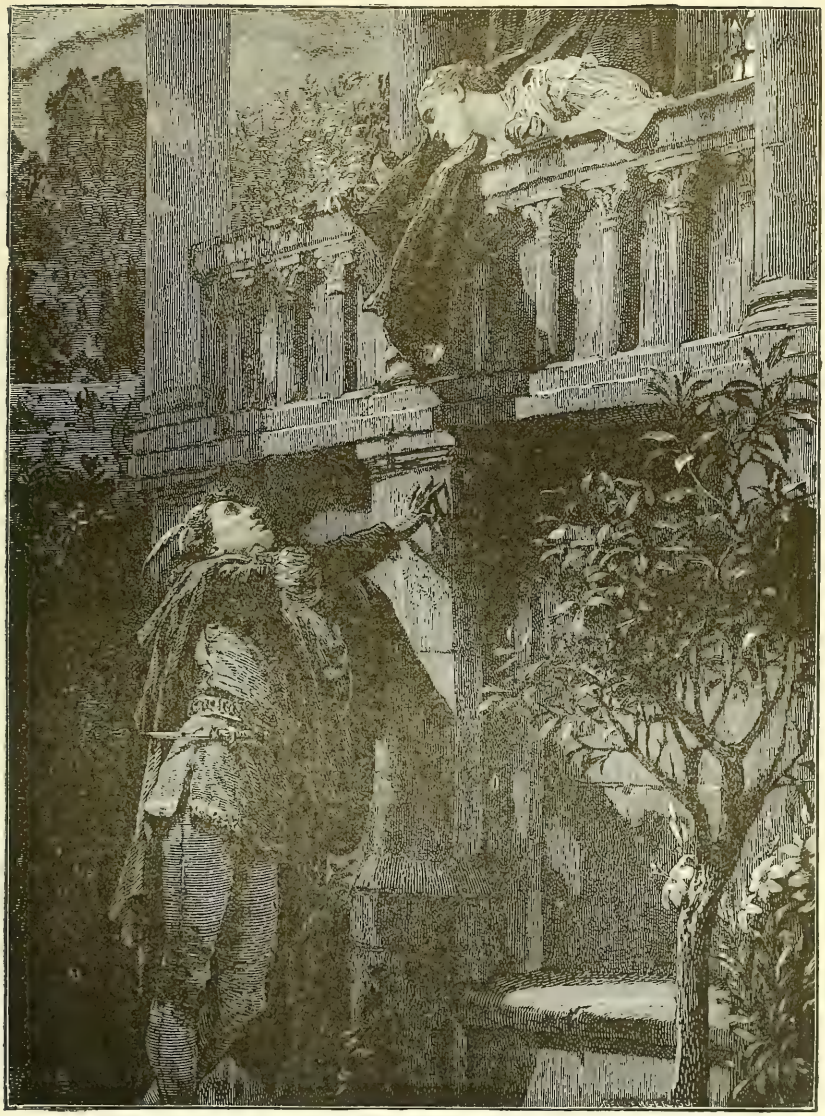
Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo doff thy name
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

(From the Drawing by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A., for "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.")

ROM. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
JUL. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
ROM. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written I would tear the word.
JUL. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound :
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
ROM. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
JUL. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsman find thee here.
ROM. With loves light wings did I o'erperch these walls ;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsman are no let to me.
JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
ROM. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;
And but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROM. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke : but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word ; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond.
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
ROM. What shall I swear by?
JUL. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
ROM. If my heart's dear love—
JUL. Well, do not swear ; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;
And yet I would it were to give again.
ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above.*
ROM. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeared,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.
Re-enter JULIET, *above.*
JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
NURSE. [*Within*] Madam!
JUL. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,



"Farewell, Farewell! One Kiss, and I'll Descend."
(*From the Original Drawing by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A.*)

I do beseech thee —
NURSE. [*Within*] Madam!
JUL. By and bye, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To morrow will I send.
ROM. So thrive my soul —
JUL. A thousand times good night! [*Exit above.*
ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring.*

Re enter JULIET, *above.*

JUL. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
ROM. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
JUL. Romeo!
ROM. My dear?
JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
ROM. At the hour of nine.
JUL. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
JUL. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird:
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
ROM. I would I were thy bird.
JUL. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
[*Exit above.*
ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET, *above, at the window.*

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear:
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must begone and live, or stay and die.
JUL. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.
JUL. It is, it is: hie hence, begone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division:
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices, too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now begone; more light and light it grows.
ROM. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, *to the chamber.*

NURSE. Madam!
JUL. Nurse?
NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*
JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*He goeth down.*
JUL. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
ROM. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
JUL. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROM. I doubt it not: and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
JUL. O, God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*



"EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST! ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!"

(From the Original Drawing by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A.)

SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page *bearing flowers and a Torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof;
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones:—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, etc.*

ROM. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BAL. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.

ROM. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that :
Live, and be prosperous : and farewell, good fellow.

BAL. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

ROM. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
[*Opens the tomb.*

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died ;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.
[*Comes forward.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee ;
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

ROM. I must indeed ; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence, and leave me : think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon thy head,
By urging me to fury : O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.*

PAGE. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*

PAR. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

ROM. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ;
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death : O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquer'd : beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will stay with thee ;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again ; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Thou, desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

This poem is founded upon a story in Boccacio. A young lover, Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel of it. He speaks of having been haunted in delirium by visions and the sound of bells, sometimes tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage: but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.



E flies the event; he leaves the event to me:
Poor Julian—how he rush'd away: the bells,
Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and heart—
But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
As who should say "continue." Well, he had
One golden hour—of triumph shall I say?
Solace at least—before he left his home.

Would you had seen him in that hour of his!
He moved thro' all of it majestically—
Restrain'd himself quite to the close—but now—

Whether they *were* his lady's marriage-bells,
Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
I never ask'd: but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came again
Back to his mother's house among the pines,
But there, their gloom, the mountains and the Bay,
The whole land weigh'd him down as Ætna does
The Giant of Mythology: he would go,
Would leave the land forever, and had gone
Surely, but for a whisper, "Go not yet,"
Some warning, and divinely as it seem'd
By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
As of the visions that he told—the event
Glanced back upon them in his after life,
And partly made them—tho' he knew it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look at her—
No not for months: but, when the eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
Would you could toll me out of life, but found—
All softly as his mother broke it to him—
A crueller reason than a crazy ear,
For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
Dead—and had lain three days without a pulse;
All that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.
And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
They never nail a dumb head up in elm),
Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here and hale—
Not plunge head-foremost from the mountain there,
And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:
He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
Thought that he knew it. "This, I stay'd for this;
O love, I have not seen you for so long.
Now, now, I will go down into the grave,
I will be all alone, with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead."

The fancy stirr'd him so
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And, making there a sudden light beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

"It was my wish," he said, "to pass, to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her—
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kiss'd her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrong him,
He reverenced his dear lady even in death;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
"O, you warm heart," he moan'd, "not even death
Can chill you all at once:" then starting, thought
His dreams had come again. "Do I wake or sleep?
Or am I made immortal, or my love
Mortal once more?" It beat—the heart—it beat:
Faint—but it beat—at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown'd
The feebler motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And, wrapping her all over with the cloak

He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burthen in his arms,
So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life : she raised an eye that ask'd
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer : then she spoke,
"Here! and how came I here?" and learning it
(They told her somewhat rashly as I think)
At once began to wander and to wail,
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back :
Send! bid him come ;" but Lionel was away
Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.
"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail
That seeming something, yet was nothing, born
Not from believing mind, but shatter'd nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
"O yes, and you," she said, "and none but you.
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns."
"Stay, then a little," answer'd Julian, "here.
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself ;
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour ; but send me notice of him
When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love." And faintly she replied,
"And I will do *your* will, and none shall know."

Not know? with such a secret to be known.
But all their house was old and loved them both,
And all the house had known the loves of both :
Had died almost to serve them anyway,
And all the land was waste and solitary :
And then he rode away ; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him : myself was then
Traveling that land, and meant to rest an hour ;
And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for everything was vile)
And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Raving of dead men's dust and beating hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and rush!
But there from fever and my care of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help us yet.
For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,
And waited for her message, piece by piece
I learnt the drearier story of his life ;
And, tho' he lov'd and honor'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady made
Dwelt in his fancy ; did he know her worth,
Her beauty even? should he not be taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we past,
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul :
That makes the sequel pure ; tho' some of us
Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I : and yet I say, the bird
That will not hear my call, however sweet,
But if my neighbor whistle answers him—
What matter? there are others in the wood.
Yet when I saw her (and I thought him crazed,
Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers—
Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,
But all from these to where she touch'd on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's seem'd
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her arms!
"Kiss him," she said. "You gave me life again.
He, but for you, had never seen it once.
His other father you! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too."

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land forevermore ;
And then to friends—they were not many—who lived
Scatteringly about that lonely land of his,
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast ; I never
Sat at costlier ; for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a wood,
Not such as here—an equatorial one,
Great garlands swung and blossom'd ; and beneath,

Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,
Chalice and salver, wines that, heaven knows
when,
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and god ran ever round in gold -
Others of glass as costly—some with gems
Movable and resetable at will,
And trebling all the rest in value—ah, heavens,
Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought before the guest; and they, the
guests,
Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his golden hour)
And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his,
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funeral curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.
And just above the parting was a lamp:
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well then—our solemn feast—we ate and drank,
And might—the wines being of such nobleness—
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all:
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats; but ever and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use;
And when the feast was near an end, he said:

"There is a custom in the Orient, friends—
I read of it in Persia, when a man
Will honor those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom—"

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting
hands
And cries about the banquet—"Beautiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?"

The lover answered, "There is more than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is lov'd and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he has shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
'O my heart's lord, would I could show you,' he
says.
'Ev'n my heart too.' And I propose to-night
To show you what is dearest to his heart,
And my heart too.

"But solve me first a doubt.
I knew a man, not many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bade his menials bear him from the door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life.
I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service, whom does it belong to? Him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?

This question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at length
When some were doubtful how the law would
hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.
And he beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saver, adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
As at a strong conclusion,—"body and soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them all.
And crossing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diamond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seem'd no more than gilded air,
Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace of hers,
Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,
That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd

With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked them out
As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
So she came in: - I am long in telling it,
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—floated in,—
While all the guests in mute amazement rose,—
And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried, him nor lights nor feast
Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men; who cared
Only to use his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd world
About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

"My guests," said Julian: "you are honor'd now
Ev'n to the uttermost: in her behold,
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me."
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, "So like, so like;
She never had a sister. I knew none.
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so like!"
And then he suddenly ask'd her if she were.
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other question'd if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers; but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre!" But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!"

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all:
"She is but dumb, because in her you see
That faithful servant whom we spoke about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and loss—
What? shall I bind him more? in his behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persians, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing? And he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

"Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart."
And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—
Past thro' his visions to the burial: thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall:
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment; all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said:

"Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seems so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:
I leave this land forever." Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife
Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd
For some new death than for a life renew'd;
At this the very babe began to wail;
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him
With kisses, round him closed and clasp't again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frighted our good friend, that turning to me
And saying, "It is over: let us go"—
There were our horses ready at the doors—
We bade them no farewell, but mounting these
He past forever from his native land:
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

A. Tennyson.

TO THE GOD OF FOND DESIRE.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
"Why not disclose your tender fire,
Nor own it to the lovely maid?"

The shepherd marked his treacherous art,
And, softly sighing, thus replied:

"'Tis true you have subdued my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

"The slave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels."

Thompson.



WHERE the fell flood of Lethe darkly rolled
Between black-browed and sombre-visaged walls,
With sinuous wave and sluggish-moving tide
And murmers like the faint and weary groans
Of souls long stricken by the pain of hell,
One, cursed by all the Olympian gods at once,
Stood neck-deep in the stream, yet could not drink.
Sometimes he raved and shook the rocks around
With words so wild that Hades shrank in awe.
Anon the majesty of regal thought
Arose and ruled within his fevered soul;
And thus he spake in commune with himself:

"Ye stars, that naked in yon sea of blue
Float on forever through harmonious space,
Lighting the dim half world to which the moon
Shall come not till the mouth be full of joy;
Ye winds, that sweep the ocean's wrinkled front,
And fondle it to music and to sleep,
What hope hath man in life or yet in death,
If nothing slumbers in the silent grave
That shall not wake again to strife and pain?
Oh, many-shadowed dell where I was born,
Near the soft murmur of the silver waves
Of tremulous Ægean, where the stream
Of a babbling brook rushed down the grassy slope
And shivered into spray upon the strand,
Hast thou forgot me? Spirits of earth and air,
Is hope then dead, and is there naught in all
This nether world but hot and seething thirst?"

And lo! there came a faint and distant strain
Of sweetest music, like the whispered voice
Of muted strings, rapt to their highest tones,
Borne up on broken chords of throbbing harps;
And a dim, strange light, like an unreal dawn,
Broke slow across his vision. Strong it grew
Until it glowed like matin skies of gold;
And a sweet perfume stole across the air,
And lulled his throbbing senses from their woe.
Then from the vista of supernal light
Grew out a form of wondrous loveliness,
And a voice spake along the shadowy gulf:
"Lo! I am she that ruled the great round world
Before thou wert or ever man was born
Of heaven's eternal fire; sprung from the foam
Of everlasting seas, and marked by Zeus
To be alike man's misery and hope.
Tantalus, look around thee. In these shades,
Condemned by wrath of gods and curse of fate,
Thou lingerest alone 'mid dancing waves,
Consumed by a never-dying thirst."

"Oh, speak it not," he cried, with husky throat.

"Nay, hear me out," she said; I bring to thee
That for which men have bled and nations fallen."

A wild light sprang into his fevered eye,
And high above his head he tossed his hands:

"Great gods, that dwell in far Olympian heights

At last my sufferings have reached your souls,
I thank ye—Goddesses, speak, I wait thy word."

"Nay, think not of the gods," she said, "for they
Are deaf to thee, but I have heard thy moan
Now, Tantalus, behold me—am I fair?"

"Fair as the gleam of dawn on Ida's brow,
When the sweet sun kisses the sleeping streams,
And wakes them into laughter and to song."

"Meet hath pleased," she said, "to look on thee
With pity—Neath this fair and spotless front
There glower'd passion deeper than this pit.
Stretch forth thine arms, lift up thy burning eyes,
Drink deep of love, and all thy pain forget."

"To drink of love—Ah, what care I for love
That am doomed with this eternal curse?
Give me but water—I will bless thy name."

"What hope shall come when love is cold and dead?"
So Venus spake in music such as wind
Doth make among the grass and summer flowers
"What profit's life without the simple faith
Of souls made one in perfect sympathy?"
We two shall be as gods girt round with light,
And the strong fire of hearts that flame with love."

"Goddess, the soul within me craveth nought,"
He said, and hoarse his voice rang through the shades,
"I tell thee this—though speech be grievous pain
Had I no tongue to cry I want not love
Had no tongue to burn for want of drink."

Then Venus leaned a little space across
The dark and bitter flood, and on his brow
Her breath blew hot and cold, with panting quick,
Full of swift passion and love's ecstacy.

"Yet think, ah, think," she said, "of sweet the kiss,
Of rapturous longing and of burning dreams
Amid the fragrance shadowed o'er the woods,
Where to strong eyry trod on rapidly true
To bear on high their canopy of green,
Where sweet the winds breathe out their amorous sighs
Among the trembling quiver of the leaves,
And the air heavy with the scent of flowers,
There—then let half unnerved by sleep,
I'll come to thee—I, beautiful as light
With passionate arms and sweet and clinging lips,
To sting thy face with kisses—clasping fair
Twin peaches in the satin rounded arms,
Upon this bosom white as untrod snow,
But warmer than the sun of Cyprus' summer sun
There shall I circle round with yearning love
Till all thy senses reel as if in wine,
And the last ecstatic throbbings of thy breath
Die out in whispered murmurs as mine,
And we two, faint with wild, unspoken sweets,
Drift into sleep to wake and dream again
Will thou, my Tantalus, will thou love me now?"

"And in these woods," he said, "shall there be brooks
That ripple over stones in lucent waves,
And dew upon the petals of the flowers,
And rain that dropp'eth from the trembling leaves?"

"Forget thy curse," she said, "and think of love."

"Forget my curse!" he cried—"Goddess, look round
Long years have fled into the buried past
Since I, a man, gazed into woman's eyes
And dreamed the golden dreams of youth and love
I do remember them so faintly now
I think it must have been some other fool
Who was so fond among the flowers and wine
Thou art immortal, goddess, like myself;
But thy existence is for ever bright
To thee it is no bitter curse to breathe
Think, then, of what a fate is given me;
Shut in this pit in darkness and in gloom,
I listen ever to the hideous wails
Of all whom Jove has doomed to punishment.
Their moans and moans prevail my helpless ears
From night till day, from day till blacker night
The foulest colors of the gruesome pit
Offend my nostrils, and the ceaseless gloom
Deceives my eyes with stark and horrid shapes
Damp icy vapors chest about my head,
And a dummy hands of spectral horror unseen
Fall on my flesh and cause my bones to chill
But, ah, within I have a ceaseless fire
That burns the very blood up in my heart,
And makes each nerve within my stricken frame
Throb with the white heat of black Vulcan's forge.
And, mark you, this shall never, never end,
But through the fleeting years of the years
My doom shall follow me without a pause
The doom that links the future with the past
For see, my curse redoubled in the wine
I look back from the fated tomb of joy
Into the dim, sweet past of earthly life,
I see friends, brothers, sisters, mother, all
Standing with outstretched hands upon the shores
Of the sea-girt waters that still kiss our Greece,
And hear her purple waves recall
To hear the echo of the ring of arms,
The ring of spears, and thunderous shock of shields,
And the great shout of victory that smote
The everlasting skies, and bade the stars
To tremble in their orbits—and to know

That these are past—irrevocably past,
While all the future reaches out its arms
To grapple me in long embrace of pain,
Of agony that speech could never tell,
Had I a tongue within my mouth to speak,
And not this crusted, smouldering lava stream.
The past, the dead, dear past, comes wandering back
To torture me with dreams of happy days.
The future, that shall never end, rolls on,
Each minute orbed into a bursting hour,
Each hour distended to a throbbing year—
Time but a drop in hell's eternity—
No thought that is not darker than despair,
No hope but that to-morrow's stricken womb
Will breed a sorrow greater than to-day's;
Cursed beyond cursing, doomed beyond black death,
Alone in Hades with this endless thirst."

He paused, sore shaken by the storm of grief,
And for a little space was silent; then
He said:
"If thou hast come to me in faith
To pour the balm of pity on my soul,
Give me one draught of water—only one—
That this eternity of bitter pain
May cease a moment its relentless flight."

Then Venus sighed a long and quivering sigh
That shook her round, white bosom like the snow
Blown by the northern wind, and then she said:

"So be it. One pure draught shalt thou now have
Of water sweet as from Castalia's spring."

Afar from out the thick and silent gloom
There grew the form of one who bore an urn
He glided to her side and placed it there,
And vanished. Venus lifted high the bowl,
And stretching it to Tantalus, said:
"Drink."

Then for a moment, as he quaffed the cup,
The sounds of Hades died upon his ear.
The world and life lay captive at his feet—
Life throbbing with the pulse it knew in youth,
The world aflame with joy too great to be
'Twas done, 'twas past. He turned aside the bowl,
And turning once again his fevered eyes
Upon the goddess, saw what pain before
Had hidden from his blind and tortured soul
That beauty which had swayed Olympian gods.
Grief gone a moment from his helpless life,
Love entered in, and thus he swiftly spake:

"Venus, forgive, forgive. I knew thee not;
For thou art something greater than a god—
A woman full of pity and of love.
Hear me, sweet goddess, hear me once for all:
I love thee—dost thou wonder? Yes, I love.
Thou camest here with passion in thy heart;
Thy fire has touched me, and now I am thine."

But Venus rose and sighed again that sigh
That sounded like the parting breath of life,
And smiled a smile so full of hidden tears
That Tantalus was stricken. Then he cried:

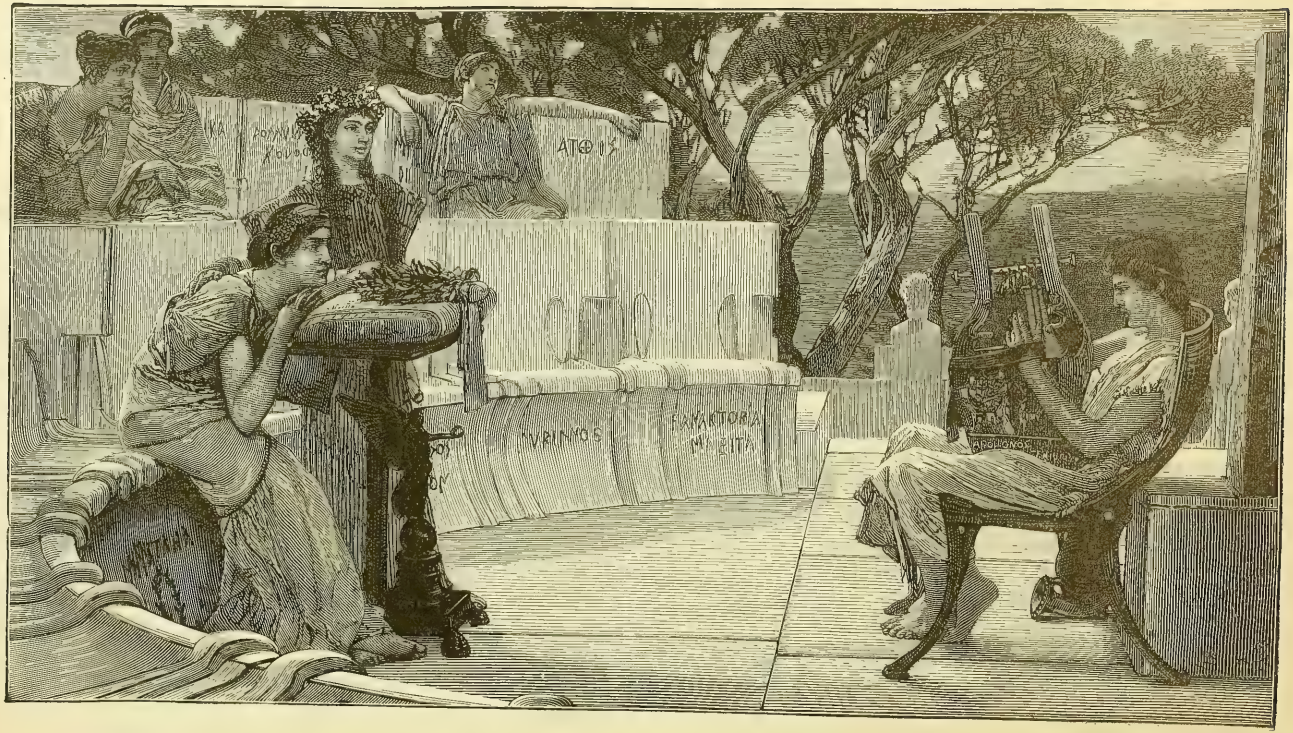
"Sweet Venus, still thy pity now I crave.
Ah, leave me not alone in sightless gloom,
My curse the sorer for that one sweet draught,
My soul the darker for one gleam of hope."

Then Venus sighed once more, and tremulous,
With one fair arm soft whitening through the dark,
She spoke in accents sadder than his own:

"Nay, love shall live where nothing else can be.
No meaner want can tarry in the soul
When love proclaims himself the god of all;
Love's monarchy is absolute, his sway
Triumphant as the kingdom of the sun.
Farewell, thou hadst thy choice, thou hast thy way;
Love lingers not for him who clasps it not,
When first the bosom throbs with that dear thrill
That speaks the perfect sympathy of two
That all the gods have willed shall be as one.
There is no room in all the big, round world
For aught to be that is as great as love;
For love shall live where nothing else can be.
Thou hadst thy choice. Now, Tantalus, farewell."

W. J. Henderson.





SAPPHO.

(From the Painting by L. Alma-Tadema, R. A., exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1881.)

A MODERN SAPPHO.

THEY are gone—all is still! Foolish heart, dost thou quiver?
Nothing stirs on the lawn but the quick lilac-shade.
Far up shines the house, and beneath flows the river:
Here lean, my head, on this cold balustrade!

Ere he come,—ere the boat by the shining branched border
Of dark elms shoot round, dropping down the proud stream,—
Let me pause, let me strive, in myself make some order,
Ere their boat-music sound, ere their broidered flags gleam.

Last night we stood earnestly talking together:
She entered—that moment his eyes turned from me!
Fastened on her dark hair, and her wreath of white heather.
As yesterday was, so to-morrow will be.

Their love, let me know, must grow strong and yet stronger,
Their passion burn more, ere it ceases to burn.
They must love—while they must! but the hearts that love longer
Are rare—ah! most loves but flow once, and return.

I shall suffer—but they will outlive their affection;
I shall weep—but their love will be cooling; and he,
As he drifts to fatigue, discontent and dejection,
Will be brought, thou poor heart, how much nearer to thee!

For cold is his eye to mere beauty, who, breaking
The strong band which passion around him hath furled,
Disenchanted by habit, and newly awaking,
Looks languidly round on a gloom-buried world.

Through that gloom he will see but a shadow appearing,
Perceive but a voice as I come to his side;
—But deeper their voice grows, and nobler their bearing,
Whose youth in the fires of anguish had died.

So, to wait! But what notes down the wind, hark! are driving?
'Tis he! 'tis their flag, shooting round by the trees!
—Let my turn, if it *will* come, be swift in arriving!
Ah! hope cannot long lighten torments like these.

Hast thou yet dealt him, O life, thy full measure?
World, have thy children yet bowed at his knee?
Hast thou with myrtle-leaf crowned him, O pleasure?
—Crown, crown him quickly, and leave him for me.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO HER I LOVE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam
And sometimes share thy lover's woe
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know:

Oh! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Or visit thou my soothing dream!

THOMPSON.

SAPPHICS.

ALL the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron
Stood and beheld me.

Then to me so lying awake a vision
Came without sleep over the seas and touched me,
Softly touched mine eyelids and lips; and I too,
Full of the vision,

Saw the white implacable Aphrodite,
Saw the hair unbound and the feet unsandaled
Shine as fire of sunset on western waters;
Saw the reluctant

Feet, the straining plumes of the doves that drew her,
Looking always, looking with necks reverted,
Back to Lesbos, back to the hills whereunder
Shone Mitylene;

Heard the flying feet of the Loves behind her
Make a sudden thunder upon the waters,
As the thunder flung from the strong unclosing
Wings of a great wind.

So the goddess fled from her place, with awful
Sound of feet and thunder of wings around her;
While behind a clamor of singing women
Severed the twilight.

Ah, the singing, ah, the delight, the passion!
All the Loves wept, listening; sick with anguish,
Stood the crowned nine Muses about Apollo;
Fear was upon them,

While the tenth sang wonderful things they knew not.
Ah, the tenth, the Lesbian! the nine were silent,
None endured the sound of her song for weeping;
Laurel by laurel,

Faded all their crowns; but about her forehead,
Round her woven tresses and ashen temples
White as dead snow, paler than grass in summer,
Ravaged with kisses,

Shone a light of fire as a crown forever.
Yea, almost the implacable Aphrodite
Paused, and almost wept; such a song was that song,
Yea, by her name, too,

Called her, saying, "Turn to me, O my Sappho!"
Yet she turned her face from the Love's, she saw not
Tears for laughter darken immortal eyelids,
Heard not about her

Fearful fitful wings of the doves departing,
Saw not how the bosom of Aphrodite
Shook with weeping, saw not her shaken raiment,
Saw not her hands wrung;

Saw the Lesbians kissing across their smitten
Lutes with lips more sweet than the sound of lute-strings,
Mouth to mouth and hand upon hand, her chosen,
Fairer than all men;

Only saw the beautiful lips and fingers,
Full of songs and kisses and little whispers,
Full of music; only beheld among them
Soar, as a bird soars

Newly fledged, her visable song, a marvel,
Made of perfect sound and exceeding passion,
Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,
Clothed with the wind's wings.

Then rejoyced she, laughing with love, and scattered
Roses, awful roses of holy blossom;
Then the Loves thronged sadly with hidden faces
Round Aphrodite,

Then the Muses, stricken at heart, were silent;
Yea, the gods waxed pale; such a song was that song.
All reluctant, all with a fresh repulsion,
Fled from before her.

All withdrew long since, and the land was barren,
Full of fruitless women and music only.
Now, perchance, when winds are assuaged at sunset,
Lulled at the dewfall,

By the gray sea-side, unassuaged, unheard of,
Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,
Ghosts of outcast women return lamenting,
Purged not in Lethe,

Clothed about with flame and with tears, and singing
Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them.

A. C. SWINEBURNE.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly locks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than even those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is paired with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine;
By none, alas! by none thou can'st be moved;
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could forever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah! beware Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears;
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas! what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks, in ringlets curl'd, diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
For braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desired to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who could not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you;)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, O Lesbian maid:
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the nine, those powers adored by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,

Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe;
But when its way the impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse; and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the HOME of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
That Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove:
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watched by the sylvan genius of the place:
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood:
She stood and cried, "O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the far Leucadian main;
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep,
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste! from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below:
"Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why,
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd?
This breast, which once, in vain! you liked so well;
Where the Loves played, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre.
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath the weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and SUBJECTS of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign—
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigor to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires!
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Or when, alas, shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails!
If you return—ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch the bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love! A. POPE.

PARTING LOVERS.

SIENA, 1860.

I LOVE thee, love thee, Giulio ;
Some call me cold, and some demure ;
And if thou hast ever guessed that so
I loved thee.....well, the proof was poor,
And no one could be sure.

Before thy song (with shifted rhymes
To suit my name) did I undo
The Persian? If it stirred sometimes,
Thou hast not seen a hand pushed through
A foolish flower or two.

My mother, listening to my sleep,
Heard nothing but a sigh at night,—
The short sigh rippling on the deep,
When hearts run out of breath and sight
Of men, to God's clear light.

When others named thee,—thought thy brows
Were straight, thy smile was tender—"Here
He comes between the vineyard rows!"
I said not "Ay," nor waited, dear,
To feel thee step too near.

I left such things to bolder girls,—
Olivia or Clotilda. Nay,
When that Clotilda, through her curls,
Held both thine eyes in hers one day,
I marveled, let me say.

I could not try the woman's trick :
Between us straightway fell the blush
Which kept me separate, blind, and sick.
A wind came with thee in a flush,
As blown thro' Sinai's bush.

But now that Italy invokes
Her young men to go forth, and chase
The foe or perish,—nothing chokes
My voice, or drives me from the place.
I look thee in the face.

I love thee! It is understood,
Confest ; I do not shrink or start.
No blushes! all my body's blood
Has gone to greaten this poor heart.
That, loving, we may part.



FOR EVER.
(*By Herbert Schmalz.*)

Our Italy invokes the youth
To die if need be. Still there's room,
Though earth is strained with dead in truth :
Since twice the lilies were in bloom
They have not grudged a tomb.

And many a plighted maid and wife
And mother, who can say, since then,
"My country,"—cannot say through life
"My son," "my spouse," "my flower of men,"
And not weep dumb again.

Heroic males the country bears ;
But daughters give up more than sons :
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with the guns,
And take your heaven at once.

But we! we empty heart and home
Of life's life, love! We bear to think
You're gone, to feel you may not come,
To hear the door-latch stir and clink,
Yet no more you! . . . nor sink.

Dear God! when Italy is one,
Complete, content from bound to bound,
Suppose, for my share, earth's undone
By one grave in't'—as one small wound
Will kill a man, 'tis found.



SAPPHO THROWING HERSELF FROM THE ROCK OF LEUCATE.

—Gros.

What then? If love's delight must end,
At least we'll clear its truth from flaws.
I love thee, love thee, sweetest friend!
Now take my sweetest without pause,
And help the nation's cause.

And thus, of noble Italy
We'll both be worthy! Let her show
The future how we made her free,
Not sparing life . . . nor Giulio,
Nor this—this heartbreak!
Go. E. B. Browning.

SAPPHO.

Scene.—*The Promontory of Leucadia.*



HIS is the spot: 'tis here, tradition says,
That hopeless love, from this high, towering rock,
Leaps headlong to oblivion or to death.
Oh, 'tis a giddy height! my dizzy head
Swims at the precipice!—'tis death to fall!

Lie still, thou coward heart! this is no time
To shake with thy strong throbs the frame convulsed.
To die, to be at rest,—oh, pleasant thought!
Perchance to leap and live; the soul all still,
And the wild tempest of the passions hushed
In one deep calm; the heart, no more diseased
By the quick ague fits of hope and fear,
Quietly cold!
Presiding Powers, look down!
In vain to you I poured my earnest prayers;
In vain I sung your praises,—chiefly thou,
Venus! ungrateful goddess, whom my lyre
Hymned with such full devotion. Lesbian groves,
Witness how often, at the languid hour
Of summer twilight, to the melting song
Ye gave your choral echoes! Grecian maids,
Who hear, with downcast look and flushing cheek,
That lay of love, bear witness! and ye youths,
Who hang enraptured on the impassioned strain,
Gazing with eloquent eye, even till the heart
Sinks in the deep delirium! And ye, too,
Ages unborn! bear witness ye how hard
Her fate who hymned the votive hymn in vain!
Ungrateful goddess! I have hung my lute
In yonder holy pile; my hand no more
Shall wake the melodies that failed to move
Obdurate Phaon; yet, when rumor tells
How from Leucadia Sappho cast herself,
A self-devoted victim,—he may melt
Too late in pity, obstinate to love.

Oh, haunt his midnight dreams, black Nemesis,
Whom, self-conceiving in the inmost depths
Of Chaos, blackest Night, long-laboring, bore,
When the stern Destinies, her elder brood,
And shapeless Death, from that more monstrous birth
Leapt shuddering,—haunt his slumbers, Nemesis!
Scorch with the fires of Phlegethon his heart,
Till, helpless, hopeless, heaven-abandonded wretch,
He too shall seek beneath the unfathomed deep
To hide from thy fury.
How the sea
Far distant glitters, as the sunbeams smile
And gayly wanton o'er its heaving breast!
Phœbus shines forth, nor wears one cloud to mourn
His votary's sorrows. God of day, shine on!
By man despised, forsaken by the gods,
I supplicate no more.
How many a day,
O pleasant Lesbos! in thy secret streams
Delighted have I plunged, from the hot sun
Screened by the o'erarching grove's delightful shade,
And pillowed on the waters! Now the waves
Shall chill me to repose.
Tremendous height!
Scarce to the brink will these rebellious limbs
Support me. Hark, how the rude deep below
Roars round the rugged base, as if it called
Its long-reluctant victim! I will come!
One leap, and all is over! The deep rest
Of death, or tranquil apathy's dead calm,
Welcome alike to me! Away, vain fears!
Phaon is cold, and why should Sappho live?
Phaon is cold, or with some fairer one,—
Thought worse than death!
[*She throws herself from the precipice.*
Southey.



A Call from the Deep.

(*From the Painting by A. Hagborg.*)

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.



IDEA of Virginia's speedy return reanimated the drooping spirits of her lover, and he resumed his rural occupations, happy amidst his toils, in the reflection that they would soon find a termination so dear to the wishes of his heart.

One morning, at break of day (it was the 24th of December, 1744), Paul, when he arose, perceived a white flag hoisted upon the Mountain of Discovery. This flag he knew to be the signal of a vessel descried at sea. He instantly flew to the town to learn if this vessel brought any tidings of Virginia, and waited there till the return of the pilot, who was gone, according to custom, to board the ship. The pilot did not return till the evening, when he brought the governor information that the signalled vessel was the Saint-Geran, of seven hundred tons burden, and commanded by a captain of the name of Aubin; that she was now four leagues out at sea, but would probably anchor at Port Louis the following afternoon, if the wind became fair: at present there was a calm. The pilot then handed to the governor a number of letters which the Saint-Geran had brought from France, among which was one addressed to Madame de la Tour, in the handwriting of Virginia. Paul seized upon the letter, kissed it with transport, and placing it in his bosom, flew to the plantation. No sooner did he perceive from a distance the family, who were awaiting his return from the rock of Adieus, than he waved the letter aloft in the air, without being able to utter a word. No sooner was the seal broken, than they all crowded round Madame de la Tour, to hear the letter read. Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced much ill-usage from her aunt, who, after having in vain urged her to a marriage against her inclination, had disinherited her, and had sent her back at a time when she would probably reach the Mauritius during the hurricane season. In vain, she added, had she endeavored to soften her aunt, by representing what she owed to her mother, and to her early habits; she was treated as a romantic girl, whose head had been turned by novels. She could now only think of the joy of again seeing and embracing her beloved family, and would have gratified her ardent desire at once, by landing in the pilot's boat, if the captain had allowed her: but that he had objected, on account of the distance, and of a heavy swell, which, notwithstanding the calm, reigned in the open sea.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and I was just going to extinguish my lamp and retire to rest, when I perceived, through the palisades round my cottage, a light in the woods. Soon after, I heard the voice of Paul calling me. I instantly arose, and had hardly dressed myself, when Paul, almost beside himself, and panting for breath, sprang on my neck, crying,—"Come along, come along. Virginia is arrived. Let us go to the port; the vessel will anchor at break of day."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when we set off. As we were passing through the woods of the Sloping Mountain, and were already on the road which leads from the Shaddock Grove to the port, I heard some one walking behind us. It proved to be a negro, and he was advancing with hasty steps. When he reached us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going with such expedition. He answered, "I come from that part of the island called Golden Dust; and am sent to the port, to inform the governor that a ship from France has anchored under the isle of Amber.

She is firing guns of distress, for the sea is very rough." Having said this, the man left us, and pursued his journey without any further delay.

We hastened on without uttering a word, or daring to communicate to each other our mutual apprehensions. At midnight, by great exertion, we arrived at the sea-shore, in that part of the island called Golden Dust. The billows were breaking against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with foam of a dazzling whiteness, blended with sparks of fire. By these phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, a number of fishing canoes, drawn up high upon the beach.

We remained on this spot till break of day, but the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, everything being covered with fog. All we could descry to seaward was a dark cloud, which they told us was the isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast. On this gloomy day we could only discern the point of land on which we were standing, and the peaks of some inland mountains, which started out occasionally from the midst of the clouds that hung around them.

As soon as the Saint-Geran perceived that we were near enough to render her assistance, she continued to fire guns regularly at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A number of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes loaded with provisions and cordage, which they had brought from the plantations of Golden Dust, from the district of La Flaque, and from the river of the Rampart. One of the most aged of these planters, approaching the governor, said to him,—"We have heard all night hollow noises in the mountain; in the woods, the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land: it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane." "Well, my friends," answered the governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The centre of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were tinged with a copper-colored hue. The air resounded with the cries of the tropic-birds, petrels, frigate-birds, and innumerable other sea-fowl, which notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, were seen coming from every point of the horizon, to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards nine in the morning we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains. A general cry was heard of, "There is the hurricane!" and the next moment a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the isle of Amber and its channel. The Saint-Geran then presented herself to our view, her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmasts lowered down, and her flag half-mast high, moored by four cables at her bow and one at her stern. She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the main land, inside the chain of reefs which encircles the island, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her head to the waves that rolled in from the open sea, and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait where she lay, her bow lifted to such a degree as to show her keel; and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the

water, disappeared altogether from our sight, as if it were swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and waves towards the shore, it was equally impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way; or, by cutting her cables, to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sandbanks and reefs of rocks. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up heaps of shingle to the distance of fifty feet upon the land; then, rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, from which it rolled immense stones, with a hoarse and dismal noise. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the isle of Amber was soon one vast sheet of white foam, full of yawning pits of black and deep billows. Heaps of this foam, more than six feet high, were piled up at the bottom of the bay; and the winds which swept its surface carried masses of it over the steep sea-bank, scattering it upon the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the very foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the ocean. The appearance of the horizon portended a lasting tempest; the sky and the water seemed blended together. Thick masses of clouds, of a frightful form, swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. Not a single spot of the blue sky could be discerned in the whole firmament; and a pale yellow gleam only lightened up all the objects of the earth, the sea, and the skies.

From the violent rolling of the ship, what we all dreaded happened at last. The cables which held her bow were torn away: she then swung to a single hawser, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when, seizing him by the arm, "My son," I exclaimed, "would you perish?"—"Let me go to save her," he cried, "or let me die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord around his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the Saint-Geran, now swimming, and now walking upon the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching the vessel, which the sea, by the reflux of its waves had left almost dry, so that you could have walked round it on foot; but suddenly the billows, returning with fresh fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The breakers at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered the use of his senses, he arose, and returned with new ardor towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew then, despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea, upon yards, planks, hencoops, tables and barrels. At this moment we beheld an object which wrung our hearts with grief and pity; a young lady appeared in the stern-gallery of the Saint-Geran, stretching out her arms towards him who was making so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable girl, exposed to such horrible danger, filled us with unutterable despair. As for Virginia, with a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck, and who was naked, and strong as Hercules. This man

approached Virginia with respect, and, kneeling at her feet, attempted to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with modesty, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her! save her!—do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow, of enormous magnitude, ingulfed itself between the isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, crossed her hands upon her breast, and raising upwards her serene and beauteous eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Alas everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance towards Virginia, far upon the beach, and also the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed,—"Oh, my God! thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that excellent young lady, who had persevered in not undressing herself as I had done." Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul to the shore. He was senseless, and blood was flowing from his mouth and ears. The governor ordered him to be put into the hands of a surgeon, while we, on our part, wandered along the beach, in hopes that the sea would throw up the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it frequently happens during hurricanes, our search was in vain: and we had the grief of thinking that we should not be able to bestow on this sweet and unfortunate girl the last sad duties. We retired from the spot overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous girl, to doubt the existence of Providence: for there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the meantime, Paul, who had began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood, till he was in a fit state to be removed to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo to discharge the melancholy duty of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event which had happened. When we had reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown up many pieces of the wreck in the opposite bay. We descended towards it and one of the first objects that struck my sight upon the beach was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand, and preserved the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not sensibly changed, her eyes were closed, and her countenance was still serene; but the pale purple hues of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothes; and the other, which she held on her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened, that it was with difficulty that I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw that it contained the picture of Paul, which she had promised him never to part with while she lived! At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his shrieks. With heavy hearts we then carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge of some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

RELIGION.

LOVE OF GOD

Philosophy seeks truth; theology finds it; religion possesses it.

PICO DI MIRANDOLA.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition, than in air rarified to nothing by the air pump of unbelief.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Looking within us, we find in conscience an observatory higher than that of physical science ever was, from which to gaze upon the supreme harmonies of the universe.

JOSEPH COOK.

In all ages
Every human heart is human,
And in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
And the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



SUNDAY MORNING.

(From the Picture by Eastman Johnson.)

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay,
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working days are the back part,
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still,
Since there is no place so alone,
The which He doth not fill!

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities;
They are the fruitful beds and borders
Of God's rich garden; that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King:
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His,
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not for his fodder miss ;
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th' earth, and all things with it, move ;
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence ;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay
And fit for Paradise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SUN-DAYES.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots of blisse ;
Heaven once a week ;
The next world's gladnesse prepossest in this ;
A day to seek :
Eternity in time ; the steps by which
We climb above all ages ; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

The pulleys unto headlong man ; time's bower ;
The narrow way ;
Transplanted paradise ; God's walking houre ;
The cool o' th' day!
The creature's jubile ; God's parle with dust ;
Heaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres ;
Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;
A gleam of glory after six-days showres!

The Churche's love-feasts ; time's prerogative
And interest
Deducted from the whole ; the combs and hive,
And home of rest.
The milky-way chalkt out with suns ; a clue,
That guides through erring hours ; and in full story
A taste of heav'n on earth ; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast ! and the out-courts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SABBATH CHIMES.

THERE'S music in the morning air,
A holy voice and sweet,
Far calling to the house of prayer
The humblest peasant's feet.
From hill, and vale, and distant moor,
Long as the chime is heard,
Each cottage sends its tenants poor
For God's enriching word.

Where'er the British power hath trod,
The cross of faith ascends,
And, like a radiant arch of God,
The light of Scripture bends!
Deep in the forest wilderness
The wood-built church is known ;
A sheltering wing, in man's distress
Spread like the Saviour's own!

The warrior from his armed tent,
The seaman from his tide,
Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent
In Christian nations wide,—
Thousands and tens of thousands bring
Their sorrows to His shrine,
And taste the never-failing spring
Of Jesus' love divine!

If, at an earthly chime, the tread
Of million, million feet
Approach whene'er the Gospel's read
In God's own temple seat,
How blest the sight, from death's dark sleep
To see God's saints arise!
And countless hosts of angels keep
The Sabbath of the skies!

CHARLES SWAIN

TO THY TEMPLE I REPAIR.



O Thy temple I repair:
Lord, I love to worship there;
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

Thou, through Him, art reconciled;
I, through Him, became Thy child;
Abba, Father! give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face!

While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness!

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend!
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes!

While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality:

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky!

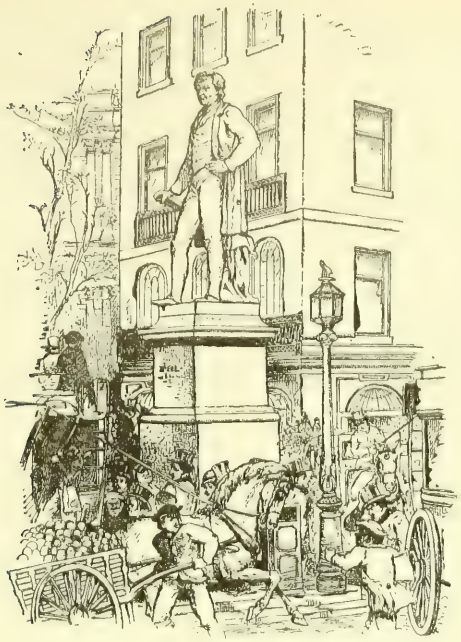
From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HYMN OF THE CONQUERED.

I SING the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying—and there
Chant a requium low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."
Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of the day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst?
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

W. W. STORY.



LIFE AND DEATH IN CHEAPSIDE.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sounds of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like Autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light!
And some, who haunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in deed of shame to night

Each, where his task or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.

There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end

W. C. BRYANT

FROM PROMETHEUS BOUND,

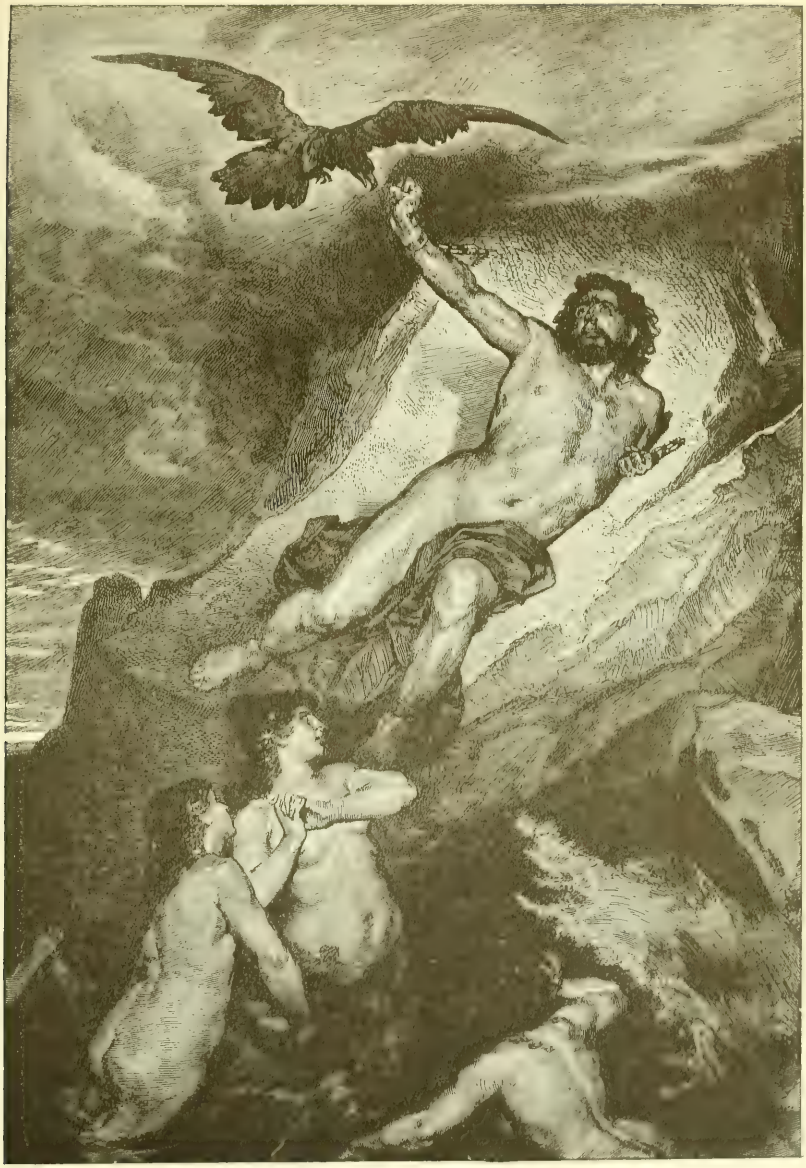
FROM THE GREEK OF ÆSCHYLUS.

STRENGTH. We reach the utmost limit of the earth,
The Scythian track, the desert without man
And now, Hephæstus, thou must needs fulfill
The mandate of our Father, and with links
Indissoluble of adamantine chains
Fasten against this beetling precipice
This guilty god. Because he filched away
Thine own bright flower, the glory of plastic fire,
And gifted mortals with it, such a sin
It doth behoove he expiate to the gods,
Learning to accept the empery of Zeus,
And leave off his old trick of loving man.

HEPHÆSTUS. O Strength and Force, for you our Zeus's will
Presents a deed for doing, no more! But I,
I lack your daring, up the storm rent chasm
To fix with violent hands a kindred god,
However necessity compels me so
That I must dare it, and our Zeus commands
With a most inviolable word. Ho, thou!
High thoughted son of Themis, who I love!
Thee loathe, I loathe must rivet fast in chains
Against this rocky height unclomb by man,
Where never human voice nor face shall find
Out thee who by'st them, and thy beauty's flower,
Scorched in the sun's clear heat, shall fade away
Night shall come up with garniture of stars
To comfort thee with shadow, and the sun
Disperse with rettiect beams the morning frosts.
But through all changes, sense of present woe
Shall vex thee sore, because with none of them
There comes a hand to free. Such fruit is plucked
From love of man! And in that thou, a god,
Didst brave the wrath of gods, and give away
Undue respect to mortals, for that crime
Thou art adjudged to guard this joyless rock,
Erect, unslumbering, bending not the knee,
And many a cry and unavailing moan
To utter on the air. For Zeus is stern,
And new made kings are cruel

* * * * * *

PROMETHEUS (*alone*). O holy Ether, and swift winged Winds,
And River wells, and laughter numberless
Of your sea waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all viewing eyeball Sun, I cry on you,
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of time!
Behold how, fast around me,
The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe! to day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan. And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?
And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul; and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate. Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky
Ah, ah me! what a sound!
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
Sweeping up to this rock where the Earth has her bound,
To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon obtain
Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
The god Zeus hateth sore,
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor.
Yet even of *me* he shall need,
That monarch of the blessed seed,—
Of me, of me who now am cursed
By his fetters dire,
To wring my secret out withal,
And learn by whom his sceptre shall



PROMETHEUS BOUND.
—*F. Stuck.*

Be filched from him, as was at first
His heavenly fire.
But he never shall enchant me
With his honey-lipped persuasion;
Never, never, shall he daunt me,
With the oath and threat of passion,
Into speaking as they want me,
Till he loose this savage chain,
And accept the expiation
Of my sorrow in his pain.

CHORUS, *2d antistrophe.*

Thou art, sooth, a brave god,
And, for all thou hast borne
From the stroke of the rod,
Nought relaxest from scorn.
But thou speakest unto me
Too free and unworn;
And a terror strikes through me
And festers my soul,
And I fear, in the roll
Of the storm, for thy fate
In the ship far from shore;
Since the son of Saturnus is hard in his hate,
And unmoved in his heart evermore.

PROM. I know that Zeus is stern;
I know he metes his justice by his will;
And yet his soul shall learn
More softness when once broken by this ill;
And, curbing his unconquerable vaunt,
He shall rush on in fear to meet with me
Who rush to meet with him in agony,
To issues of harmonious covenant.

CHOR. Remove the veil from all things, and relate
The story to us,—of what crime accused,
Zeus smites thee with dishonorable pangs.
Speak, if to teach us do not grieve thyself.

PROM. The utterance of these things is torture to me,
But so, too, is their silence: each way lies
Woe strong as fate.
When gods began with wrath,
And war rose up between their starry brows,
Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne
That Zeus might king it there, and some in haste
With opposite oaths, that they would have no Zeus
To rule the gods forever,—I, who brought
The counsel I thought meetest, could not move
The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,
What time, disdaining in their rugged souls
My subtle machinations, they assumed
It was an easy thing for force to take
The mastery of fate. My mother, then,
Who is called not only Themis, but Earth, too
(Her single beauty joys in many names),
Did teach me with reiterant prophecy
What future should be, and how conquering gods
Should not prevail by strength and violence,
But by guile only. When I told them so,
They would not deign to contemplate the truth
On all sides round; whereat I deemed it best
To lead my willing mother upwardly,
And set my Themis face to face with Zeus
As willing to receive her. Tartarus,
With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,
Because I gave that counsel, covers up
The antique Chronos and siding hosts,
And, by that counsel helped, the king of gods
Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs;
For kingship wears a cancer at the heart,—
Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask
What crime it is for which he tortures me?
That shall be clear before you. When at first
He filled his father's throne, he instantly
Made various gifts of glory to the gods,
And dealt the empire out. Alone of men
Of miserable men, he took no count,
But yearned to sweep their track off from the world,
And plant a newer race there. Not a god
Resisted such desire, except myself.
I dared it! *I* drew mortals back to light,
From meditated ruin deep as hell!
For which wrong I am bent down in these pangs
Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold,
And I who pitied man am thought myself
Unworthy of pity; while I render out
Deep rythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand
That strikes me thus,—a sight to shame your Zeus!

CHOR. And didst thou sin
No more than so?

PROM. I did restrain besides
My mortals from premeditating death.

CHOR. How didst thou medicine the plague-fear of death?

PROM. I set blind Hopes to inhabit in their house.
I gave them also fire.

CHOR. And have they now,
Those creatures of a day, the red-eyed fire?

PROM. They have, and shall learn by it many arts.
It is in truth an easy thing to stand aloof from pain,
And lavish exhortation and advice
On one vexed sorely by it. I have known
All in prevision. By my choice, my choice,
I freely sinned,—I will confess my sin,—
And, helping mortals, found mine own despair.
I did not think indeed that I should pine
Beneath such pangs against such skyey rocks,
Doomed to this drear hill, and no neighboring
Of any life. But mourn not ye for griefs
I bear to-day; hear, rather, dropping down
To the plain, how other woes creep on to me,
And learn the consummation of my doom.
Beseech you, nymphs, beseech you, grieve for me
Who now am grieving; for Grief walks the earth
And sits down at the foot of each by turns.

* * * * * * * * *

Beseech you, think not I am silent thus
Through pride or scorn. I only gnaw my heart

With meditation, seeing myself so wronged.
For see—their honors to these new-made gods,
What other gave but I, and dealt them out
With distribution? Ay! but here I am dumb;
For here I should repeat your knoweldge to you,
If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds
I did for mortals; how, being fools before,
I made them wise and true in aim of soul.
And let me tell you,—not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts,—
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
And, hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams,
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wicketed sides, nor any woodcraft knew,
But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
In hollow caves unsunned. There came to them
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of letters, and, beside,
The artificer of all things, memory,
That sweet muse-mother. I was first to yoke
The servile beasts in couples, carrying
An heirdom of man's burdens on their backs.
I joined to chariots steeds that love the bit
They champ at,—the chief pomp of golden ease.
And none but I originated ships,
The seaman's chariots, wanderings on the brine
With linen wings. And I—oh, miserable!—
Who did devise for mortals all these arts,
Have no device left now to save myself
From the woe I suffer.

CHOR. Most unseemly woe
Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense
Bewildered! Like a bad leech falling sick.
Thou art faint at soul, and canst not find the drugs
Required to save thyself.

PROM. Harken the rest,
And marvel further, what more arts and means
I did invent,—this, greatest: if a man
Fell sick, there was no cure, nor esculent
Nor chrism nor liquid, but for lack of drugs
Men pined and wasted, till I showed them all
Those mixtures of emollient remedies
Whereby they might be rescued from disease.
I fixed the various rules of mantic art,
Discerned the vision from the common dream,
Instructed them in vocal auguries
Hard to interpret, and defined as plain
The wayside omens,—flights of crook-clawed birds,
Showed which are by their nature fortunate,
And which not so, and what the food of each,
And what the hates, affections, social needs
Of all to one another,—taught what sign
Of visceral lightness, colored to a shade,
May charm the geniel gods, and what fair spots
Commend the lung and liver. Burning so
The limbs encased in fat, and the long chine,
I led my mortals on to an art abstruse,
And cleared their eyes to the image in the fire,
Erst filmed in dark. Enough said now of this.
For the other helps of man hid underground,
The iron and the brass, silver and gold,
Can any dare affirm he found them out
Before me? None, I know! unless he choose
To lie in his vaunt. In one word learn the whole,
That all arts came to mortals from Prometheus.

CHOR. Give mortals now no inexpedient help,
Neglecting thine own sorrow. I have hope still
To see thee, breaking from the fetter here,
Stand up as strong as Zeus.

PROM. This ends not thus,
The oracular fate ordains. I must be bowed
By infinite woes and pangs to escape this chain.
Necessity is stronger than mine art.

CHOR. Who holds the helm of that Necessity?

PROM. The threefold Fates and the unforgetting Furies.

CHOR. Is Zeus less absolute than these are?

PROM. Yea,
And therefore cannot fly what is ordained.

CHOR. What is ordained for Zeus, except to be
A king forever?

PROM. 'Tis too early yet
For thee to learn it: ask no more.

CHOR. Perhaps
Thy secret may be something holy?

PROM. Turn
To another matter; this, it is not time
To speak abroad, but utterly to veil
In silence. For by that same secret kept,
I 'scape this chain's dishonor, and its woe.
Yet Zeus, albeit most absolute of will,
Shall turn to meekness,—such a marriage-rite
He holds in preparation, which anon
Shall thrust him headlong from his gerent seat
Adown the abysmal void; and so the curse
His father Chronos muttered in his fall,
As he fell from his ancient throne and cursed,
Shall be accomplished wholly. No escape
From all that ruin shall the filial Zeus
Find granted to him from any of his gods,
Unless I teach him. I the refuge know,
And I, the means. Now, therefore, let him sit
And brave the imminent doom, and fix his faith
On his supernal noises hurtling on
With restless hand the bolt that breathes out fire;
For these things shall not help him, none of them,
Nor hinder his perdition when he falls
To shame, and lower than patience: such a foe
He doth himself prepare against himself,
A wonder of unconquerable hate,

An organizer of sublimer fire
Than glares in lightnings, and of grander sound
Than aught the thunder rolls, out-thundering it,
With power to shatter in Poseidon's fist
The trident-spear, which, while it plagues the sea,
Doth shake the shores around it. Ay, and Zeus,
Precipitated thus, shall learn at length
The difference betwixt rule and servitude.
Reverence thou,
Adore thou, flatter thou, whomever reigns,
Whenever reigning! But for me, your Zeus
Is less than nothing. Let him act and reign
His brief hour out according to his will:
He will not, therefore, rule the gods too long.
But lo! I see that courier-god of Zeus,
That new-made menial of a new-crowned king:
He, doubtless, comes to announce to us something new.

HERMES *enters.*

HERMES. I speak to thee, the sophist, the talker-down
Of scorn, by scorn, the sinner against gods,
The reverencer of men, the thief of fire,—
I speak to thee and adjure thee: Zeus requires
Thy declaration of what marriage-rite
Thus moves thy vaunt, and shall hereafter cause
His fall from empire. Do not wrap thy speech
In riddles, but speak clearly. Never cast
Ambiguous paths, Prometheus, for my feet,
Since Zeus, thou mayst perceive, is scarcely won
To mercy by such means.

PROM. A speech well-mouthed
In the utterance, and full-minded in the sense,
As doth befit a servant of the gods!
New gods, ye newly reign, and think, forsooth,
Ye dwell in towers too high for any dart
To carry a wound there! have I not stood by
While two kings fell from thence? and shall I not
Behold the third, the same who rules you now,
Fall, shamed to sudden ruin? Do I seem
To tremble and quail before your modern gods?
Far be it from me! For thyself, depart;
Re-tread thy steps in haste. To all thou hast asked
I answer nothing.

HER. Such a wind of pride
Impelled thee of yore full sail upon these rocks.

PROM. I would not barter—learn thou soothly that!—
My suffering for thy service. I maintain
It is a nobler thing to serve these rocks
Than live a faithful slave to father Zeus.
Thus upon scorners I retort their scorn.

HER. It seems that thou dost glory in thy despair.

PROM. I glory? Would my foes did glory so,
And I stood by to see them!—naming whom,
Thou art not unremembered.

HER. Dost thou charge
Me also with the blame of thy mischance?

PROM. I tell thee I loathe the universal gods,
Who, for the good I gave them, rendered back
The ill of their injustice.

HER. Thou art mad,
Thou art raving, Titan, at the fever-height.

PROM. If it be madness to abhor my foes,
May I be mad!

HER. If thou wert prosperous,
Thou wouldst be unendurable.

PROM. Alas!

HER. Zeus knows not that word.

PROM. But maturing Time teaches all things.

HER. Howbeit, thou hast not learnt
The wisdom yet, thou needest.

PROM. If I had,
I should not talk thus with a slave like thee.

HER. No answer thou vouchsafest, I believe,
To the great Sire's requirement.

PROM. Verily,
I owe him grateful service, and should pay it.

HER. Why, thou dost mock me, Titan, as I stood
A child before thy face.

PROM. No child, forsooth,
But yet more foolish than a foolish child,
If thou expect that I should answer aught
Thy Zeus can ask. No torture from his hand,
Nor any machination in the world
Shall force mine utterance ere he loose, himself,
These cankerous fetters from me. For the rest,
Let him now hurl his blanching lightnings down,
And with his white-winged snows, and mutterings deep
Of subterranean thunders, mix all things,
Confound them in disorder. None of this
Shall bend my sturdy will, and make me speak
The name of his dethroner who shall come.

HER. Can this avail thee? Look to it!

PROM. Long ago
It was looked forward to, precounseled of.

HER. Vain god, take righteous courage! Dare for once
To apprehend and front thine agonies
With a just prudence.

PROM. Vainly dost thou chafe
My soul with exhortation, as yonder sea
Goes beating on the rock. Oh! think no more
That I, fear-struck by Zeus to a woman's mind,
Will supplicate him, loathed as he is,
With feminine upliftings of my hands,
To break these chains. Far from me be the thought!

HER. I have, indeed, methinks, said much in vain,
For still thy heart beneath my showers of prayers
Lies dry and hard, nay, leaps like a young horse
Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein,

Still fiercest in the feeblest thing of all,
Which sophism is; since absolute will disjoined
From perfect mind is worse than weak. Behold,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where a hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm; and, when thou hast passed
A long, black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun while Zeus' winged hound,
The strong, carniverous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee, self-called to a daily feast,
And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver. Do not look
For any end, moreover, to this curse,
Or ere some god appear to accept thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell
And gloomy abysses around Tartarus.
Then ponder this,—this threat is not a growth
Of vain invention; it is spoken and meant:
King Zeus' mouth is impotent to lie,
Consummating the utterance by the act.
So, look to it, thou! take heed, and nevermore
Forget good counsel to indulge self-will.

CHOR. Our Hermes suits his reasons to the times,
At least I think so, since he bids thee drop
Self-will for prudent counsel. Yield to him!
When the wise err, their wisdom makes their shame.

PROM. Unto me the foreknower, this mandate of power
He cries, to reveal it.
What's strange in my fate, if I suffer from hate
At the hour that I feel it?
Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and whitening,
Flash, coiling me round,
While the ether goes surging 'neath thunder and scourging
Of wild winds unbound!
Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
The earth rooted below,
And the brine of the ocean in rapid emotion,
Be driven in the face
Of the stars up in heaven, as they walk to and fro!
Let him hurl me anon into Tartarus—on—
To the blackest degree,
With Necessity's vortices strangling me down;
But he cannot join death to a fate meant for *me!*

HER. Why the words that he speaks and the thoughts that he thinks
Are maniacal!—add,
If the Fate who hath bound him should loose not the links,
He were utterly mad.
Then depart ye who groan with him,
Leaving to moan with him;
Go in haste! lest the roar of the thunder anearing
Should blast you to idiocy, living and hearing.

CHOR. Change thy speech for another, thy thought for a new,
If to move me and teach me indeed be thy care;
For thy words swerve so far from the loyal and true
That the thunder of Zeus seems more easy to bear.
How! couldst teach me to venture such vileness? behold!
I *choose* with this victim this anguish foretold!
I recoil from the traitor in haste and disdain,
And I know that the curse of the treason is worse
Than the pang of the chain.

HER. Then remember, O nymphs, what I tell you before,
Nor, when pierced by the arrows that Até will throw you,
Cast blame on your fate, and declare evermore
That Zeus thrust you on anguish he did not foreshow you.
Nay, verily, nay! for ye perish anon
For your deed, by your choice. By no blindness of doubt,
No abruptness of doom, but by madness alone,
In the great net of Até, whence none cometh out,
Ye are wound and undone.

PROM. Ay! in act now, in word now no more,
Earth is rocking in space.
And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar,
And the eddying lightnings flash fire in my face,
And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and round,
And the blasts of the winds universal leap free,
And blow each upon each with a passion of sound,
And ether goes mingling in storm with the sea.
Such a curse on my head, in a manifest dread,
From the hand of your Zeus has been hurtled along.
Oh my mother's fair glory! O Ether, enringing
All eyes with the sweet common light of thy bringing!
Dost see how I suffer this wrong?

TRANS. BY MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

PROMETHEUS.

TITAN to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until his voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate.
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
And all that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will; and a deep sense
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentred recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

BYRON.

Psyche Borne by Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure.

FEARFULLY and mournfully
Thou bidst the earth farewell;
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one,
In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing!
The sunshine of that shore
Around thee, as a glorious robe,
Shall stream forevermore.

The breezy music wandering
There through the Elysian sky,
Hath no deep tone that seems to float
From a happier time gone by.

And there the day's last crimson
Gives no sad memories birth,
No thought of dead or distant friends,
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully
Thou bidst that earth farewell,
Although thou'rt passing, loveliest one,
In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—
The sunny wave's repose,
The wood with its rich melodies,
The summer and its rose:

A land that sees no parting,
That hears no sound of sighs,
That waits thee with immortal air—
Lift, lift those anxious eyes!

Oh! how like *thee*, thou trembler!
Man's spirit fondly clings
With timid love, to this, its world
Of old familiar things!



PSYCHE BORNE TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.

We pant, we thirst for fountains
That gush not here below!
On, on we toil, allured by dreams
Of the living water's flow:

We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own;
For communings more full and high
Than aught by mortal known:

We strive with free aspirings
Against our bonds in vain;
Yet summoned to be free at last,
We shrink—and clasp our chain,

And fearfully and mournfully
We bid the earth farewell,
Though passing from its mists, like thee,
In a brighter world to dwell.

HEMANS.

FROM APULEIUS.

PSYCHE GAZING ON CUPID.

(METAMORPH., LIB. IV.)

THEN Psyche, weak in body and soul, put on
The cruelty of fate, in place of strength:
She raised the lamp to see what should be done,
And seized the steel, and was a man at length
In courage, though a woman! Yes, but when
The light fell on the bed whereby she stood
To view the "*beast*" that lay there, certes, then,
She saw the gentlest, sweetest beast in wood,—
Even Cupid's self, the beauteous god! more beauteous
For that sweet sleep across his eyelids dim.
The light the lady carried as she viewed
Did blush for pleasure as it lighted him,
The dagger trembled from its aim unduteous:
And *she* . . . oh, *she*—amazed and soul distraught,
And fainting in her whiteness like a veil,
Slid down upon her knees, and, shuddering, thought,
To hide—though in her heart—the dagger pale!
She would have done it; but her hands did fail
To hold the guilty steel, they shivered so;
And feeble, exhausted, unawares she took
To gazing on the god, till, look by look,
Her eyes with larger life did fill and glow.
She saw his golden head alight with curls:
She might have guessed their brightness in the dark
By that ambrosial smell of heavenly mark!
She saw the milky brow, more pure than pearls,
The purple of the cheeks, divinely sundered
By the globed ringlets, as they glided free,
Some back, some forwards,—all so radiantly,
That, as she watched them there, she never wondered
To see the lamplight, where it touched them, tremble:
On the god's shoulders, too, she marked his wings
Shine faintly at the edges, and resemble
A flower that's near to blow. The poet sings
And lover sighs, that love is fugitive;
And certes, though these pinions lay reposing,
The feathers on them seemed to stir and live
As if by instinct, closing and unclosing.
Meantime the god's fair body slumbered deep,
All worthy of Venus, in his shining sleep;
While at the bed's foot lay the quiver, bow
And darts—his arms of godhead: Psyche gazed
With eyes that drank the wonders in, said "Lo,
Be these my husband's arms?" and straightway raised
An arrow from the quiver-case, and tried
Its point against her finger: trembling till
She pushed it in too deeply (foolish bride!)
And made her blood some dewdrops small distil,
And learnt to love Love, of her own good will.

E. B. BROWNING.

PSYCHE.

THE Muses, maiden sisters, chose
To teach poor Psyche arts poetic;
But, spite of all their rules æsthetic,
She never could emerge from prose.

No dulcet sounds escaped her lyre,
E'en when the summer nights were nigh;
Till Cupid came, with glance of fire,
And taught her all the mystery.

TRANS. BY AYTOUN FROM GOETHE.



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

(*Painted by Paul Baudry.*)

PSYCHE GAZING ON CUPID.

[FROM THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.]



LLOW'D to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft sleep, exulting, now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillows gladly flies
To veil those orbs whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
As though it warn'd her from her rash intent;
And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fix'd with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could show?
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well express'd,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood confess'd.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems, in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair cheek, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears:

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polished ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews
(Those lips divine, that even in silence know
The heart to touch), persuasion to infuse,
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light.
Thus through some narrow space the azure day,
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to show
His glorious birth; such beauty round him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
The bloom which glow'd o'er all of soft desire
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherish'd son;
And Beauty's self will oft those charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses toss'd
Between amazement, fear and ecstacy,
She hangs enamor'd o'er the deity.
Till from her trembling hand extinguish'd falls
The fatal lamp—he starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er th' affrighted walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
The groan scarce utter'd dies but half express'd,

And down she sinks in deadly swoon oppress'd;
But when at length, awaking from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confess'd,
In vain she casts around her timid glance;
The rudely frowning scenes her former joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears;
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers:
One barren waste the dreary prospect wears:
Naught through the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears;
No trace of human habitation nigh;
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

MRS. MARY TIGHE.

PSYCHE AND THE EAGLE.

(METAMORPH., LIB. VI.)

BUT sovran Jove's rapacious bird, the regal
High percher on the lightning, the great eagle,
Drove down with rushing wings; and thinking how,
By Cupid's help, he bore from Ida's brow
A cup-boy for his master, he inclined
To yield, in just return, an influence kind;
The god being honored in his lady's woe.
And thus the Bird wheeled downward from the track
Gods follow gods in, to the level low
Of that poor face of Psyche left in wrack.
—"Now fie, thou simple girl!" the bird began;
"For, if thou think to steal and carry back
A drop of holiest stream that ever ran,
No simpler thought, methinks, were found in man.
What! know'st thou not these Stygian waters be
Most holy, even to Jove? that as, on earth,
Men swear by gods and by the thunder's worth,
Even so the heavenly gods do utter forth
Their oaths by Styx's flowing majesty?
And yet one little urnful I agree
To grant thy need!" Wherat, all hastily,
He takes it, fills it from the willing wave,
And bears it in his beak, incarnadined
By the last Titan-prey he screamed to have;
And, striking calmly out against the wind
Vast wings on each side, there, where Psyche stands,
He drops the urn down in her lifted hands.

E. B. BROWNING.

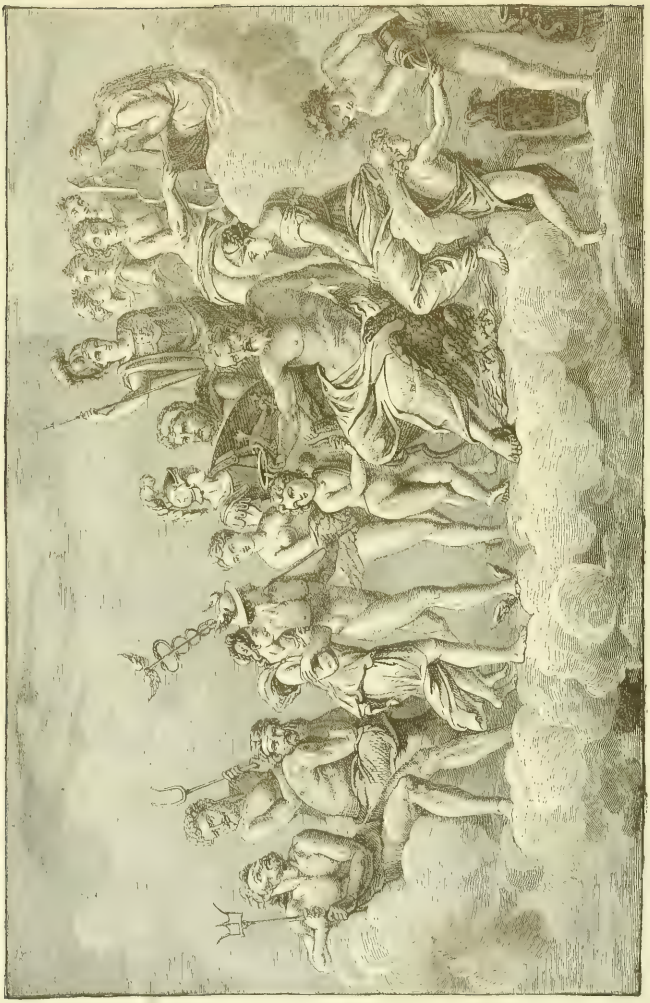
PSYCHE AND PAN.

(METAMORPH., LIB. V.)

THE gentle River, in her Cupid's honor,
Because he used to warm the very wave,
Did ripple aside, instead of closing on her,
And cast up Psyche, with a refluence brave,
Upon the flowery bank, all sad and sinning.
Then Pan, the Rural god, by chance was leaning
Along the brow of waters as they wound,
Kissing the reed-nymph, till she sank to ground
And teaching, without knowledge of the meaning,
To run her voice in music after his
Down many a shifting note (the goats around,
In wandering pasture and most leaping bliss,
Drawn on to crop the river's flowery hair).
And as the hoary god beheld her there,
The poor, worn, fainting Psyche! knowing all
The grief she suffered, he did gently call
Her name, and softly comfort her despair:—
"O wise, fair lady! I am rough and rude,
And yet experienced through my weary age;
And if I read aright, as soothsayer should,
Thy faltering steps of heavy pilgrimage,
Thy paleness, deep as snow we cannot see
The roses through,—thy sighs of quick returning,
Thine eyes, that seem themselves two souls in mourning,—
Thou lovest, girl, too well, and bitterly!
But hear me: rush no more to a headlong fall:
Seek no more deaths! leave wail, lay sorrow down,
And pray the sovran god; and use withal
Such prayer as best may suit a tender youth,
Well pleased to bend to flatteries from thy mouth,
And feel them stir the myrtle of his crown.'

—So spake the shepherd-god; and answer none
Gave Psyche in return; but silently
She did him homage with a bended knee,
And took the onward path.

E. B. BROWNING.



PSYCHE RECEIVED INTO OLYMPUS.

PSYCHE WAFTED BY ZEPHYRUS.

(METAMORPH., LIB. IV.)

WHILE Psyche wept upon the rock, forsaken,
Alone, despairing, dreading, gradually
By Zephyrus she was inwrapt and taken,
Still trembling,—like the lilies planted high,—
Through all her fair white limbs. Her vesture spread,
Her very bosom eddying with surprise;
He drew her slowly from the mountain-head,
And bore her down the valleys with wet eyes,
And laid her in the lap of a green dell
As soft with grass and flowers as any nest,
With trees beside her, and a limpid well:
Yet Love was not far off from all that rest.

E. B. BROWNING.

PSYCHE AND PROSERPINE.

(METAMORPH., LIB. VI.)

THEN Psyche entered in to Proserpine
In the dark house, and straightway did decline
With meek denial the luxurious seat,
The liberal board for welcome strangers spread,
But sate down lowly at the dark queen's feet,
And told her tale, and brake her oaten bread,
And when she had given the pyx in humble duty,
And told how Venus did entreat the queen
To fill it up with only one day's beauty
She used in Hades, star-bright and serene,
To beautify the Cyprian, who had been
All spoilt with grief in nursing her sick boy,
Then Proserpine, in malice and in joy,
Smiled in the shade, and took the pyx, and put
A secret in it; and so, filled and shut,
Gave it again to Psyche. Could she tell
It held no beauty but a dream of hell?

E. B. BROWNING.

MERCURY CARRIES PSYCHE TO OLYMPUS.

(METAMORPH., LIB. VI.)

THEN Jove commanded the god Mercury
To float up Psyche from the earth. And she
Sprang at the first word, as the fountain springs,
And shot up bright and rustling through his wings.

E. B. BROWNING.

MARRIAGE OF PSYCHE AND CUPID.

(METAMORPH., LIB. VI.)

AND Jove's right hand approached the ambrosial bowl
To Psyche's lips, that scarce dared yet to smile:
"Drink, O my daughter, and acquaint thy soul
With deathless uses, and be glad the while!
No more shall Cupid leave thy lovely side:
Thy marriage-joy begins for never-ending."
While yet he spake, the nuptial feast supplied,
The bridegroom on the festive couch was bending
O'er Psyche in his bosom, Jove the same
On Juno, and the other deities
Alike ranged round. The rural cup-boy came
And poured Jove's nectar out with shining eyes,
While Bacchus for the others did as much,
And Vulcan spread the meal; and all the Hours
Made all things purple with a sprinkle of flowers,
Of roses chiefly, not to say the touch
Of their sweet fingers; and the Graces glided
Their balm around; and the Muses through the air
Struck out clear voices, which were still divined
By that divinest song Apollo there
Intoned to his lute; while Aphrodite fair
Did float her beauty along the tune, and play
The notes right with her feet. And thus the day
Through every perfect mood of joy was carried.
The Muses sang their Chorus; Satyrus
Did blow his pipes; Pan touched his reed: and thus
At last were Cupid and his Psyche married.

E. B. BROWNING.



THE ENTOMBMENT.

(From the Picture by Julian Story. Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel, that He,
Remember'd or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Ps.* cxxvii: 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake;
He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife! O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His beloved sleep."

E. B. Browning.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;—
Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears;—
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!"

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE LAST CONQUEROR.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of commen men.

Devouring Famine, Plague and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day :
For all these trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

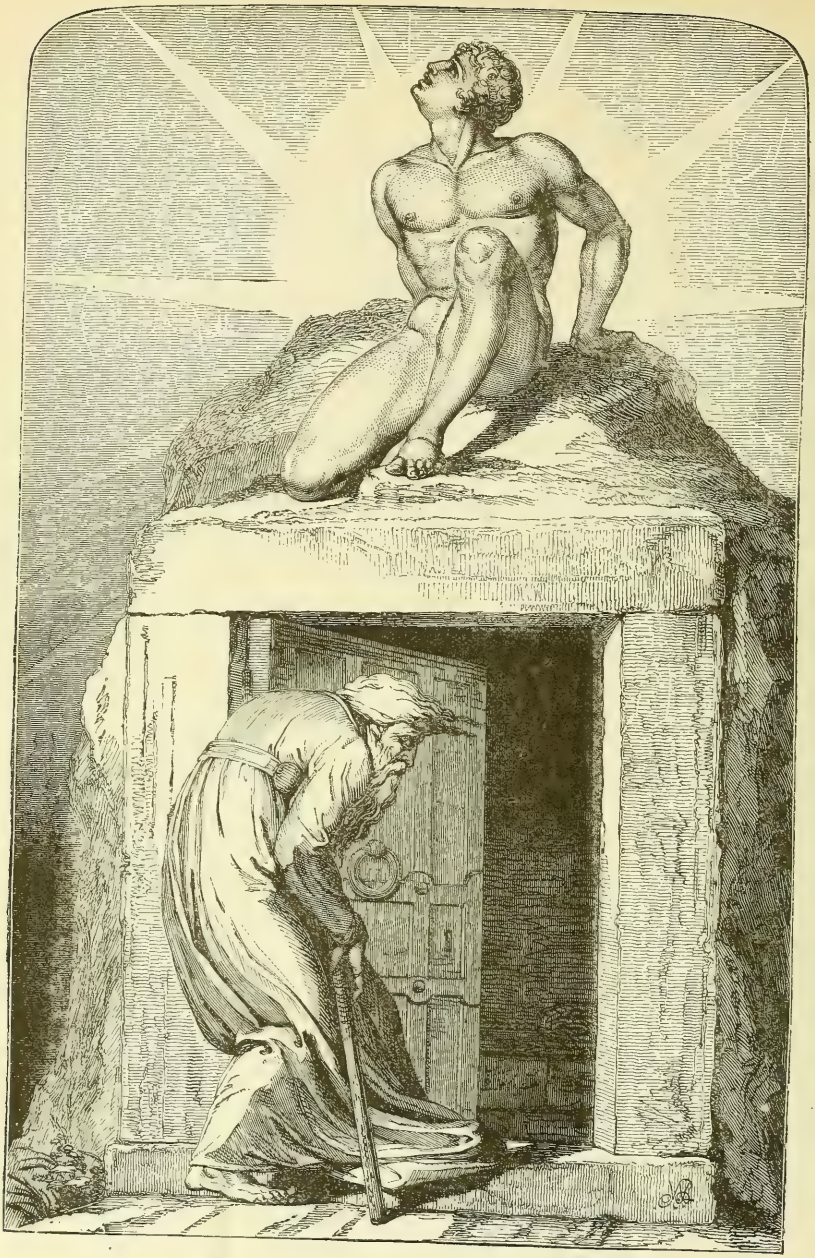
Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

CAMPBELL.



DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

—*W. Blake.*

IMMORTALITY.



IF we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practiced, what are they but empty words possessing no real and binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are* or *will be*, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures,—if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred? What the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying, what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insane servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented, and imposed upon the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be *this* world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

MASSILLON.

THE ROAD OF DEATH.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends have gone ;
Why, with such leaders, fear to say "LEAD ON?"
Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried ;
But turns its balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it ; fathers, children, men,
Whose like we look not to behold again ;
Women, that smiled away their loving breath :—
Soft is the traveling on the road of Death!

But Guilt has passed it? Men not fit to die!
Oh, hush—for He who made us all, is by!
Human were all ; all men ; all born of mothers ;
All our own selves, in the worn shape of others ;
Our *used* and oh! be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.

LEIGH HUNT.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day.
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light :
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face ;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch :
A fearful hope was all the world contained ;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled ; the wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food ;
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again ;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre was devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies ; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished ; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the Universe.

DIODATI, July, 1816. BYRON.



TIME SUSTAINING TRUTH.
(*Painted by Nicholas Poussin. Musee du Louvre.*)

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

THE tender, delicate Flowers,
I saw them fanned by a warm western wind
Fed by soft summer showers,
Shielded by care, and yet, (O Fate unkind!)
Fade in a few short hours.

The gentle and the gay,
Rich in a glorious Future of bright deeds,
Rejoicing in the day,
Are met by Death, who sternly, sadly leads
Them far away.

And Hopes, perfumed and bright,
So lately shining, wet with dew and tears,
Trembling in morning light;
I saw them change to dark and anxious fears
Before the night!

I wept that all must die:
"Yet Love," I cried, "doth live, and conquer death—"
And time passed by,
And breathed on Love, and killed it with its breath
Ere Death was nigh.

More bitter far than all
It was to know that Love could change and die!—
Hush! for the ages call,
"The Love of God lives through eternity,
And conquers all!"

A. A. PROCTOR.

TO TIME.



TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—
Hail thou, who on my birth bestowed
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven;

To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sighed to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

BYRON.

IRRESISTIBLE TIME.

REAR thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and throned
In unparticipated might. Behold
Earth's proudest boast, beneath thy silent sway,
Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,
Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush
Of mighty generations, as they pass
To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
Who shall contend with Time—unvanquished Time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
The hours and days, and years, and centuries,
They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.
The young are old, the old are in their graves.
Heardst thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies:
It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds,—
Again! 'tis hushed—Time speaks, and all is hushed:
In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
All—yea, the whole— the incalculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

H. K. WHITE.

TIME THE ONLY CURE.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.—1762-1850.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide :
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night ;
In the window is no light ;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away : no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away : for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

TENNYSON.

IMMORTALITY.

THE insect bursting from its tomb-like bed—
The grain that in a thousand grains revives—
The trees that seem in wintry torpor dead—
Yet each new year renewing their green lives ;
All teach, without the added aid of Faith,
That life still triumphs o'er apparent death!

But dies the insect when the summer dies ;
The grain hath perished, though the plant remain
In death, at last, the oak of ages lies ;
Here Reason halts, no further can attain,
For Reason argues but from what she sees,
Nor traces to their goal these mysteries.

But Faith the dark hiatus can supply—
Teaching, eternal progress still shall reign ;
Telling (as these things aid her to espy)
In higher worlds that higher laws obtain ;
Pointing, with radiant finger raised on high,
From life that still revives, to life that cannot die.

ANON.

PARADISE.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here :
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near ;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more ;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me ;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR,

THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,
Take this rude song in better part."



MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woeful night is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone;
The lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine—
With Jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my griefs and plaints—
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crown'd with glory great,
And see God face to face,
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see—
The King sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
  There music's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
  Is trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant
    sound,
  The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks, on every side,
  The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripen'd fruit—
  For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
  To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
  Full sore I long to see;
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
  That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
  As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
  That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
  With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
  Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,
  St. Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
  Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
  And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
  Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
  Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief
  And take me home to Thee;
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
  And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
  And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—
  Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
  Of Christ eternally!
O comely queen with glory clad,
  With honor and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
  No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
  The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
  None ill can thee befall.

In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
  No darkness dare appear—
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
  No time doth altar there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
  No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the King of righteousness,
  For ever shineth bright.
A Lamb unspotted, white and pure
  To Thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
  Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
  In midst His servants' sight;
And they, His happy household all,
  Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
  There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
  From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
  The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
  And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
  And matrons all consist—
Young men and maids that here on earth
  Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
  The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
  Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
  Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
  And common, as we see

There love and charity do reign,
  And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
  In joy celestial.
They love, they praise—they praise, they love;
  They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
  But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
  If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
  Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal King are sung
  By happy wights above,
By saved souls and angels sweet,
  Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth He, "let them
Which Thou hast put of old
To Me, be there where lo! I am—
Thy glory to behold;
Which I with Thee before the world
Was made in perfect wise,
Have had—from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
Thee, let him follow Me;
For where I am, he there, right sure,
Then shall My servant be."
And still: "If any man loves Me,
Him loves My Father dear,
Whom I do love—to him Myself
In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
That then I may be bold
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory to behold;
And so in Zion see my King,
My love, my Lord, my all—
Where now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart—
Their Sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy, heavenly wights,
Which of God's household be!
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!
Fetch me Thy fold unto:
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear! Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to Thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life—
With cherubims and seraphims
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
For ever and amen!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil—
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian!
Let right to wrong succeed:
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around:

The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finish'd labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Sion know:
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shatter'd,
And the fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand!
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph, then;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransom'd number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are turned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze.
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardon'd all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives instead of torment
Eternal joys above;
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy country,
True Israelites, is rife.
Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place;
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground,
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turn'd to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below

No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away,
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend;
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased
Amidst the happy chorus.
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showing,
Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness;
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness,
And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see,
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee;
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;

And every ear shall hear it,—
Behold thy King's array,
Behold thy God in beauty,
The Law hath passed away!
Yes! God my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel,
For ever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, oh dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:

Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower :
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile ;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own ;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone ;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot :
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not :
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd :
I know not, oh I know not,
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints ;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
There is the Throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim :
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Even now by faith I see thee :
Even here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn :
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory ;
In me is all my woe :
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again,
Oh none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise :
Oh none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device :
Thy lovliness oppresses
All human thought and heart :
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransom'd tribes :
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state ;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
O realm and home of life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The best and dearest Father
Who made me, and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved;
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep;
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Sion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold;
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
Oh, tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

BERNARD OF CLUNY.
(Translation of John Mason Neale.)



THE ANNUNCIATION. (*Painted by Angelico. San Marco, Florence.*)

THE ANNUNCIATION.

HOW pure, and frail, and white,
The snowdrops shine!
Gather a garland bright
For Mary's shrine.

For, born of winter snows,
These fragile flowers
Are gifts to our fair Queen,
From Spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day
She knelt at prayer;
When, lo! before her shone
An Angel fair.

"Hail Mary!" thus he cried,
With reverent fear:
She, with sweet wondering eyes,
Marveled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of Heaven!
Be silent, Earth!
And hear an Angel tell
Of Jesus' birth,

While she, whom Gabrial hails
As full of grace,
Listens with humble faith
In her sweet face.

Be still, Pride, War, and Pomp,
Vain Hopes, vain Fears,
For now an Angel speaks,
And Mary hears,

"Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings
Through ages on;
"Hail, Mary!" it shall sound
Till time is done.

"Hail, Mary!" infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile
The dying say.

"Hail, Mary!" many a heart
Broken with grief
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

And many a half lost soul,
When turned at bay,
With those triumphant words
Has won the day.

"Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!"
Let us repeat,
And place our snowdrop wreath
Here at her feet.

A. A. PROCTOR.

COME, YE LOFTY.

COME, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring:
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King.
See, in Mary's arms reposing,
Christ by highest heaven adored;
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Come, ye poor; no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore,
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor;
Oxen, round about behold them;
Rafters naked, cold and bare;
See the shepherds; God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas-holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:

Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come, ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining—
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love, and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations;
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark, the Heaven of Heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child all power possessing
Smiles as through the ages past,
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

ARCHER GURNEY.



ANNUNCIATION OF THE ANGEL TO THE SHEPHERDS.
—*Jacopo Bassano.*

CHRISTMAS.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE.



THE NATIVITY.

(Painted by Peter Paul Rubens.)

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

COMPOSED 1629.[1]

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now, while the Heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:
Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.[2]

1 When Milton was twenty-one years old.

2 Alluding to Is. vi 6 7.

THE HYMN.

IT was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down, through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around ;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist[1]
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence :
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed ;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,[2]
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),

[1] Silent.

[2] Job xxxviii: 7.

And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing[1]
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swings the scaly horror of his folded tail.

1 This is the author's own correction. He had originally written—

"The enameled arras of the rainbow wearing;
And Mercy sit between," &c.

The oracles are dumb,[1]
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving,
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard,[2] and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars,[3] and Lemures,[4] moan with midnight plaint,
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice battered god of Palestine,[5]
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol of all blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue,
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

1 Alluding to the belief entertained by many of the Fathers, that the oracles ceased at the coming of Christ.

2 Alluding to an effective story told by Plutarch (*de defectu oraculorum*), that a voice had been heard, proclaiming that "The Great Pan was dead."

3 Household gods.

4 Night spirits, ghosts.

5 Dagon. See Judges xvi., and 1 Sam. v. The names of the heathen gods mentioned in the following lines have already been explained in the notes on the first book of Paradise Lost.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
  Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud,
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
  Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
  Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
  Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest,
  Time is our tedious song should here have ending
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
  Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.

THE NATIVITY.

(Translation from the French of Madame de la Motte Guyon, a very celebrated French lady. She preached *Quietism*, a calm devotion resting on the love of God, but her opinions were undoubtedly fanatical and exaggerated. She suffered much persecution on account of them, and was imprisoned in the Bastile for four years. She wrote much and well. Cowper's friend, Mr. Bull, brought him her poems in 1782, and he began translating them.)

'TIS Folly all—let me no more be told
  Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
Delightful views of Nature, dressed by Art,
Enchant no longer this indifferent heart:
The Lord of all things, in His humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mouldering wall,
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes, and plains whose plenty never fails;
Deep-rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies;
The abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,
Vainly the sun in all its power invades,
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound,
Whose verdure lives while Winter scowls around;
Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
And torrents raving down the rugged steep;
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer:
Meads crowned with flowers; streams musical and clear,
Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join
Their artless charms, to make the scene divine;
The fruitful vineyard, and the furrowed plain,
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain;
All, all have lost the charms they once possessed:
An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast;
From Bethlehem's bosom I no more will rove;
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that, with sounding force,
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course!
Winds, clouds and lightnings! and ye waves, whose heads,
Curled into monstrous forms, the seamen dread!
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
Spread with the wreck of planks and shattered sails;
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
While havoc floats on all thy swelling tides,
Thy shores a scene of ruin, strewed around
With vessels bulged, and bodies of the drowned!

Ye fish, that sport beneath the boundless waves,
And rest, secure from man, in rocky caves;
Swift darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all the aquatic world with terror eyes!
Had I but faith immovable and true,
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you:
The world, a more disturbed and boisterous sea,
When Jesus shows a smile, affrights not me;
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of night,
Thick sown we see such countless worlds of light!
Thou moon, whose ear, encompassing the skies,
Restores lost nature to our wondering eyes;
Again retiring, when the brighter sun
Begins the course he seems in haste to run!
Behold him where he shines! His rapid rays,

Themselves unmeasured, measure all our days ;
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
A thousand lands confess his quickening heat,
And all he cheers are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
I feel the thorn, alas! but miss the rose :
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More solid good to fill its vast desires ;
In vain they represent His matchless might,
Who called them out of deep primeval night ;
Their form and beauty but augment my woe :
I seek the Giver of the charms they show :
Nor, Him beside, throughout the world He made,
Lives there in whom I trust for cure or aid.

Infinite God, thou great unrivaled ONE!
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun ;
Compared with Thine, how dim his beauty seems!
How quenched the radiance of his golden beams!
Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move ;
In Thee alone dwells all that I can love ;
All darkness flies when Thou art pleased to appear,
A sudden spring renews the fading year ;
Where'er I turn, I see Thy power and grace,
The watchful guardians of our heedless race :
Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
All, in all times and places, speak of Thee ;
Even I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,
Attempt Thy praise, and join the general song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
Faintly reflected in Thine image, man—
Holy and just—the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame,
Diffused throughout the infinitude of space,
Who art Thyself Thine own vast dwelling-place ;
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers ;
Encircling shades attend Thine awful throne,
That veil Thy face, and keep Thee still unknown ;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart.

Repeat the charming truth, that never tires,
No god is like the God my soul desires ;
He at whose voice heaven trembles, even He,
Great as He is, knows how to stoop to me.
Lo! there He lies—that smiling infant said,
"Heaven, Earth, and Sea, exist!"—and they obeyed.
Even He whose being swells beyond the skies,
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies ;
Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast
That glory from His brows, and breathes His last.
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
How do they shrink and vanish at the thought!

Sweet Solitude, and scene of my repose!
This rustic sight assuages all my woes—
That crib contains the Lord, whom I adore ;
And earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.
He is my firm support, my rock, my tower,
I dwell secure beneath His sheltering power,
And hold this mean retreat forever dear,
For all I love, my soul's delight, is here.
I see the Almighty swathed in infant bands,
Tied helpless down the Thunder-bearer's hands!
And in this shed that mystery discern,
Which Faith and Love, and they alone, can learn.

Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord!
Ye zephyrs, all your whispered sweets afford!
Confess the God that guides the rolling year ;
Heaven, do Him homage ; and thou, Earth, revere!
Ye shepherds, monarchs, sages, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King.
Pure be those hearts and rich in Faith and Love ;
Join in His Praise, the harmonious world above ;
To Bethelem haste, rejoice in His repose,
And praise him there for all that he bestows!
Man, busy man, alas, can ill afford

To obey the summons and attend the Lord ;
Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glittering shows of pomp and wealth beguiled ;
And, blind to genuine excellence and grace,
Finds not her Author in so mean a place.
Ye unbelieving! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart ;
There soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that infant God, from whom it came ;
Resist not, quench not, that divine desire,
Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire!

Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love!
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove ;
And every heart beneath thy power should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but Himself alone :
Whate'er I render Thee, from Thee it came;
And if I gave my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart, and soul, and spirit, all are Thine.
Ah, vain attempt to expunge the mighty score!
The more I pay, I owe Thee still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of my glory shall be built ;
My self-disdain shall be the unshaken base,
And my deformity its fairest grace ;
For destitute of good, and rich in ill,
Must be my state and my description still.

And do I grieve at such an humbling lot?
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—

Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu!
I have no wish, no memory for you
The more I feel my misery, I adore
The sacred inmate of my soul the more;
Rich in His Love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having naught beside.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might;
My wanderings prove Thy wisdom infinite;
All that I have I give Thee; and then see
All contrarieties unite in Thee;
For Thou hast joined them, taking up our woe,
And pouring out Thy bliss on worms below,
By filling with Thy grace and love divine
A gulf of evil in this heart of mine.
This is, indeed, to bid the valleys rise,
And the hills sink—'tis matching earth and skies!
I feel my weakness, thank Thee, and deplore
An aching heart that throbs to thank Thee more;
The more I love Thee, I the more reprove
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love;
Till, on a deluge of Thy mercy tossed,
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

COWPER.



ECCE HOMO.

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST.

(An Ecce Homo by Leonardo Da Vinci.)

I MET that image on a mirthful day
Of youth; and, sinking with a stilled surpise,
The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abashed to mute confession of a sway
Awful though meek; and now that from the strings
Of my soul's lyre the tempest's mighty wings
Have struck forth tones which then unwakened lay;
Now that around the deep life of my mind
Affections deathless as itself have twined,
Oft does the pale bright vision still float by;
But more divinely sweet, and speaking now
Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS—1794–1835.

A DESIRE.

O TO have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And, with reverend wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush, such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering Pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

O to have knelt at Jesus' feet,
And to have learnt His heavenly lore!
To have listened the gentle lessons He taught
On mountain, and sea, and shore!
While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,
To have meekly done His will:—
Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet,
You can serve and love Him still.
Time can not silence His mighty words,
And though ages have fled away,
His gentle accents of love divine
Speak to your soul to-day.

O to have solaced that weeping one
Whom the righteous dared despise!
To have tenderly bound up her scattered hair,
And have dried her tearful eyes!
Hush! there are broken hearts to soothe,
And penitent tears to dry,
While Magdalen prays for you and them,
From her home in the starry sky.

O to have followed the mournful way
Of those faithful few forlorn!
And grace, beyond even an angel's hope,
The Cross for our Lord have borne!
To have shared in His tender mother's grief,
To have wept at Mary's side,
To have lived as a child in her home, and then
In her loving care have died!

Hush! and with reverent sorrow still,
Mary's great anguish share;
And learn, for the sake of her Son divine,
Thy cross, like His, to bear.
The sorrows that weigh on thy soul unite
With those which thy Lord has borne,
And Mary will comfort thy dying hour,
Nor leave thy soul forlorn.

O to have seen what we now adore,
And, though veiled to faithless sight,
To have known, in the form that Jesus wore,
The Lord of Life and Light!
Hush! for He dwells among us still,
And a grace can yet be thine,
Which the scoffer and doubter can never know—
The Presence of the Divine.
Jesus is with his children yet,
For His word can never deceive;
Go where His lowly Altars rise
And worship and believe.

A. A. Proctor.

JESU, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE.

JESU, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew!

I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love!

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,

That looks to Thee when sin is near,
  And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
  And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
  And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
  To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
  Or wish my sufferings less ;
This blessing, above all,
  Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
  And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
  A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
  To Thee and Thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern
  For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
  And glorify Thy grace.

I want, with all my heart,
  Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what Thou art,
  And what Thy perfect will.
I want I know not what ;
  I want my wants to see ;
I want—alas, what want I not,
  When Thou art not in me?

CHARLES WESLEY.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

(Copied from a Print of the Virgin, in a Roman Catholic Village in Germany.)

DORMI, Jesu! Mater ridet
  Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
  Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH.

SLEEP, sweet babe! my cares beguiling :
Mother sits beside thee smiling ;
  Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth :
  Come, soft slumber, balmily!

COLERIDGE.

MARY MAGDALEN.

(From the Spanish of Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola.)

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
  The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
    In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed ;
  Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
  Even for the least of all the tears that shine
  On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven,
  Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
  Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
  The ragged brier should change ; the bitter fir
  Distil Arabian myrrh ;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
  The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
  Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
  Thick to their tops with roses ; come and see
  Leaves on the dry dead tree ;
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
  Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
  For ever, towards the skies.

W. C. BRYANT.



THE RESURRECTION.

MESSIAH.

A Sacred Eclogue.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive—a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains: and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold—
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine claims shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms—
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragons' late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed;
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains,
Thy realm forever last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope.



JACOB AND THE ANGEL.

WRESTLING JACOB.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone; my nature dies;
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy bowels move!
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

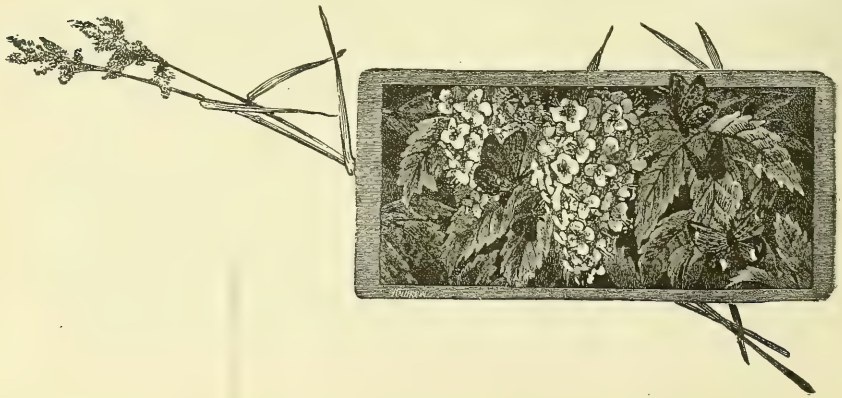
I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend!
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in His wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome:
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home!
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

CHARLES WESLEY.



THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown on the lofty brow of kings,—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveler gray and old,—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveler went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!

WHITTIER.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.

Forget not: In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

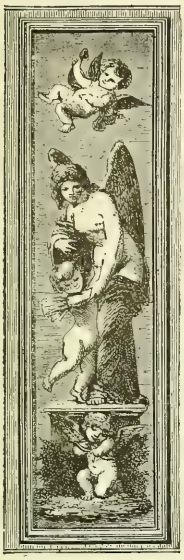
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.



THE FORBIDDEN BOOK.
(*From the Painting by M. Karel Ooms.*)

THE FORBIDDEN BOOK.



PASSAGES and incidents in the history of Belgium under the House of Burgundy, and under Spanish and Austrian rule, have supplied interesting subjects of which the modern school of Belgian artists have availed themselves. Wappers, De Keyzer, De Biefve and Gallait set the example, which has been followed by their pupils, of representing scenes of heroism in which their forefathers distinguished themselves, or of suffering entailed on them by foreign despotism, or of the pomp and circumstance of more prosperous days. M. Karel Ooms, a pupil of M. de Keyzer, and an artist who promises to maintain the reputation of the Academy of Antwerp, preluded his more ambitious efforts by the charming picture now in the Brussels Museum, which forms the subject of our engraving. It is a simple and striking story, told with much taste and feeling. Father and daughter have been reading together the book which an edict of the King has strictly forbidden, and which was being diligently sought for in order that every copy may be destroyed. To be found in possession of it is certain ruin, besides the loss of the book so highly valued, and which once given up cannot be replaced. As they pore reverently over its pages their study is interrupted by sounds announcing that their dwelling has been entered, and that in a few seconds a great crisis in their lives may burst upon them. The father, one of the Reformed pastors, as his Genevese gown denotes, knows by experience the fate that awaits him and his innocent young daughter if detected in their present employment, and he instinctively turns round with apprehension towards the door, yet with a firm resolve not to flinch from any sacrifice which duty may command. Many of his friends have paid the penalty of a firm adherence to the new faith, and he will be worthy of them. His daughter, terrified, lays one hand on her father's shoulder, as if to restrain him from exposing himself to unnecessary danger, while with the other she seizes hold of the sacred volume to remove it in all haste to its hiding-place. This is no fancy sketch; it is what was constantly happening, compelling thousands to take refuge in exile. A hole in the wall, carefully concealed by the picture of some saint hung before it, was very often the receptacle for the one Bible, the common property of a whole village, handed about with the greatest secrecy from one to another. In pulling down old houses in recent days, fragments of a Bible fallen to decay have more than once come to light in villages on the borders of France where Protestantism was never totally stamped out.

GREAT PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKS.

ST. EULALIA.

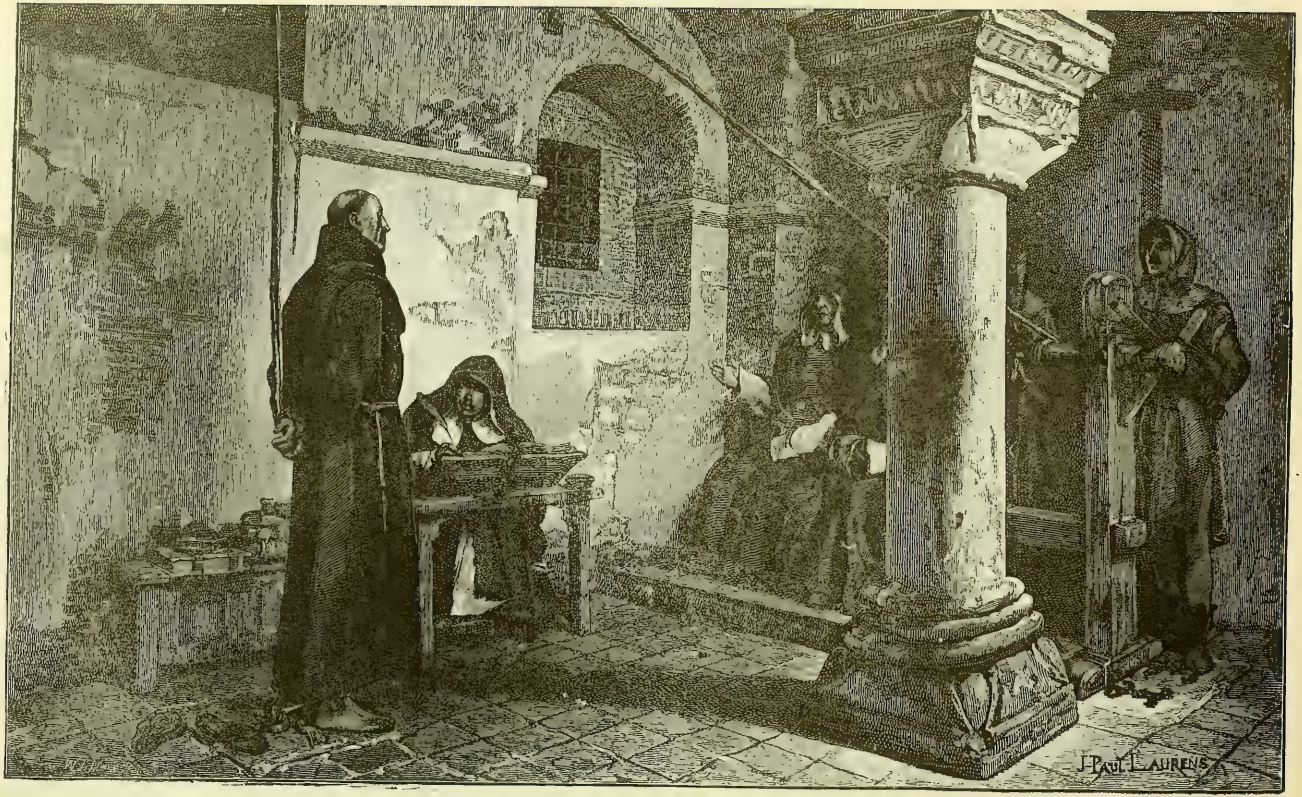
THE Christian Church had enjoyed a period of rest for more than forty years, when the low-born Diocletian, now at the head of the Roman Army, was raised by the swords of his soldiers to the imperial authority. By his protracted course of genuine success, he was led to hope that by him the Empire might be restored to its former glory. As a primary condition to this he regarded the restoration of the established religion to its former influence over the minds of the people. The movement was inaugurated by an appeal to the gods, and the destruction of the Church of Nicomedia. Then followed the famous Edict of Diocletian, commanding "that all Christian temples should be destroyed, and the books belonging to them burned; that all civil officers professing Christianity shall forfeit their dignities; that Christian citizens should be deprived of their civil privileges, and that even slaves who avowed faith in Christ should lose all prospect of freedom."

So great was the indignation aroused by this edict, and so violent the threatened resistence to its terms, that the execution of it called forth the whole power of the Empire, and arrayed it against the Christians. The government found it necessary to issue three more edicts, each more severe than the preceding ones, the last requiring that Christians be compelled by every practicable means to offer sacrifice. The persecution extended throughout the Empire, and neither age nor sex was spared by it. Children and young maidens emulated the faith and courage of their parents, and willingly encountered death in its most frightful forms rather than deny the Master they had learned to follow. Among these was Eulalia, the twelve-year-old daughter of a patrician family in the city of Marsailles, charged with the crime of denying the gods of her country. She did not hesitate to proclaim her faith in the Nazarine. She was brought before the prefect and told of the consequences if she refused to do homage to the Roman g ds. The prefect caused her to stand between the instruments of torture and the images of the gods, and make her choice. Without hesitation she raised her childish voice in indignant derision of even the great power of the Roman Empire when it sought to control the free conscience even of a child. She spat upon the unconscious images which represented to her all that was false and loathsome, and turned to the instruments that should open to her the path to heaven. She was immediately put to death on the terrace without the palace of the prefect, and her dying body left on its marble pavement, rendered colder, it is said, by a light fall of snow. It is also told that around the prostrate childish form the fluttering doves she had been accustomed to feed and caress gathered; and that, as the last breath left her body, one of them, pure white, spreading its wings beside her throat, mounted in the air and flew away, and away, until completely lost to sight. It was never seen again.



ST. EULALIA

(*Painted by J. W. Waterhouse, A. R. A., Royal Academy, 1885*



BEFORE THE INQUISITORS.

(Painted by Jean-Paul Laurens. By Permission of Ad. Braun et Cie

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

[MARY G——, aged eighteen, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead;" The midnight street
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,—
Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,—
Her coffin and her pall.
"What—only one!" the brutal hackman said,
As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
The dying turned him to the wall,
To hear it and to die!—
Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,
And hoarsely clamored, "Ho!—bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;
"Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—
With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one,—
Stranger and friend,—the evil and the just,
Together trodden in the churchyard dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there,—
No white-robed sisters round thee trod,—
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome air,
Giving thee to thy God;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer! there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well.
Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,—
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing,—where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
O high-souled martyr!—thou wast there,
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath.
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,—
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human-kind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of heaven!
How turned to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given;
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while
An angel's features,—a deliverer's smile!

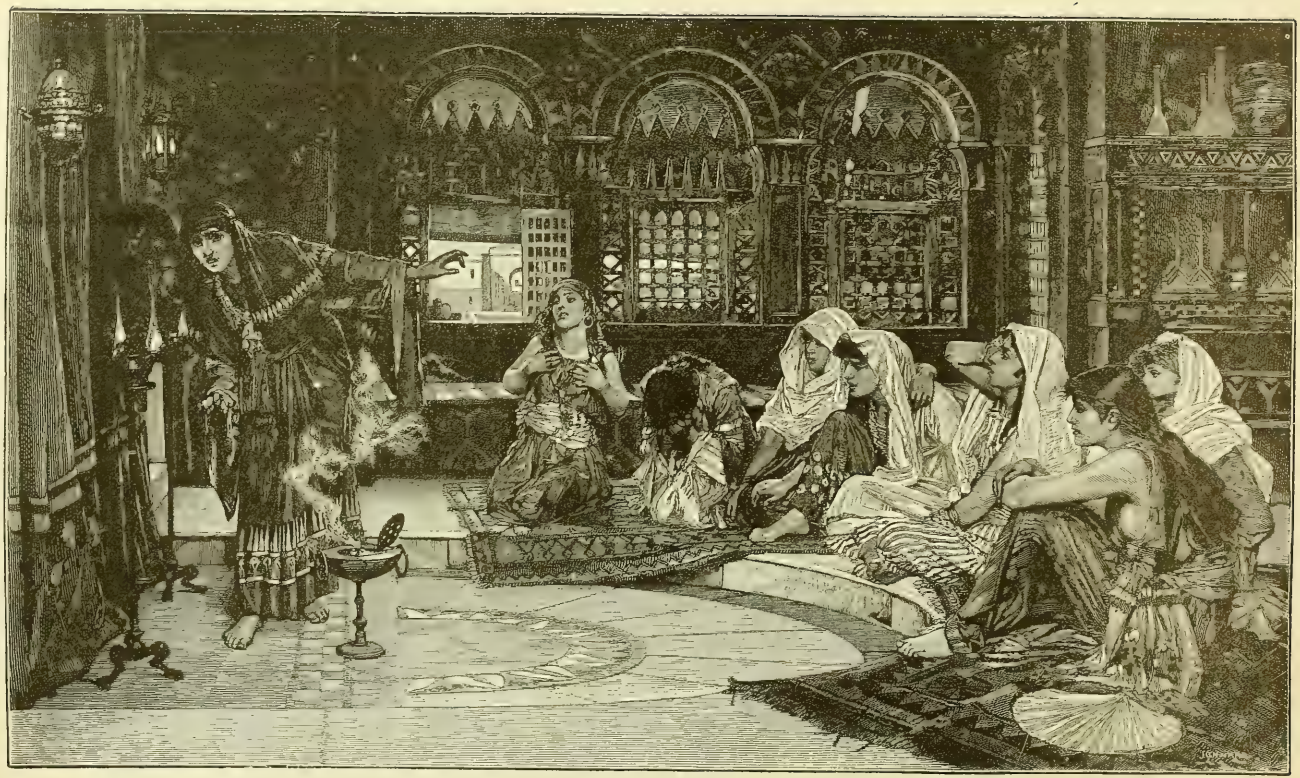
A blessed task!—and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Before life's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow;
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward;
Thine is a treasure far more dear,—
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard,
The joys prepared,—the promised bliss above,—
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy,—
These have but frail and fading honors;—thine
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,
And human pride and grandeur fall,—
The herald's line of long renown,—
The mitre and the kingly crown,—
Perishing glories all!
The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in heaven, of which it was a part.

WHITTIER.



THE ORACLE.

(Painted by J. W. Waterhouse. A. R. A. Royal Academy, 1884.)

THE LAST ORACLE.

(A. D. 361.)

YEARS have risen and fallen in darkness or in twilight,
Ages waxed and waned that knew not thee nor thine,
While the world sought light by night and sought not thy light,
Since the last sad pilgrim left thy dark mid shrine.
Dark the shrine, and dumb the fount of song thence welling,
Save for words more sad than tears of blood, that said:
Tell the king, on earth has fallen the glorious dwelling,
And the water-springs that spake are quenched and dead.
Not a cell is left the god, no roof, no cover;
In his hand the prophet laurel flowers no more.
And the great king's high sad heart, thy true last lover,
Felt thine answer pierce and cleave it to the core.
And he bowed down his hopeless head
In the drift of the wild world's tide,
And dying, *Thou hast conquered*, he said,
Galilæan: he said it, and died.
And the world that was thine and was ours
When the Graces took hands with the Hours,
Grew cold as a winter wave
In the wind from a wide-mouthed grave,
As a gulf wide open to swallow
The light that the world held dear.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Age on age thy mouth was mute, thy face was hidden,
And the lips and eyes that loved thee blind and dumb;
Song forsook their tongues that held thy name forbidden,
Light their eyes that saw the strange god's kingdom come.
Fire for light and hell for heaven and psalms for pæans
Filled the clearest eyes and lips most sweet of song,
When for chant of Greeks the wail of Galilæans
Made the whole world moan with hymns of wrath and wrong.
Yea, not yet we see thee, father, as they saw thee,
They that worshipped when the world was theirs and thine,
They whose words had power by thine own power to draw thee
Down from heaven till earth seemed more than heaven divine.
For the shades are about us that hover
When darkness is half withdrawn,
And the skirts of the dead night cover
The face of the live new dawn.
For the past is not utterly past,
Though the word on its lips be the last,
And the time be gone by with its creed
When men were as beasts that bleed,
As sheep or as swine that wallow,
In the shambles of faith and of fear.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Yet it may be, lord and father, could we know it,
We that love thee for our darkness shall have light
More than ever prophet hailed of old, or poet
Standing crowned and robed and sovereign in thy sight.
To the likeness of one God their dreams enthralled thee,
Who wast greater than all gods that waned and grew;
Son of God the shining son of Time they called thee,
Who wast older, O our father, than they knew.
For no thought of man made gods to love or honor
Ere the song within the silent soul began;
Nor might earth in dream or deed take heaven upon her
Till the word was clothed with speech by lips of man.
And the word and the life wast thou,
The spirit of man and the breath;
And before thee the gods that bow
Take life at thine hands and death.
For these are as ghosts that wane,
That are gone in an age or twain;
Harsh, merciful, passionate, pure,
They perish, but thou shalt endure;
Be their life as the swan's or the swallow,
They pass as the life of a year.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Thou the word, the light, the life, the breath, the glory,
Strong to help and heal, to lighten and to slay,
Thine is all the song of man, the world's whole story;
Not of morning and of evening is thy day.
Old and younger gods are buried or begotten
From uprising to downsetting of thy sun,
Risen from eastward, fallen to westward and forgotten,

And their springs are many, but their end is one.
Divers births of godheads find one death appointed,
As the soul whence each was born makes room for each;
God by god goes out, discrowned and disanointed,
But the soul stands fast that gave them shape and speech.
Is the sun yet cast out of heaven?
Is the song yet cast out of man?
Life that had song for its leaven
To quicken the blood that ran
Through the veins of the songless years
More bitter and cold than tears;
Heaven that had thee for its one
Light, life, word, witness, O sun,—
Are they soundless and sightless and hollow,
Without eye, without speech, without ear?
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

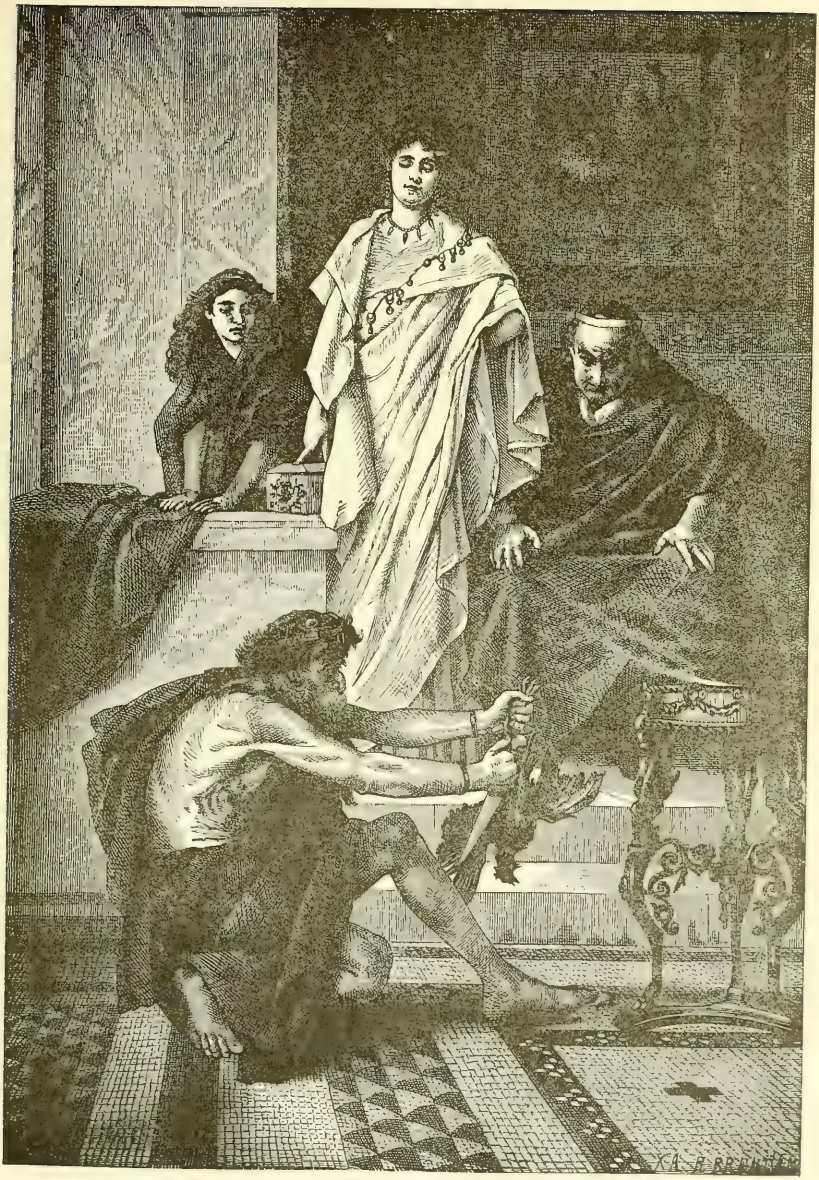
Time arose, and smote thee silent at his warning;
Change and darkness fell on men that fell from thee;
Dark thou satest, veiled with light, behind the morning,
Till the soul of man should lift up eyes and see.
Till the blind mute soul get speech again and eyesight,
Man may worship not the light of life within;
In his sight the stars whose fires grow dark in thy sight
Shine as sunbeams on the night of death and sin.
Time again is risen with mightier word of warning,
Change hath blown again a blast of louder breath;
Clothed with clouds and stars and dreams that melt in morning,
Lo, the gods that ruled by grace of sin and death!
They are conquered, they break, they are stricken,
Whose might made the whole world pale;
They are dust that shall rise not or quicken
Though the world for their death's sake wail.
As a hound on a wild beast's trace,
So time has their godhead in chase;
As wolves when the hunt makes head,
They are scattered, they fly, they are fled;
They are fled beyond hail, beyond hollo,
And the cry of the chase, and the cheer.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Day by day thy shadow shines in heaven beholden,
Even the sun, the shining shadow of thy face:
King, the ways of heaven before thy feet grow golden;
God, the soul of earth is kindled with thy grace.
In thy lips the speech of man whence gods were fashioned,
In thy soul the thought that makes them and unmakes;
By thy light and heat incarnate and impassioned,
Soul to soul of man gives light for light, and takes.
As they knew thy name of old time could we know it,
Healer called of sickness, slayer invoked of wrong,
Light of eyes that saw thy light, god, king, priest, poet,
Song should bring thee back to heal us with thy song.
For thy kingdom is past not away,
Nor thy power from the place thereof hurled:
Out of heaven they shall cast not the day,
They shall cast not out song from the world.
By the song and the light they give,
We know thy works that they live;
With the gift thou hast given us of speech
We praise, we adore, we beseech,
We arise at thy bidding, and follow,
We cry to thee, answer, appear,
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

SWINEBURNE.

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

THAT edifice was then but of recent erection; the ancient temple had been thrown down in the earthquake sixteen years before, and the new building had become as much in vogue with the versatile Pompeians as a new church or a new preacher may be with us. The oracles of the goddess at Pompeii were indeed remarkable, not more for the mysterious language in which they were clothed, than for the credit which was attached to their mandates and predictions. If they were not dictated by a divinity, they were framed at least by a profound knowledge of mankind; they applied themselves exactly to the circumstances of individuals, and made a notable contrast to the vague and loose generalities of their rival temples. As Arbaces now



A Roman Haruspice.

arrived at the rails which separated the profane from the sacred place, a crowd, composed of all classes, but especially of the commercial, collected, breathless and reverential, before the many altars which rose in the open court. In the walls of the cella, elevated on seven steps of Parian marble, various statues stood in niches, and those walls were ornamented with the pomegranate consecrated to Isis. An oblong pedestal occupied the interior building, on which stood two statues, one of Isis, and its companion represented the silent and mystic Orus. But the building contained many other deities to grace the court of the Egyptian deity: her kindred and many-titled Bacchus, and the Cyprian Venus, a Grecian disguise for herself, rising from her bath, and the dog-headed Anubis, and the ox Apis, and various Egyptian idols of uncouth form and unknown appellations.

But we must not suppose that, among the cities of Magna Græcia, Isis was worshipped with those forms and ceremonies which were of right her own. The mongrel and modern nations of the South, with a mingled arrogance and ignorance, confounded the worships of all climes and ages. And the profound mysteries of the Nile were degraded by a hundred meretricious and frivolous admixtures from the creeds of Cephisus and of Tibur. The temple of Isis in Pompeii was served by Roman and Greek priests, ignorant alike of the language and the customs of her ancient votaries; and the descendant of the dread Egyptian kings, beneath the appearance of reverential awe, secretly laughed to scorn the puny mummeries which imitated the solemn and typical worship of his burning clime.

Ranged now on either side the steps was the sacrificial crowd, arrayed in white garments, while at the summit stood two of the inferior priests, the one holding a palm-branch, the other a slender sheaf of corn. In the narrow passage in front thronged the bystanders.

"And what," whispered Arbaces to one of the by-standers, who was a merchant engaged in the Alexandrian trade, which trade had probably first introduced in Pompeii the worship of the Egyptian goddess—"What occasion now assembles you before the altars of the venerable Isis? It seems, by the white robes of the group before me, that a sacrifice is to be rendered; and by the assembly of the priests, that ye are prepared for some oracle. To what question is it to vouchsafe a reply?"

"We are merchants," replied the by-stander (who was no other than Diomed) in the same voice, "who seek to know the fate of our vessels, which sail for Alexandria to-morrow. We are about to offer up a sacrifice and implore an answer from the goddess. I am not one of those who have petitioned the priest to sacrifice, as you may see by my dress, but I have some interest in the success of the fleet;—by Jupiter! yes. I have a pretty trade, else how could I live in these hard times?"

The Egyptian replied gravely—"That though Isis was properly the goddess of agriculture, she was no less the patron of commerce." Then turning his head towards the east, Arbaces seemed absorbed in silent prayer.

And now in the centre of the steps appeared a priest robed in white from head to foot, the veil parting over the crown; two new priests relieved those hitherto stationed at either corner, being naked half-way down to the breast, and covered, for the rest, in white and loose robes. At the same time, seated at the bottom of the steps, a priest commenced a solemn air upon a long wind-instrument of music. Half-way down the steps stood another flamen, holding in one hand the votive wreath, in the other

a white wand; while, adding to the picturesque scene of that eastern ceremony, the stately ibis (bird sacred to the Egyptian worship) looked mutely down from the wall upon the rite, or stalked beside the altar at the base of the steps.

At that altar now stood the sacrificial flamen.*

The countenance of Arbaces seemed to lose all its rigid calm while the aruspices inspected the entrails, and to be intent in pious anxiety—to rejoice and brighten as the signs were declared favorable, and the fire began bright a d clearly to consume the sacred portion of the victim amid odors of myrrh and frankincense. It was then that a dead silence fell over the whispering crowd, and the priests gathering round the cella, another priest, naked save by a cincture round the middle, rushed forward, and dancing with wild gestures, implored answer from the goddess. He ceased at last in exhaustion, and a low murmuring noise was heard within the body of the statue; thrice the head moved, and the lips parted, and then a hollow voice uttered these mystic words:

"There are waves like chargers that meet and glow,
There are graves ready wrought in the rocks below:
On the brow of the future the dangers lour,
But blest are your barks in the fearful hour."

The voice ceased—the crowd breathed more freely—the merchants looked at each other. "Nothing can be more plain," murmured Diomed; "there is to be a storm at sea, as there very often is at the beginning of autumn, but our vessels are to be saved. O beneficent Isis!"

"Lauded eternally be the goddess!" said the merchants: "what can be less equivocal than her prediction?"

Raising one hand in sign of silence to the people, for the rights of Isis enjoined what to the lively Pompeians was an impossible suspense from the use of the vocal organs, the chief priest poured his libation on the altar, and after a short concluding prayer the ceremony was over, and the congregation dismissed. Still, however, as the crowd dispersed themselves here and there, the Egyptian lingered by the railing, and when the space became tolerably cleared, one of the priests, approaching it, saluted him with great appearance of friendly familiarity.

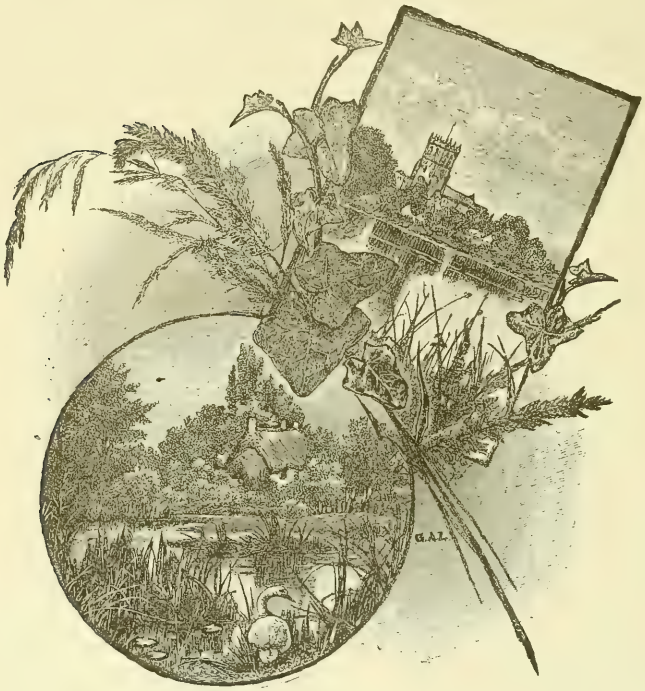
The countenance of the priest was remarkably unprepossessing—his shaven skull was so low and narrow in the front as nearly to approach to the conformation of that of an African savage, save only towards the temples, where, in that organ styled acquisitiveness by the pupils of a science modern in name, but best practically known (as their sculpture teaches us) amongst the ancients, two huge and almost preternatural protuberances yet more distorted the unshapely head;—around the brows the skin was puckered into a web of deep and intricate wrinkles—the eyes, dark and small, rolled in a muddy and yellow orbit—the nose, short yet coarse, was distended at the nostrils like a satyr's—and the thick but pallid lips, the high cheek-bones, the livid and motley hues that struggled through the parchment skin, completed a countenance which none could behold without repugnance, and few without terror and distrust: whatever the wishes of the mind, the animal frame was well fitted to execute them; the wiry muscles of the throat, the broad chest, the nervous hands and lean gaunt arms, which were bared above the elbow, betokened a form capable alike of great active exertion and passive endurance.

*See a singular picture, in the Museum of Naples, of an Egyptian sacrifice.

"Calenus," said the Egyptian to this fascinating flamen, "you have improved the voice of the statue much by attending to my suggestion; and your verses are excellent. Always prophecy good fortune, unless there is an absolute impossibility of its fulfilment."

"Besides," added Calenus, "if the storm does come, and if it does overwhelm the accursed ships, have we not prophesied it? and are the barks not blest to be at rest?—for rest prays the mariner in the Ægean sea, or at least so says Horace;—can the mariner be more at rest in the sea than when he is at the bottom of it?"

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—BULWER.





1. Character and Locality.
2. Description and Narration.
3. Glimpses of Nature.
4. The Sea.
5. Darkness and Light.
7. The Changing Year.
8. Rain and Storm.

CHARACTER AND LOCALITY.

NOTHING endures but personal qualities; charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.

WALT WHITMAN.

The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.

PASCHAL.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think.

EMERSON.

Sigh not the old heroic ages back,
The heroes were but brave and earnest men.
Do thou but hero-like pursue thy track,
Striving, not sighing, brings them back again.

Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a village green;
Who breaks his birth's invidious bars,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil stars;
Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys
To mold a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;
And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

TENNYSON.



"MOSES."
(*By Michael Angelo.*)

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noislessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ENOBARBUS.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth of gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.
Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper; she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated; our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart

For what his eyes eat only.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
MEC. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
AGR. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
ENO. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them, and* Attendants.

ANT. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
OCTA. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
ANT. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
CÆS. Good night.
[*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

Enter Soothsayer.

ANT. Now, sirrah; do you wish yourself in Egypt?
SOOTH. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
ANT. If you can, your reason?
SOOTH. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.
ANT. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
SOOTH. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel



CLEOPATRA GOING TO MEET MARK ANTONY.

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

ANT. Get thee gone;
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street;*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNUS *and* AGRIPPA.

LEP. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEP. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

MEC. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

MEC. } Sir, good success!
AGR. }

LEP. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

ATTEND. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN *the Eunuch.*

CLEO. Let it alone; let's to billiards; come, Charmian.

CHAR. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam.

CLEO. And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws: and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

CHAR. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEO. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Phillippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MESS. Madam, madam,—

CLEO. Antonius dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

MESS. First, madam, he is well.

CLEO. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESS. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

MESS. Will't please you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESS. Madam, he's well.

CLEO. Well said.

MESS. And friends with Cæsar.

CLEO. Thou'rt an honest man.

MESS. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.

MESS. But yet, madam,—
CLEO. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet!'
'But yet' is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together; he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
MESS. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
CLEO. For what good turn?
MESS. For the best turn i' the bed.
CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.
MESS. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
MESS. Good madam, patience.
CLEO. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
MESS. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
CLEO. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage.

ACT IV, SCENE XIII.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield, the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
CHAR. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
CLEO. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

ANT. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
EROS. Ay, my lord.
ANT. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
MAR. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
ANT. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
MAR. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
ANT. Dead, then?
MAR. Dead.
ANT. Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou departest hence safe
Does pay thy labor richly: go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier, bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon.
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—stay for me;
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack

The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me ; do't, the time is come ;
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put color in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

ANT. Eros,
Wouldst thou be widow'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

EROS. I would not see't.

ANT. Come, then ; for with a wound I must be cured,
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS. O, sir, pardon me!

ANT. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

EROS. My sword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANT. 'Tis said, man ; and farewell.

EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANT. Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there then ; thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*

ANT. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valliant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record ; but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then ; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, despatch me!

SCENE XV. *Enter, below,* ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEO. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up :
Assist, good friends.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEO. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come ;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived :
Quicken with kissing : had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL. A heavy sight!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEO. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

ANT. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest ; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

CLEO. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n : young boys and girls
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.
It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?
Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

* * * *

I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was a rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

DOL. Gentle madam, no.

CLEO. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
Its past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy: yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's peace 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

DOL. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great: and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

CLEO. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor.
Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.
Give me my robe, put on my crown: I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air. My other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

CHAR. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close:
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

SHAKESPEARE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarr'd and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wreck'd and scatter'd galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that fell'd him
'Twas his own that struck the blow;
His who, pillow'd on thy bosom,
Turn'd aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widow'd home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.



CLEOPATRA.
(*Painted by Alex. Cabanel. Salon, 1887.*)

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming! quick, my falchion,
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"Antony, concluding that he could not die more honorably than in battle, determined to attack Cæsar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus; which when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honorable death. At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city—a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day—on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him."—[LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch.*]



THY foes had girt thee
with their dead array,
O stately Alexandria!—yet the sound
Of mirth and music at the close of day,
Swelled from thy splendid fabrics, far around
O'er camp and wave. Within the royal hall,
In gay magnificence the feast was spread;
And, brightly streaming from the pictured wall,
A thousand lamps their trembling lustre shed
O'er many a column, rich with precious dyes,
That tinge the marble's vein, 'neath Afric's burning skies.

And soft and clear that wavering radiance played
O'er sculptured forms, that round the pillared scene
Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed
In godlike beauty, awfully serene.
Oh! how unlike the troubled guests reclined
Round that luxurious board!—in every face
Some shadow from the tempest of the mind
Rising by fits, the searching eye might trace,
Though vainly masked in smiles which are not mirth,
But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the woes of earth.

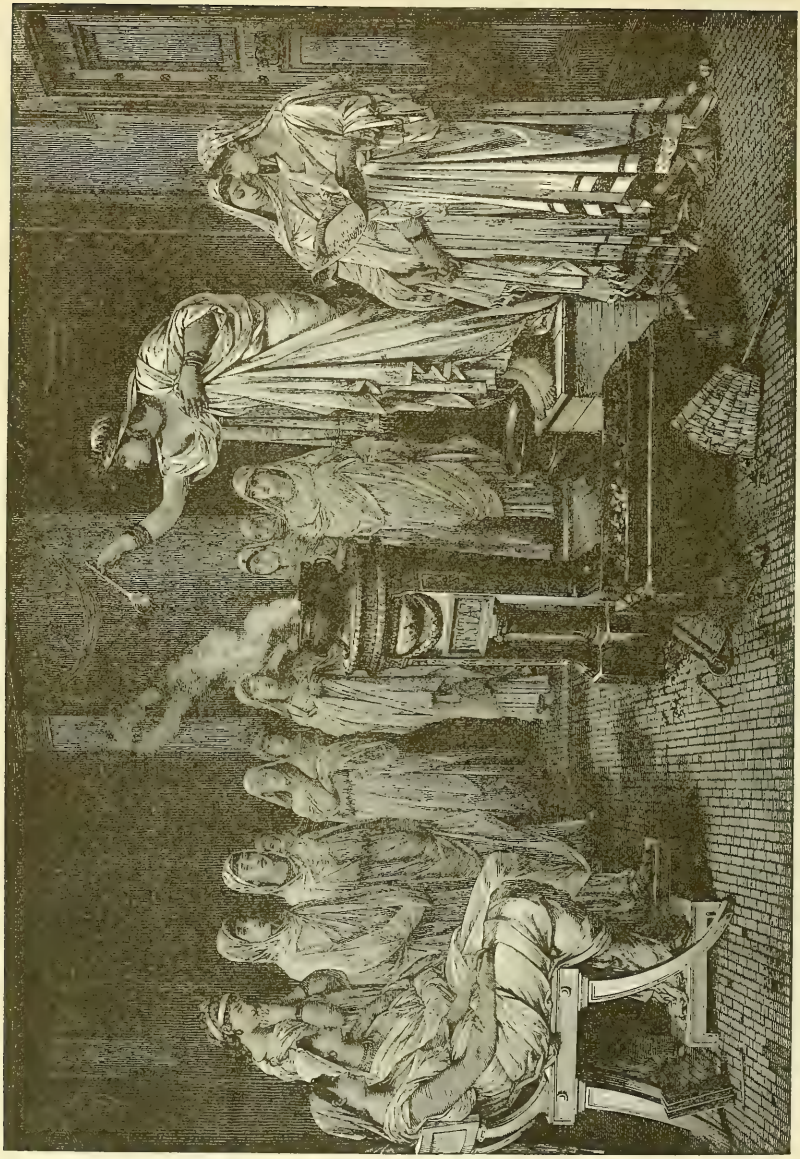
Their brows are bound with wreathes, whose transient bloom
May still survive the wearers—and the rose
Perchance may scarce be withered when the tomb
Receives the mighty to its dark repose!
The day must dawn on battle, and may set
In death—but fill the mantling wine-cup high!
Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en yet
Lend her one hour for parting revelry.
They who the empire of the world possessed,
Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged for rest.

Its joys! oh, mark yon proud triumvir's mien,
And read their annals on that brow of care;
'Midst pleasure's lotus bowers his steps have been;
Earth's brightest pathway led him to despair.
Trust not the glance that fain would yet inspire
The buoyant energies of days gone by;
There is delusion in its meteor-fire,
And all within is shame, is agony!
Away! the tear in bitterness may flow,
But there are smiles which bear a stamp of deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy fame,
O lost, devoted Roman! yet thy brow
To that ascendant and undying name,
Pleads with stern loftiness that right e'en now.
Thy glory is departed, but hath left
A lingering light around thee—in decay
Not less than kingly, though of all bereft,
Thou seem'st as empire had not passed away
Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts elate,
A deep, prophetic dread of still mysterious fate!

But thou, enchantress-queen! whose love hath made
His desolation—thou art by his side,
In all thy sovereignty of charms arrayed,
To meet the storm with still unconquered pride.
Imperial being! e'en though many a strain
Of error be upon thee, there is power
In thy commanding nature, which shall reign
O'er the stern genius of misfortune's hour;
And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye
E'en now is all illumed with wild sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears a light
Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek a dye,
Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright
With the deep glow of feverish energy.
Proud siren of the Nile! thy glance is fraught
With an immortal fire—in every beam
It darts, there kindles some heroic thought,
But wild and awful as a sibyl's dream;
For thou with death hast communed, to attain
Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom from the chain.



THE VESTALS.

And the stern courage by such musings lent,
Daughter of Afric! o'er thy beauty throws
The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent
With all the majesty of mighty woes;
While he, so fondly, fatally adored,
Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,
Till scarce the soul, that once exulting soared,
Can deem the day-star of its glory set;
Scarce his charmed heart believes that power can be
In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly loved by thee.

But there is sadness in the eyes around,
Which marked that ruined leader, and survey
His changeful mien, whence oft the gloom profound
Strange triumph chases haughtily away.
"Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests!" he cries;
"Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar deep!
Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,
Your chief in cold forgetfulness may sleep,
While sounds of revel float o'er shore and sea,
And the red bowl again is crowned—but not for me.

"Yet weep not thus—the struggle is not o'er
O victors of Philippi! many a field
Hath yielded palms to us:—one effort more
By one stern conflict must our doom be sealed!
Forget not, Romans! o'er a subject world
How royally your eagle's wing hath spread,
Though, from his eyrie of dominion hurled,
Now bursts the tempest on his crested head!
Yet sovereign still, if banished from the sky,
The sun's indignant bird, he must not droop—but die."

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of night—
Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and deep;
From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry light
The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of sleep.
For those who wait the morn's awakening beams,
The battle signal to decide their doom,
Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled dreams—
Rest that shall soon be calmer in the tomb,
Dreams, dark and ominous, but *there* to cease,
When sleep the lords of war in solitude and peace.

Wake, slumberers, wake! Hark! heard ye not a sound
Of gathering tumult?—Near and nearer still
Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,
Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused and shrill.
Wake, Alexandria! through thy streets the tread
Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note
Of pipe and lyre and trumpet, wild and dread,
Is heard upon the midnight air to float;
And voices, clamorous as in frenzied mirth,
Mingled their thousand tones which are not of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds—their thrilling strain
Hath more mysterious power, and birth more high;
And the deep horror chilling every vein
Owns them of stern, terrific augury,
Being of worlds unknown! ye pass away,
O ye invisible and awful throng!
Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay
To Cæsar's camp exulting move along.
Thy gods forsake thee, Antony! the sky
By that dread sign reveals thy doom—"Despair and die!"

HEMANS.

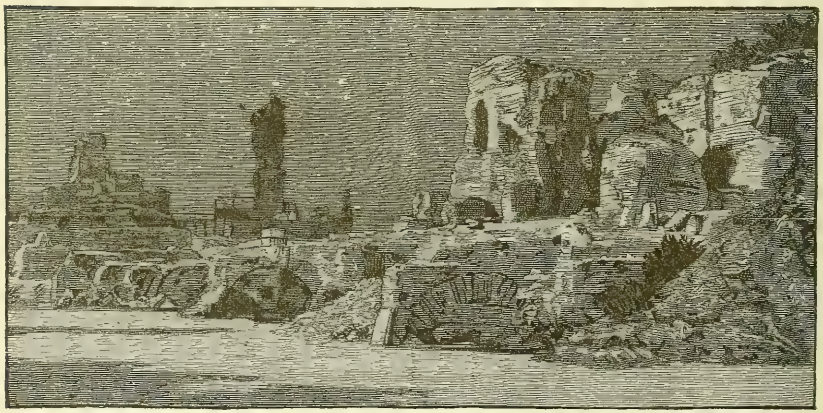
ROME AND CARTHAGE.

ROME and Carthage!—behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burthened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to make. All is before her, nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in distinct view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for the development of each. Rome begins to systematically

perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend. With their contact must come the thunder-shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races,—that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two Nations,—the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two Republics,—the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich and crafty,—Rome, young, poor and robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome the seas. The two Nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers.—She utters that cry of anguish—*Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies,—collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort,—throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth!

VICTOR HUGO.

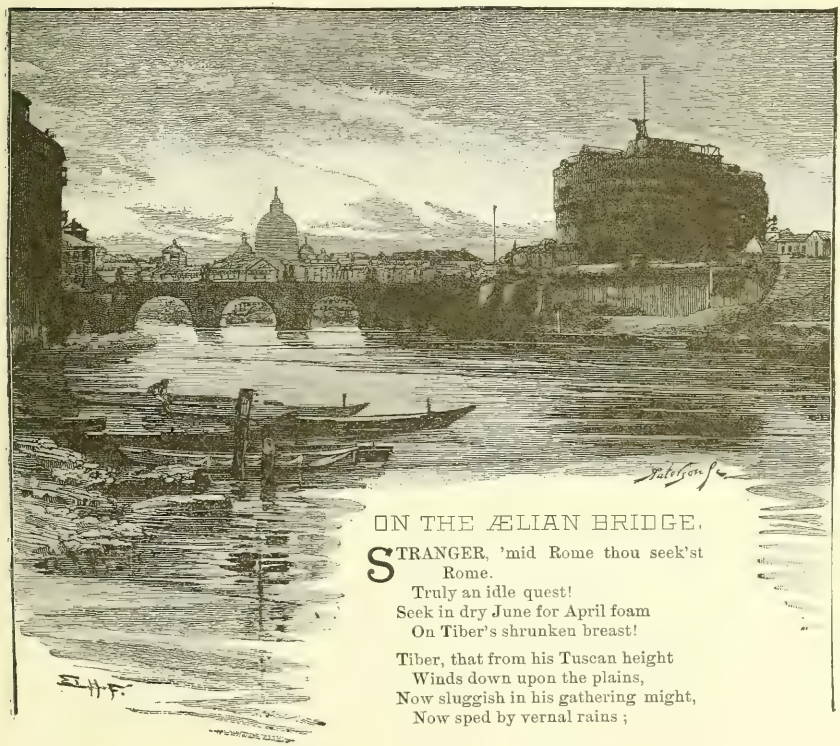


MANFRED'S MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,

When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through leveled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—
'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

BYRON.



ON THE ÆLIAN BRIDGE.

STRANGER, 'mid Rome thou seek'st Rome.
Truly an idle quest!
Seek in dry June for April foam
On Tiber's shrunken breast!

Tiber, that from his Tuscan height
Winds down upon the plains,
Now sluggish in his gathering might,
Now sped by vernal rains;

Rolling with ceaseless onward force,
Through scenes of might and guilt,
When on the margin of his course
King, Consul, Emperor built!

Gone, with the proud Augustan halls,
Are senators and slaves.
Dead is old Rome: dust are her walls,
Her altars, thrones and graves.

The ancient glories of her wit,
Her prowess and her pride,
Her splendid cruelty, are writ
On Tiber's fleeting tide.

It winds and winds the city through,
It laps upon the shore,
As when these mounds no building knew,
This marsh no hovel bore.

"Eternal City"—mocking sound!
Naught rises but shall fall.
There stood no grandeur on this ground
But ruin changed it all.

Shattered the city's granite belt,
Hushed the stout warder's clang!
Owls brood where mighty Cæsar dwelt,
And screech where Maro sang.

Spoiled by the Visigoth's mad hands,
That spared nor kith nor home,
The vacant Coliseum stands
A microcosm of Rome.

The Cross is in the desert round,
Once red with martyred gore.
Now all is still: nor sight nor sound
Where slaughter raged of yore.

'Tis here the hermit tells his beads
From dawn to close of day;
And rovers ramble o'er the weeds,
To measure, sketch, and pray.

No lightnings rent the solid coil
Of galleries o'erthrown;
But ages of destructive toil
Hurled stone down after stone.

And yellow Tiber still flows on,
Now tardily, now fast;
While with each wave a memory's gone,
Loosed from the crumbling past.

Tiber and Time together flow,
And leave a lesson strange.
Stand here and mark, you who would know
The constancy of change.

On rolls the flood o'er many a name
That seemed to mock decay;
And that alone remains the same
Which runs so fast away.

GODFREY TURNER.

THE COLISEUM.

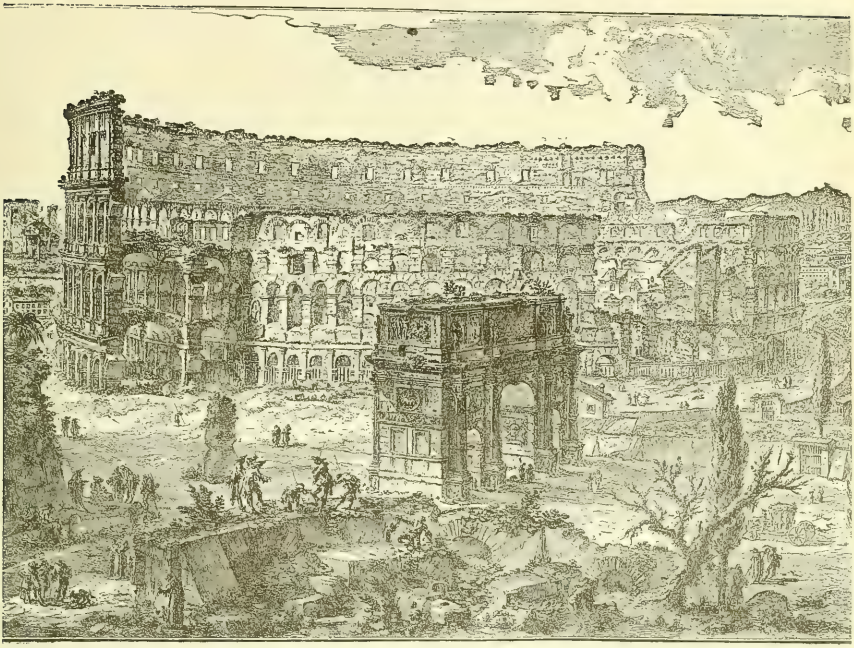
TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst
(Thirst for springs of lore that in thee lie),
I kneal, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
Oh, spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
Oh, charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where a mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!
But stay! These walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all—
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all!" the echoes answered me; "Not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men!—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds!
We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone;—not all our fame!—
Not all the magic of our high renown!—
Not all the wonder that encircles us!—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie!—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

E. A. POE.



THE COLISEUM, WITH THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.
(Reduced from an Etching by Piranesi.)

THE COLISEUM.

ARCHES on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged?- Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

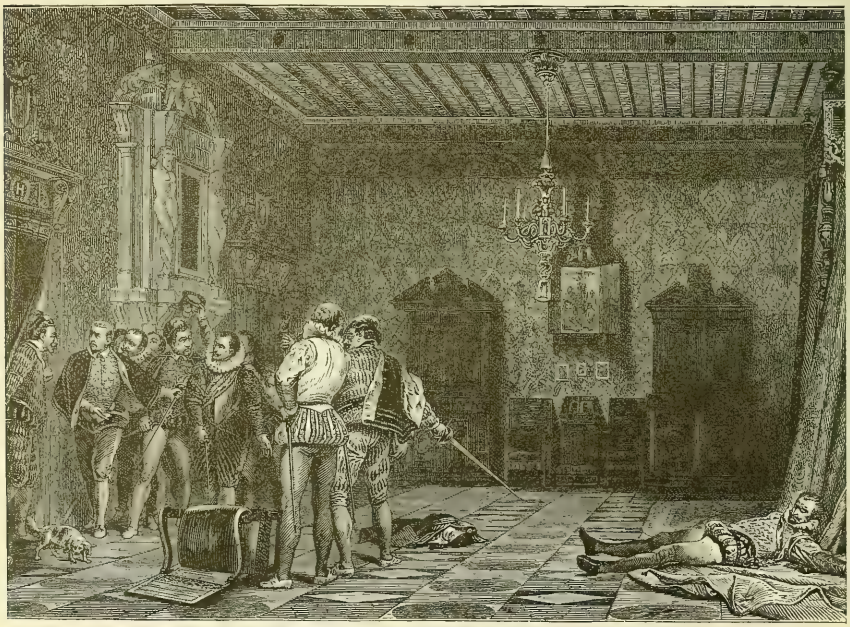
But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam,
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, pallaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

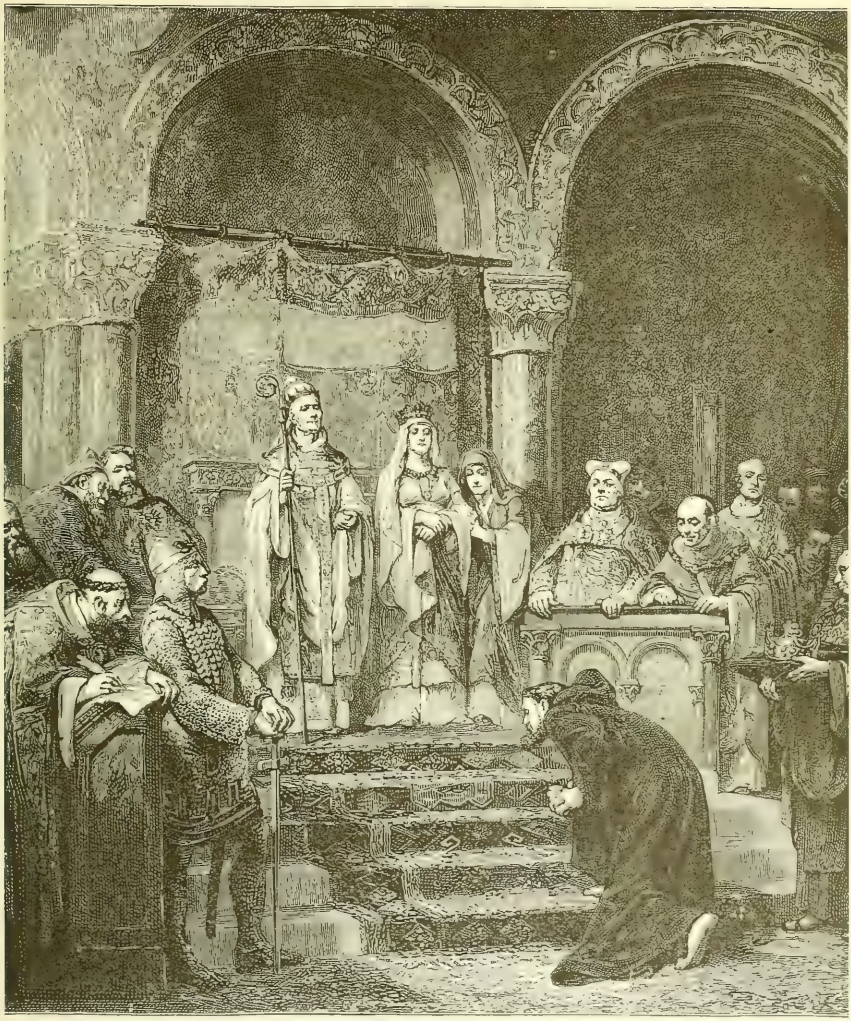
But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;[2]
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
"When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
"And when Rome falls—the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

2 Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laural on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conquerer of the world, but to hide that he was bald A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.



ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF GUISE, DEC. 1588. —*Delaroche.*



CANOSSA, 1077.
(From the Picture by J. A. Cluysenaar.)

THE EMPEROR HENRY IV AT CANOSSA.

JAN. 25-27, A. D. 1077.

WHILE Germany was in a state of confusion growing out of the wars of Henry with his Saxon vassals, Hildebrand became Pope as Gregory VII, and in 1075 A. D., issued his famous decree against the marriage of the Clergy, and their

investiture by laymen—for boldness and vastness the most magnificent policy ever devised, since, had it been effected, the Pope must have become the secular as well as the spiritual lord of Christendom. So quickly had the reforming zeal of Henry III made the papacy a power which threatened to overshadow the world. Henry IV, who had hitherto treated the new Pope with excessive respect, and was believed at the Vatican to have no strength of character, now announced his intention of going to Rome and assuming the imperial title. The Pope, to whom the Saxons had been encouraged to make complaint, responded by sending back certain messengers of Henry's, with the command that he should do penance for the crimes of which his subjects accused him. Enraged by this unlooked-for arrogance, Henry summoned a synod of German bishops, who declared Hildebrand deposed. The answer was a bull excommunicating the German King, dethroning him and liberating his subjects from their oath of allegiance.

Never had a Pope ventured to take so bold a step. It was within the memory of even young men that a German King had dismissed three Popes, and raised, one after another, four of his own prelates to the Roman See. And now a Pope attempted to drag from his throne the successor of this very sovereign. The effect of the bull was tremendous; no other was ever followed by results equally important. The princes, long chafing under royal power, found themselves suddenly joined with a mighty ally, and hastened with indecent eagerness to associate themselves with him. Their vassals and subjects, appalled by the invisible powers wielded by the head of the Church, supported them in their rebelliousness. Henry looked for no such result as this; he had not comprehended the influences which lay beneath the surface, and was horrified by his unexpected isolation. At a diet in Oppenheim he in vain humbled himself before the princes. They turned from him coldly, and decided that the Pope should be asked to come to Germany to investigate, along with themselves, the accusations brought against him. Resistance impossible, Henry resolved upon humbling himself to the utmost. In the dead of winter he set out to make his submission. Gregory was waiting for him at the Castle of Canossa, the residence of the Pope's friend, the Countess Matilda. There occurred the famous scene in which Henry, the highest of secular potentates, for three days in dead of winter, barefooted and clad in the shirt of a penitent, stood in the castle courtyard entreating to be admitted to the presence of the Pope. No historical incident has more profoundly impressed the imagination of the Western world. It marked the highest point reached by papal authority, and presents a vivid picture of the awe inspired during the middle ages by the supernatural powers supposed to be wielded by the Church.

(Adapted from the Encyclopœdia Brittanica.)

THE BURNING OF THE VANITIES.

Florence, A. D. 1497.

WITHOUT holding any official post in the Commonwealth he had created, the prior of St. Marks, Savonarola, was the real head of the State, the dictator of Florence, and guarded the public weal with extraordinary political wisdom. At his instance, the tyrannical system of arbitrary imposts and so-called voluntary loans was abolished, and replaced by a tax of ten per cent on all real property. The laws



RENOUNCING THE VANITIES BY ORDER OF SAVONAROLA.
Florence, 1497. Value Consumed, $56,000.
(From the Picture by F. W. W. Topham, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1881.)

and edicts of this period read like paraphrases of his sermons, and indeed his counsels were always given as addenda to the religious exhortations in which he denounced the sins of his country and the pollution of the Church, and urged Florence to cast off iniquity and become a truly Christian city, a pattern not only to Rome, but to the world at large. His impassioned words wrought upon the minds of the Florentines and stung them to a pitch of pious emotion never before or since attained by them. Hymns and lauds rang in the streets that had so recently echoed with Lorenzo's dissolute songs. Both sexes dressed with Puritan plainness; husbands and wives quitted their homes for convents; marriage became an awful and scarcely permitted rite; mothers suckled their own babes; and persons of all ranks renounced the world to resume the Dominican robe.

Still more wonderful was the influence of Savonarola over children, and their response to his appeals is a proof of the magnetic power of his goodness and purity. He organized the boys of Florence in a species of sacred militia, an inner republic, with its own magistrates and officials charged with the enforcement of his rules for the holy life. It was with the aid of these youthful enthusiasts that Savonarola arranged the religious carnival of 1496, when the citizens gave their costliest possessions in alms to the poor, and tonsured monks, crowned with flowers, sang lauds and performed wild dances for the glory of God. In the same spirit, and to point the doctrine of renunciation of carnal gauds, he celebrated the carnival of 1497 by the famous BURNING OF THE VANITIES, in the Piazza della Signoria. A Venetian merchant is known to have bid 22,000 marks ($55,880) for the doomed vanities, but the scandalized authorities not only rejected his offer, but added his portrait to the pile. Nevertheless, the artistic value of the objects consumed has been greatly exaggerated by some writers. There is no proof that any book or painting of real merit was sacrificed. Savonarola was a foe neither to art nor to learning.

(ADAPTED FROM THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITTANICA.)



Paul Veronese.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON. ABOUT 1550.

(*From the Picture by W. Daniels. By Permission of W. Somerville, Esq.*)

MY hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;

We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;—
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left:
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To harken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls.
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,[1]
Which round about the wave inthrals;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,

1 The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Bovernet and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet, French measure; within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces. He was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Heloise, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death. The chateau is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

We heard it ripple night and day ;
  Sounding o'er our heads it knocked
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky ;
  And then the very rock hath rocked,
  And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den ;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side ;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed—and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread :
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him :—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew,
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill ;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
  I know not why
  I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
  I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,

And then of darkness, too :
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist ;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place ;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death ;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile ;
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was :—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape ;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me :
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery ;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad ;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush ;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,

And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly.
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load:
It was as in a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.[1]

LORD BYRON.

[1] It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal for even the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings; yet, as a picture, however gloomy the covering, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn; nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

DOVER BEACH.

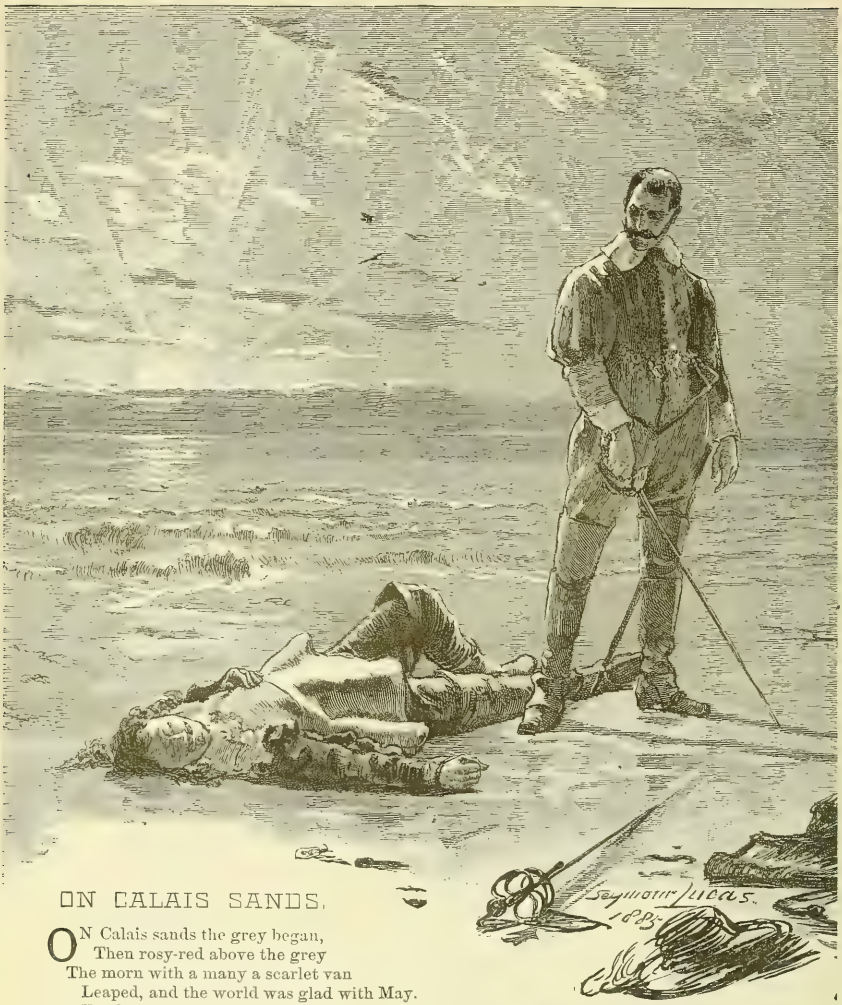
THE sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast, the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery: we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges, drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



ON CALAIS SANDS.

ON Calais sands the grey began,
Then rosy-red above the grey
The morn with a many a scarlet van
Leaped, and the world was glad with May.
The little waves along the bay
Broke white upon the shelving strands;
The sea-mews flitted white as they
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands must man with man
Wash honor clean in blood to-day;
On spaces wet from waters wan
How white the flashing rapiers play,—
Parry, reposte, and lunge! The fray
Shifts for awhile, then mournful stands
The victor; life ebbs fast away
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands a little span
Of silence, then the plash and spray,
The sound of eager waves that ran
To kiss the perfumed locks astray,
To touch the lips that ne'er said "nay,"
To dally with the helpless hands;
Till the deep sea in silence lay
On Calais sands!

ENVOY.

Between the lilac and the May
She waits her Love from alien lands;
Her Love is colder than the clay
On Calais sands!

ANDREW LANG.

CALAIS SANDS.

A THOUSAND knights have reined their steeds
To watch this line of sand-hills run,
Along the never-silent strait,
To Calais glittering in the sun;

To look toward Ardres' Golden Field
Across this wide aërial plain,
Which glows as if the Middle Age
Were gorgeous upon earth again.

Oh, that to share this famous scene,
I saw, upon the open sand,
Thy lovely presence at my side,—
Thy shawl, thy look, thy smile, thy hand!

How exquisite thy voice would come,
My darling, on this lonely air!
How sweetly would the fresh sea-breeze
Shake loose some band of soft brown hair!

Yet now my glance but once hath roved
O'er Calais and its famous plain;
To England's cliffs my gaze is turned,
O'er the blue strait mine eyes I strain.

Thou comest! Yes! the vessel's cloud
Hangs dark upon the rolling sea.
Oh that yon sea-bird's wings were mine,
To win one instant's glimpse of thee!

I must not spring to grasp thy hand,
To woo thy smile, to seek thine eye;
But I may stand far-off, and gaze,
And watch thee pass unconscious by,—

And spell thy looks, and guess thy thoughts,
Mixed with the idlers on the pier.
Ah! might I always rest unseen,
So I might have thee always near!

To-morrow hurry through the fields
Of Flanders to the storied Rhine!
To-night those soft-fringed eyes shall close
Beneath one roof, my queen! with mine.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.





I.—The Conquerors of the Bastille.
(Painted by François Flameng. Salon, 1881.)

CONQUEST OF THE BASTILLE



O describe the Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Fore-courts, *Cour Avance*, *Cour de l' Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in its last hour, as we said, by mere chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres: throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in colored clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Greve. Frantic patriots pick up the grape shots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hotel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade there whirls, simmering, a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand fire-mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry,—without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes, show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted "Peruke-maker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpetres of the arsenal;" had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young and beautiful lady, seized escaping in these outer courts, and thought falsely to be de Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in de Launay's sight; she

lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemere, the old soldier, dashes in and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke, almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart, and Reole, the "gigantic haberdasher," another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the ailment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last man late not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hotel-de-Ville; Abbe Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched gateway, and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, de Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides' cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high, but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing-pumps:" O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready?* Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not; even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Francaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began; and is now pointing towards five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, de Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitring cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed, dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, it is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple!* Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new birth: and yet this same day come four years——!—But let the curtains of the future hang.

What shall de Launay do? One thing only de Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the powder magazine; motionless, like old Roman senator, or bronze lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in no wise, be surrendered, save

to the King's messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward! —In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies de Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Basoche, Cure of Saint Stephen, and all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men;—hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest operas, was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts:* it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows, which make up this world of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old de Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, jailoring and jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the world-bedlam roared: call it the world-chimæra, blowing fire. The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing, disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank swinging over the abyss of the stone ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—"*Foi d'officier*," "On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

CARLYLE—FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TAKING THE BASTILLE.

SAINT Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shriveled branches of trees in a winter wind; all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high fever strain and at high fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so all this raging circled round Defarge's wine shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged that man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an ax, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine shop worked like a manful soldier two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame, his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women, variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions,

shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley—this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered.

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with grey head who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will, faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick."

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop-keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hotel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this

grim old officer, conspicuous in his grey coat and red decoration, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him; remained immovab'e close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down—down on the steps of the Hotel de Ville, where the governor's body lay—down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge, where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder!" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheaving of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed, and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But, in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting wi h the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorial wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high over head; all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, "THOU DIDST IT!"

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts,—such, and such-like, the loudly-echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid July, one thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For they are headlong, mad and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.

DICKENS' "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearney who knew not to yield!
'Twas a day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of our powder,—
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel-tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of you gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of day
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I've brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.



FORWARD!

(Painted by Alphonse de Neuville.)



Une Sollicitation a Richelieu.

(Painted by Wa ter Gay. Salon, 1887.)

The Character of Washington Compared with those of his Great Contemporaries.

THERE are but three individuals of his period upon whom mankind, with some approach to general consent, have bestowed the epithet of "the Great." Shall we compare our Washington for a moment with each of them? Shall we compare him with Peter the Great of Russia, who flourished in the beginning of the century, and hewed that political colossus of the North into form and symmetry? A sovereign of vast though often most ill-directed energy; a fearless, and on some occasions, a beneficent reformer; a consummate organizer, who, with a kind of rough tact, truly felt the pulses of national life in the Titanic frame which he called into being; pursuing a few grand ideas, though often by eccentric methods bordering on madness, but with a resolution which no labors could weary, and no dangers appal, and forcing them with an iron will upon an unsympathizing and apathetic people. These are his

titles to the epithet of "Great;" but, with them all, he was an unmitigated tyrant—the murderer, perhaps the torturer, of his own son, a man who united the wisdom of a philosopher and the policy of a great prince with the tastes of a satyr, the manners of a barbarian, and the passions of a fiend; guilty of crimes so hideous and revolting that, if I attempted to describe them, I should drive you shrieking from this hall. You surely would not permit me to place the name of Washington in comparison with his.

Or shall we compare him with Frederick the Second of Prussia, to whom complacent public opinion has also accorded the epithet of "Great," the European hero of that war in which Washington, in the morning of life, won his first laurels? He was no doubt a military and a civil genius of the first order; by the energy of his character he built up a kingdom, scarcely known by that title when he came to the throne, into a first-rate power; the fearless soldier, the profound stategist, the heroic chief; nor less a master of political combination, a zealous promoter of the material prosperity of his subjects, who doubled the population of his little kingdom, and increased all the resources in more than the same proportion notwithstanding the wars in which he was continually involved; but at the same time a pedant, ostentatiously displaying his superficial literary attainments, a wretched poetaster, a dupe of the insipid adulation of godless foreign wits who flattered him to his face and ridiculed him behind his back; a German sovereign, who yet preferred to write and speak poor broken French, in which Voltaire said there was not a sentence which you would not know to be the language of a foreigner, rather than to use his native, noble Teutonic tongue, the mother of our own, the language of Luther's translation of the Bible, in which Klopstock had first sounded the clarion of Messiah to the utmost borders of Germany; a prince raised by Providence in the bitter school of adversity to an absolute throne, entertaining the most exalted ideas of the kingly prerogative, drawing everything, even the administration of justice, into an arbitrary centralization, who had yet trained his undevout heart to believe that blind chance or blind destiny occupies the throne of the universe, that the heavens and the earth could do without a God, though the paltry electorate of Brandenburg could not do without a king, and that while it was impossible for him to hold the scattered provinces of his little realm together without a daily outgoing of civil, military and judicial power, moved by one intellect, and one will, could yet believe that the system and systems which compose the universe, beyond the power of human speech to enumerate, or human thought to conceive, are thrown out into one vast anarchy, wheeling and hurling through the regions of space without a law-giver and a head; who, so thinking and so believing while he lived, when he came to die, in order to mark more emphatically —as we are told by his not unfriendly biographer—his contempt for the species to which he belonged, instead of allowing his "poor old carcass," as he himself called it, to be laid by the side of his kindred, ordered that it should be buried with his favorite dogs at Potsdam!

Or shall we compare Washington with the third greatest of his age, the illustrious Captain of the last generation in France, that portentious blazing star, which began to flame in the Eastern sky as our benignant luminary was sinking in the West, amidst the golden clouds of a nation's blessings? I have no wish to trample on the memory of Napoleon the First, whom I regard by no means as the most ambi-

tions of conquerors, the most arbitrary of despots, or the worst of men. The virtues and the feelings, like the talents, the opportunities, and the fortunes of this extraordinary man, are on too colossal a scale to be measured by ordinary standards of morality. The prevalent opinions in this country of his character and career have come to us through a British medium, discolored by a national prejudice, and the deadly struggle of a generation; or by natural reaction have been founded on the panegyrics of grateful adherents and admiring subjects, who deem every Frenchman a partner in the glory of their chief. Posterity and impartial history will subdue the lights and relieve the shadows of the picture. They will accord to him a high, perhaps the highest, rank among the great masters of war, placing his name in, or on an equality with the three great captains of antiquity, if not above them; will study his campaigns for lessons of strategy; will point to his code as a noble monument of legislative wisdom; will dwell upon the creative vigor with which he brought order out of the chaos of the Revolution, retrieving the dilapidated finances, and restoring the prostrate industry of France; will enumerate the harbors, the canals, the bridges, the public buildings, the Alpine roads, the libraries, the museums, and all the thousand works of industrious peace and productive art; will not withhold their admiration for the giant grasp of his genius and imperial grandeur of his fortunes, nor deny a tribute of human sympathy to his calamitous decline and fall—but the same impartial history will record more than one ineffaceable stain upon his character, and never to the end of time, never on the page of historian, poet, or philosopher, never till a taste for true, moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of men by a mean admiration of success and power, never in the exhortations of the prudent magistrate, counseling his fellow-citizens for their good, never in the dark ages of national fortune, when anxious patriots explore the annals of the past for examples of public virtue, never in the admonition of the parent forming the minds of his children by lessons of fireside wisdom, never, oh, never, will the name of Napoleon, nor of any of the other famous conquerors of ancient and modern days, be placed upon a level with Washington's.

E. Everett.

NEW ENGLAND.

GLORIOUS New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and, far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birth-place, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting on the banks of a foreign

river, to swell its waters with our home-sick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every state of the broad republic! In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

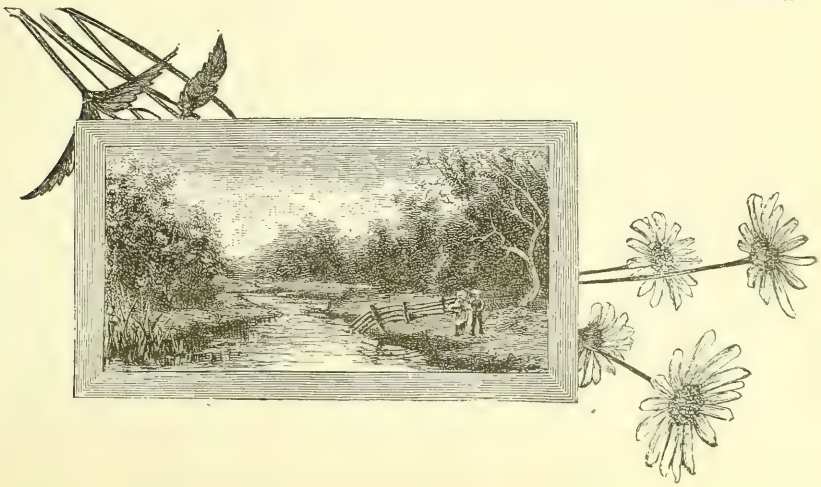
We cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood; how shall it be separated?—Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption: so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

But no! the Union cannot be di solved. Its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns:—when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen;—when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade; then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, stand up on the banks of the Great River, and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder,—"Lo! this is our country;—when did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city—so great and glorious a republic!"

S. S. Prentiss.



DESCRIPTION AND NARRATION.

THOUGHT is the first faculty of man; to express it one of his first desires; to spread it his dearest privilege. RAYNAL.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deepest souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of our meaner cares.

TENNYSON.

The flowers of rhetoric are only acceptable when backed by the evergreens of truth and sense. The granite statue, rough hewn though it be, is far more imposing in its simple and stern though rude proportions, than the plaster cast, however elaborately wrought and gilded.

MACAULAY.

ODES.

Ode Written During the Negotiations with Bonaparte, in Jan., 1814.



WHO counsels peace at this momentous hour,
When God hath given deliverance to the oppressed,
And to the injured power?
Who counsels peace, when Vengeance, like a flood,
Rolls on, no longer now to be repressed;
When innocent blood
From the four corners of the world cries on
For justice upon one accursed head;
When Freedom hath her holy banners spread
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United; when, with one sublime accord,
Europe throws off the yoke abhorred,
And Loyalty and Faith, and Ancient Laws,
Follow the avenging sword?

Woe, woe to England, woe and endless shame,
If this heroic land,
False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand!
Woe to the world, if Bonaparte's throne
Be suffered still to stand!
For by what names shall Right and Wrong be known;
What new and courtly phrases must we feign
For Falsehood, Murder, and all monstrous crimes,—
If that perfidious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,
And France, who yearns even now to break her chain,
Beneath his iron rule be left to groan?
No! by the innumerable dead,
Whose blood hath for his lust of power been shed,
Death only can for his foul deeds atone;
That peace which Death and Judgment can bestow,
That peace be Bonaparte's,—that alone!

For sooner shall the Ethiop change his skin,
Or from the leopard shall her spots depart,
Than this man change his old, flagitious heart.
Have ye not seen him in the balance weighed,
And there found wanting? On the stage of blood
Foremost the resolute adventurer stood;
And when, by many a battle won,
He placed upon his brow the crown,
Curbing delirious France beneath his sway,
Then, like Octavious in old time,
Fair name might he have handed down,
Effacing many a stain of former crime.
Fool! should he cast away that bright renown!
Fool! the redemption proffered should he lose!
When heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To Good and Evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

But Evil was his Good,
For all too long in blood had he been nursed;
And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant cursed.
Bold man and bad,
Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,
And black with murders and with perjuries,
Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad;
No law but his own headstrong will he knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart.
From evil thus portentious strength he drew,
And trampled under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities.

O France! beneath this fierce barbarian's sway,
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapine and blood and fire have marked thy way,
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.
A curse is on thee, France! from far and wide
It hath gone up to heaven. All lands have cried
For vengeance upon thy detested head!
All nations curse thee, France! for wheresoe'er,
In peace or war, thy banner hath been spread,
All forms of human woe have followed there.
The Living and the Dead
Cry out alike against thee! They who bear,
Crouching beneath its weight, thine iron yoke,
Join in the bitterness of secret prayer
The voice of that innumerable throng,
Whose slaughtered spirits day and night invoke
The Everlasting Judge of right and wrong,
How long, O Lord! Holy and Just, how long?

A merciless oppressor hast thou been,
Thyself remorselessly oppressed meantime;

Greedy of war, when all that thou couldst gain
Was but to dye thy soul with deeper crime,
And rivet fast round thyself the chain.
Oh, blind to honor, and to interest blind,
When thus in abject servitude resigned
To this barbarian upstart, thou couldst brave
God's justice, and the heart of human-kind!
Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
Thyself the while a miserable slave.
Behold! the flag of vengeance is unfurled,
The dreadful armies of the North advance;
While England, Portugal and Spain, combined,
Give their triumphant banners to the wind,
And stand victorious in the fields of France.

One man hath been, for ten long wretched years,
The cause of all this blood and all these tears,
One man in this most awful point of time
Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.
Wait not too long the event,
For now whole Europe comes against thee bent;
His wiles and their own strength the nations know:
Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
The People and the Princes, with one mind,
From all parts move against the general foe:
One act of justice, one atoning blow,
One execrable head laid low,
Even yet, O France! averts thy punishment.
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

France! if thou lov'st thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's beach;
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogged the carrion-birds with gore;
By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain,
Or stiffened on the snowy plain
Of frozen Muscovy;
By the bodies, which lie all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight;
By the widows' and the orphans' cry;
By the childless parent's misery;
By the lives which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;
By the prayers which rise for curses on his head;
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame,
Open thine eys!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

By those horrors which the night
Witnessed when the torches' light
To the assembled murderers showed
Where the blood of Condé flowed;
By thy murdered Pichegru's fame;
By murdered Wright,—an English name;
By murdered Palm's atrocious doom;
By murdered Hofer's martyrdom;
Oh! by the virtuous blood thus vilely spilt,
The Villain's own peculiar, private guilt,—
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

KESWICK. SOUTHEY.

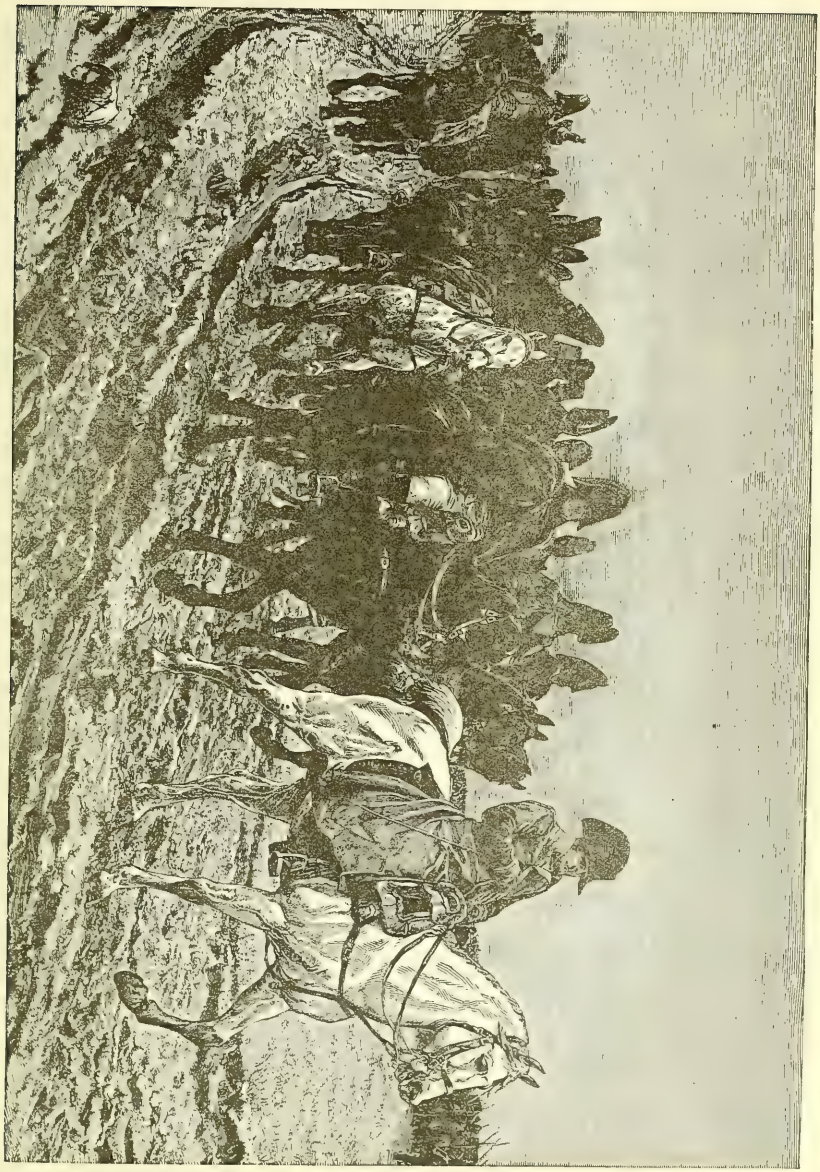
THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow:
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and Kings one or two.
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
"John Bull," he cries, "if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!"



THE MARCH TO MOSCOW. —*Meissonier.*

And Councellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow ;
"The Russians," he said, "they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London ;
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but
good,
And nothing could call him off it."
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know;
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's "Review,"
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned :
It was, through thick and thin, to its party
true ;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law, and for Gospel, too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through ;
They could fight, though they could not par-
lez-vous.
But the fields were green, and the sky was
blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado ;
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was
blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in "ow ;"
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in "itch ;"
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in "eff ;"
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in "off ;"
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in "effsky ;"
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in "offsky."

And Platoff he played them off,
And Shouvaloff he shoveled them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Krosnoff he crossed them off,
And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off,
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,—
A name which you all know by sight very
well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can
spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might ;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather parlez-vous than fight :
But he looked white, and he looked blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that
hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power ;
For him who, while Europe crouched under
his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his
God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night ;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in ;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so
blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away—I tell you true—
Upon the road from Moscow.
"'Tis myself," quoth he, "I must mind most ;
So the Devil may take the hindmost."

Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow ;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Muscovy ;

And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host;
He has reckoned too long without him.
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow.

KESWICK, 1813. SOUTHEY.

The French Army Retreating from Moscow.

MAGNIFICENCE of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invaders pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now?
A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood,
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangor rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

GEORGE CROLY.

BONAPARTE.

HE thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman!—to chain with chains, and bind with bands
That island queen that sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shatter'd spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him: late he learned humility
Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled with briers.

TENNYSON.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;

But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north
Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.



AFTER CULLODEN: REBEL HUNTING.
(Painted by Seymour Lucas. Royal Academy, 1884. Chantrey Bequest.)

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!

But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaited and plumed in their tartan array——.

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight,
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
But where is the iron-bound prisoner?—where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

NEWS of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who shall bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant king?
All last night we watch'd the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the open'd war,
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle? Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are open'd;
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in batter'd harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollow'd?
Is it weal or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doff'd his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couch'd a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a lord
Who brook'd no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,—
For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel,
All keen to do and dare;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face:
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying, "That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquer'd,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay, ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steep'd in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs, I charge you, keep it holy;
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror, sweeping on—
"Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—
O Great God, King James is gone!
Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou who erst did lose thy Son!
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,

Surely some will come again!"
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shatter'd stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

But within the Council Chamber
All was silent as the grave,
Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
Shook the bosoms of the brave.
Well indeed might they be shaken
With the weight of such a blow.
He was gone—their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshipp'd so!
Like a knell of death and judgment
Rung from heaven by angel hand,
Fell the words of desolation
On the elders of the land.
Hoary heads were bow'd and trembling,
Wither'd hands were clasp'd and wrung;
God had left the old and feeble,
He had ta'en away the young.

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perill'd but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou needst not tell it: he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray?
For, by the might of Mary!
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell!"

"No one fail'd him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
Whom ye sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his Monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gather'd
Round a grim and ghastly wall!
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dare not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our Monarch,
Clenching still his shiver'd sword;
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a Southron lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stoop'd and took the banner,
As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growl'd the thunder,
As I leap'd the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden like a pall."

So he ended. And the others
Cared not any answer then;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring wildly on the spray.
But, without, the maddening tumult
Waxes ever more and more,
And the crowd of wailing women
Gather round the council-door.
Every dusky spire is ringing
With a dull and hollow knell,
And the Miserere's singing
To the tolling of the bell.
Through the streets the burghers hurry,
Spreading terror as they go;
And the rampart's throng'd with watchers
For the coming of the foe.
From each mountain-top a pillar
Streams into the torpid air,
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host is there.
All without is flight and terror,
All within is woe and fear—
God protect thee, Maiden City,
For thy latest hour is near!

No! not yet, thou high Dunedin!
Shalt thou totter to thy fall;
Though thy bravest and thy strongest
Are not there to man the wall.
No, not yet! the ancient spirit
Of our fathers hath not gone;
Take it to thee as a buckler
Better far than steel or stone.
Oh, remember those who perish'd
For thy birthright at the time
When to be a Scot was treason,
And to side with Wallace crime!
Have they not a voice among us,
Whilst their hallow'd dust is here?
Hear ye not a summons sounding
From each buried warrior's bier?
Up!—they say—and keep the freedom
Which we won you long ago;
Up! and keep our graves unsullied
From the insults of the foe!
Up! and if ye cannot save them,
Come to us in blood and fire:
Midst the crash of falling turrets
Let the last of Scots expire!

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
And the cry comes louder in;
Mothers wailing for their children,
Sisters for their slaughter'd kin.
All is terror and disorder;
Till the Provost rises up,
Calm as though he had not tasted
Of the fell and bitter cup.
All so stately from his sorrow,
Rose the old undaunted chief,
That you had not deem'd, to see him,
His was more than common grief.
"Rouse ye, sirs!" he said; "we may not
Longer mourn for what is done;
If our King be taken from us,
We are left to guard his son.
We have sworn to keep the city
From the foe, whate'er they be,
And the oath that we have taken
Never shall be broke by me.
Death is nearer to us, brethren,
Than it seem'd to those who died,
Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
By their lord and master's side.
Let us meet it, then, in patience,
Not in terror or in fear;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,
Let our souls be steadfast here.
Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do;
Up! and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true!
Gather all our scatter'd people,
Fling the banner out once more,—
Randolph Murray! do thou bear it,
As it erst was borne before:
Never Scottish heart will leave it,
When they see their Monarch's gore!

"Let them cease that dismal knelling!
It is time enough to ring
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
Stoops to ruin like its King.
Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terror or alarm;
When they next are heard to thunder,
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women leave their wailing—
Do they think that woeful strain,
From the bloody heaps of Flodden
Can redeem their dearest slain?
Bid them cease,—or rather hasten
To the churches every one;
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her anointed Son,
That the thunderbolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet;
That in fire and blood and rapine
Scotland's glory may not set.
Let them pray,—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer!—
England's yeoman shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No! if we are doom'd to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall,
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to whelm us all!
Never shall the ruthless spoiler
Lay his hot insulting hand
On the sisters of our heroes,
Whilst we bear a torch or brand!
Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,—
But when next ye hear the bell
Sounding forth the sullen summons
That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
Once more see each other's face;
Then, like men that need not tremble,
Go to our appointed place.
God, our Father, will not fail us
In that last tremendous hour—
If all other bulwarks crumble,
He will be our strength and tower:
Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
Bellow o'er the sinking town;
There is yet one place of shelter,
Where the foeman cannot come,
Where the summons never sounded
Of the trumpet or the drum.
There again we'll meet our children,
Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,

For their King and for their country
Render'd up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge,
With our dear departed brave;
And the ashes of the city
Be our universal grave!"

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.



THE SOULIOTE WIVES: "LES FEMMES SOULIOTES."

(*Painted by Ary Scheffer.*)

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

It is related, in a French life of Ali Pasha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into the mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves with their children into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky;
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman's armor shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son;
They had heaped high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come;
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Naught but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirred,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild?
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low:
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swelled the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!
He, too, hath blessed thee, as I have done!
Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore:—
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er!

HEMANS.

VICTIMS OF HISTORY.

ONE year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day through the stony streets the tumbrils now jolted heavily, filled with condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired and grey: youths; stalwart men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons and carried to her through the streets to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, equality, fraternity or death;—the last, much the easiest to bestow, O Guillotine!

If the suddenness of her calamity and the whirling wheels of the time had stunned the doctor's daughter into awaiting the result in idle despair, it would have been with her as it was with many. But, from the hour when she had taken the white head to her fresh young bosom in the garret of Saint Antoine, she had been true to her duties. She was truest to them in the season of trial, as all the quietly loyal and good will always be.

As soon as they were established in their new residence, and her father had entered on the routine of his avocations, she arranged the little household as exactly as if her husband had been there. Everything had its appointed place and its appointed time. Little Lucie she taught as regularly as if they had all been united in their English home. The slight devices with which she cheated herself into the show of a belief that they would soon be reunited—the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chairs and his books—these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death—were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind.

She did not greatly alter in appearance. The plain dark dresses, akin to mourning dresses, which she and her child wore, were as neat and as well attended to as



347 VICTIMS OF HISTORY. *Painted by Paul Svedomsky. Salon, 1880.*

the brighter clothes of happy days. She lost her color, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional, thing; otherwise she remained very pretty and comely. Sometimes, at night on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day, and would say that her sole reliance, under heaven, was on him. He always resolutely answered: "Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge, and I know that I can save him, Lucie."

They had not made the round of their changed life, many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home one evening:

"My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it—which depends on many uncertainties and incidents—he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child, and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition."

"O show me the place, my father, and I will go there every day."

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two, she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times she was alone; but she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning was the only house at that end; all else was wall. On the third day of her being there he noticed her.

"Good-day, citizeness."

"Good-day, citizen."

This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago among the more thorough patriots, but was now law for everybody.

"Walking here again, citizeness?"

"You see me, citizen!"

The wood-sawyer, who was a little man with a redundancy of gesture (he had once been a mender of roads), cast a glance at the prison, pointed at the prison, and putting his ten fingers before his face to represent bars, peeped through them jocosely.

"But its not my business," said he. And went on sawing his wood.

Next day he was looking out for her, and accosted her the moment she appeared.

"What! Walking here again, citizeness?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! A child, too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?"

"Do I say yes, mamma?" whispered little Lucie, drawing close to her.

"Yes, dearest."

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! But it's not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my Little Guillotine. La, la, la; la, la, la! And off his head comes!"

The billet fell as he spoke, and he threw it into a basket.

"I call myself the Samson of the firewood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; loo, loo, loo! And off *her* head comes! Now, a child. Tickle, tickle; pickle, pickle! And off *its* head comes. All the family!"

Lucie shuddered as he threw two more billets into his basket, but it was impossible to be there while the wood-sawyer was at work and not be in his sight. Thenceforth, to secure his good-will, she always spoke to him first, and often gave him drink-money, which he readily received.

He was an inquisitive fellow, and sometimes when she had quite forgotten him in gazing at the prison roof and grates, and in lifting her heart up to her husband, she would come to herself to find him looking at her, with his knee on his bench and his saw stopped in its work. "But it's not my business!" he would generally say at those times, and would briskly fall to his sawing again.

In all weathers, in the snow and frost of winter, in the bitter winds of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn, and again in the snow and frost of winter, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place; and every day, on leaving it, she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be once in five or six times; it might be twice or thrice running; it might be not for a week or a fortnight together. It was enough that he could and did see her when the chances served, and on that possibility she would have waited out the day, seven days a week.

These occupations brought her round to the December month, wherein her father walked among the terrors with a steady head. On a lightly-snowing afternoon she arrived at the usual corner. It was a day of some wild rejoicing, and a festival. She had seen the houses, as she came along, decorated with little pikes, and with little red caps stuck upon them; also, with tricolored ribbons; also, with the standard inscription (tricolored letters were the favorite), Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or Death!

The miserable shop of the wood-sawyer was so small that its whole surface furnished very indifferent space for this legend. He had got somebody to scrawl it up for him, however, who had squeezed Death in with most inappropriate difficulty. On his house-top he displayed pike and cap, as a good citizen must, and in a window he had stationed his saw, inscribed as his "Little Sainte Guillotine"—for the great sharp female was by that time properly canonized. His shop was shut and he was not there, which was a relief to Lucie, and left her quite alone.

But he was not far off, for presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along which filled her with fear. A moment afterwards, and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer, hand in hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time, that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as hazard had brought them together. At first they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woolen rags; but as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down, the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together: then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned

until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the time afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way, and with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport—a something, once innocent, delivered over to all deviltry—a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed time.

This was the Carmagnole. As it passed, leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the doorway of the wood-sawyer's house, the feathery snow fell as quietly and lay as white and soft as if it had never been.

"O, my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad sight."

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened! Not one of them would harm you."

"I am not frightened for myself, my father. But when I think of my husband, and the mercies of these people——"

"We will set him above their mercies, very soon. I left him climbing to the window, and I came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand towards that highest shelving roof."

"I do so, father, and I send him my soul with it!"

"You cannot see him, my poor dear?"

"No, father," said Lucie, yearning and weeping as she kissed her hand, "no."

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge. "I salute you, citizeness," from the doctor. "I salute you, citizen." This in passing. Nothing more. Madame Defarge gone, like a shadow over the white road.

"Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness and courage, for his sake. That was well done;" they had left the spot; "it shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow!"





THE DELUGE.

(*Painted by Nicolas Poussin.*)

THE DELUGE.

AT length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways: he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs, or festivals; and to them preached
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent;
But all in vain! Which when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off:
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length and breadth, and height;
Smeared round with pitch; and in the side a door
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large,
For man and beast: when lo! a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens, and pairs; and entered in, as taught
Their order: last the sire, and his three sons
With their four wives: and God made fast the door.

Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black wings,
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven: the hills, to their supply,
Vapor and exhalation, dusk and moist,
Sent up amain. And now the thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood: down rushed the rain
Impetuous; and continued, till the earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water rolled: sea covered sea,
Sea without shore: and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped
And stabled: of mankind (so numerous late)
All left, in one small bottom swum embarked.

MILTON.

GLIMPSES OF NATURE.

THERE is but one book of Genius—Nature.

MADAME DELUSEY.

Nature—the Gentile's Bible.

GOULBURN.

Nature and all in it exists and perishes, and satisfies only so far as spirit reveals itself within. Nature is the garb of spirit, sometimes seen in rags, sometimes clothed in the royal garments of majesty. But nature is never more than a covering, a form, a type, a perishable image of an imperishable Being.

SCHENKEL.

Nature is man's best teacher, she unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence; she is wisdom's self.

STREET.



THE SHEPHERD.

(Painted by Charles Green Engraved by M. Knight.)

THE SHEPHERD.

AH, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feels distress, the most assailed,
Feeble, defenceless; lenient be thy care,
But spread around thy tenderest diligence
In flowery spring-time, when the new-dropped lamb,
Tottering with weakness, by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock or furrow, trips his feeble feet.
Oh! guard his meek, sweet innocence from all
Th' numerous ills that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and tallons prone,



SHEPHERDS OF ARCADIA.
(Painted by Nicolas Poussin.)

Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake—
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbor's dog, nor earth, nor sky;
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide;
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promised food; and of the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning; to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk;—
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable actions learn in sport.
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle the little croft with daisy flowers;
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills.

JOHN DYER.

THE POACHER.

WELCOME, grave stranger, to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!
Thrice welcome, sage, whose philosophic plan
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls;
O'er court and customhouse his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings!
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind;
Thine eye, applausive, each sly vermin sees,
That balks the snare, yet battens on the cheese;
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,



THE POACHERS SURPRISED (*From the Picture by Hugo Kaufmann.*)

Our buck-skinned justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain:
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou marked, with grief, fair London's race,
Mocked with the boon of one poor Easter chase,
And longed to send them forth as free as when
Poured o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismayed
On every covey fired a bold brigade—
La Douce Humanite approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt.
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echoed *Vive la Liberte!*
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added links resumes his chain;
Then, since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come, view with me a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek ye yon glades, where the proud oak o'er-tops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patched with ruddy sand:
And lonely on the waste the ewe is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce-marked path descends yon dingle deep.
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel formed for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day;
Though placed where still the Conqueror's hests o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law;
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barred Labrador.
Approach, and through the unlatticed window peep—
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk 'mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand;
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
His pilfered powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filched lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That, while his sermon's dry, his walls are wet).
The fish-spear barbed, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides and pheasant-plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare;
Bartered for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight,[1] run when moon was none,
And late-snatched spoils lie stowed in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturbed are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain:
For short and scant the breath each effort draws
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth stretched,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsions twitched,
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of dire import—watchword, threat and oath.
Though, stupefied by toil, and drugged with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now piles on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismayed.—

"Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eyeballs, and that wildered air,
Signs of compunction for a murdered hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?"—

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar;
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once:—the lightest heart
That ever played on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.

[1] A cant name for smuggled spirits.

Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
"'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had had the same, some thirty years before."

But he, whose humors spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke.
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren, or excise,
With sterner felons trained to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then,—as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue balked, or pilfered game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howled the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renewed her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walked his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The waning moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam:
The old Oak stooped his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couched amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watched the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpowered at length the Outlaw drew his knife!
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

WALTER SCOTT.





THE PLEIADES.

(Painted by Elihu Vedder. From the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.)

THE LOST PLEIAD.

"Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below."—BYRON.

AND is there glory from the heavens departed?
O void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!

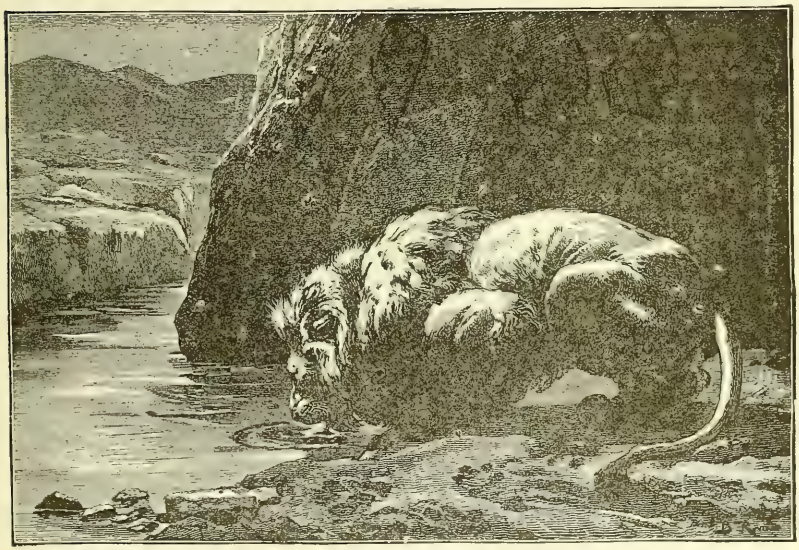
Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence—
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
Even as a dew-drop from thy myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who should talk of thrones, of spectres riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think on what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

HEMANS.



THE KING DRINKS.

(*From the Picture by Briton Riviere, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.*)

THE LION'S RIDE.

THE lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim chief;
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.
At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er

With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends home
through the lone karroo;
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by
the stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste—what see
ye? The giraffe,
Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid
lymph to quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he
kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the
foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound, a roar, a bound—the lion sits
astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so
ride?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider
sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged
with ravenous greed;
His tawny main is tossing round the withers of
the steed.
Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and
surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard
flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across
the moonlit plain!
As from their sockets they would burst, his glar-
ing eye-balls strain;
In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast
his life is fleeting;
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumult-
uous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the
path of Israel traced—
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of
the waste—
From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout
from ocean,
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the
courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture
whirs on high:
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce
and sly,
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join
in the horrid race;
By the footprints wet with gore and sweat, their
monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with
fear, the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cush-
ion's painted pile.
On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and
strength remain!
The steed by such a rider backed may madly
plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and
breathes his last;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the
rider's fell repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is
descried:
Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of
beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so
sweet
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

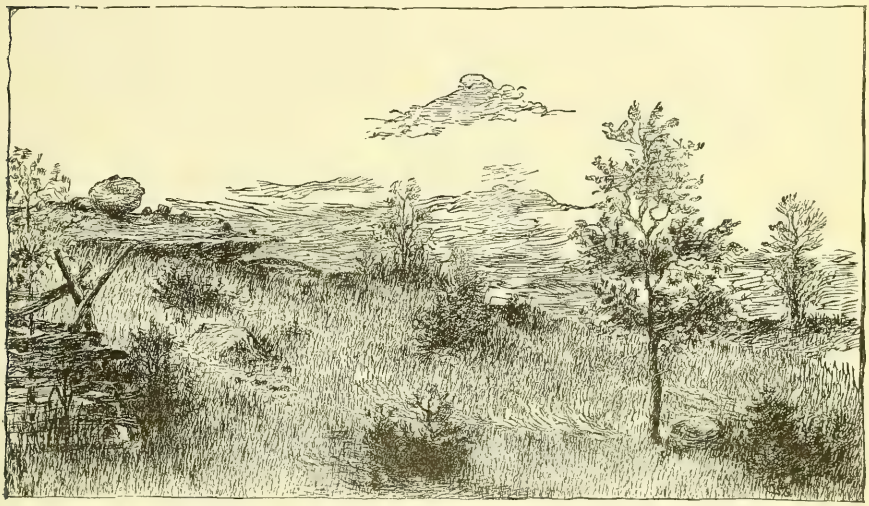
Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best:
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

SOLITUDE.

OH, ye kindly nymphs, who dwell 'mongst the rocks and the thickets,
Grant unto each whatsoever he may in silence desire!
Comfort impart to the mourner, and give to the doubter instruction,
And let the lover rejoice, finding the bliss that he craves.
For from the gods ye received what they ever denied unto mortals,
Power to comfort and aid all who in you may confide.

GOETHE.



THE HILLSIDE PASTURE.

SOLITUDE.

'TIS night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy?
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desperate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!

None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been,
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot;
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

BYRON.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Described in rhymes for the nursery.

"HOW does the Water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon, at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the Water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing,
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.
From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For awhile till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The Cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,

And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar;
And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

KESWICK, 1820. SOUTHEY.

Robert the Rhymer's True and Particular Account of Himself.

ROBERT the Rhymer, who lives at the Lakes,
Describes himself thus to prevent mistakes;
Or rather, perhaps, be it said, to correct them,
There being plenty about for those who collect them.
He is lean of body, and lank of limb;
The man must walk fast who would overtake him.
His eyes are not yet much the worse for the wear,
And time has not thinned nor straightened his hair,
Notwithstanding that now he is more than half-way
On the road from Grizzle to Gray.
He hath a long nose with a bending ridge;
It might be worthy of notice on Strasburg Bridge.
He sings like a lark when at morn he arises,
And when evening comes he nightingalizes,
Warbling house-notes wild from throat and gizzard
Which reach from A to G, and from G to Izzard.
His voice is as good as when he was young,
And he has teeth enough left to keep in his tongue.
A man he is by nature merry,
Somewhat Tom-foolish, and comical, very;
Who has gone through the world, not mindful of pelf,
Upon easy terms, thank heaven, with himself,
Along by-paths and in pleasant ways,
Caring as little for censure as praise;
Having some friends whom he loves dearly,
And no lack of foes, whom he laughs at sincerely,
And never for great nor for little things
Has he fretted his guts to fiddle-strings:
He might have made them by such folly
Most musical, most melancholy.

SOUTHEY.

THE RHINE.

'TWAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the clusters of the bending vine)
Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted:—varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
As some gray convent-wall or glistening spire
Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow!
Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like Despair,
Frowns the bleak cliff! There on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.



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AT BAY. *(From the Picture by Benno Adam.)*

THE BOAR HUNT.

(QUENTIN DURWARD.)

THE King's horn rung merrily through the woods as he pushed forward on the chase, followed by two or three of his guards, amongst whom was Quentin Durward. And here it was remarkable that, even in the keen prosecution of his favorite sport, the King, in indulgence of his caustic disposition, found leisure to amuse himself by tormenting Cardinal Balue.

It was one of that able statesman's weaknesses to suppose himself, though of low rank and limited education, qualified to play the courtier and man of gallantry. He did not, indeed, actually enter the lists of chivalrous combat like Becket, or levy soldiers like Wolsey. But gallantry, in which they also were proficients, was his professed pursuit; and he likewise affected great fondness for the martial amusement of the chase. Yet, however well he might succeed with certain ladies to whom his power, his wealth and his influence as a statesman might atone for deficiencies in appearance and manners, the gallant horses, which he purchased at almost any price, were totally insensible to the dignity of carrying a Cardinal, and paid no more respect to him than they would have done to his father, the carter, miller or tailor, whom he rivaled in horsemanship. The King knew this, and, by alternately exciting and checking his own horse, brought that of the Cardinal, whom he kept close by his side, into such a state of mutiny against his rider that it became apparent they must soon part company; and then, in the midst of its starting, bolting, rearing and lashing out, alternately, the royal tormentor rendered the rider miserable by questioning him upon many affairs of importance, and hinting his purpose to take that opportunity of communicating to him some of those secrets of state which the Cardinal had but a little while before seemed so anxious to learn.

A more awkward situation could hardly be imagined than that of a privy-councillor forced to listen to and reply to his sovereign, while each fresh gambade of his unmanageable horse placed him in a new and more precarious attitude—his violet robe flying loose in every direction, and nothing securing him from an instant and perilous fall save the depth of the saddle, and its height before and behind. Dunois laughed without restraint; while the King, who had a private mode of enjoying his jest inwardly without laughing aloud, mildly rebuked his minister on his eager passion for the chase, which would not permit him to dedicate a few moments to business. "I will no longer be your hindrance to a course," continued he, addressing the terrified Cardinal, and giving his own horse the rein at the same time.

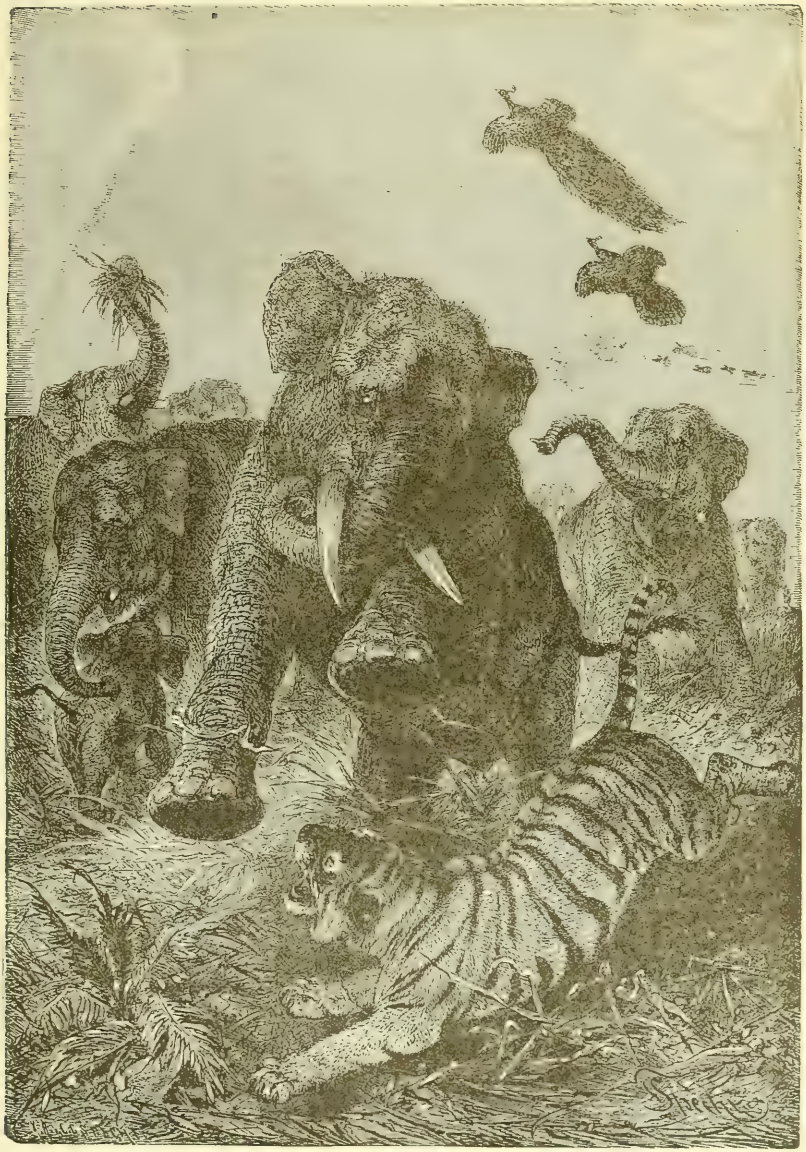
Before Balue could utter a word by way of answer or apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrolable gallop, soon leaving behind the King and Dunois, who followed at a more regulated pace, enjoying the statesman's distressed predicament. If any of our readers has chanced to be run away with in his time (as we ourselves have been in ours), he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril and absurdity of the situation. Those four limbs of the quadruped, which, no way under the rider's control, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindermost meant to overtake the foremost—those clinging legs of the biped which we so often wish

safely planted on the greensward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal's sides—the hands which have forsaken the bridle for the mane—the body which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, or stooping forward like a jockey's at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched upon the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn—combine to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibitor. But add to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier—a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume,—and let the scene of action be a race-course, a review, a procession, or any other place of concourse and public display, and if the poor wight would escape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite anything like serious sympathy. On the present occasion, the short violet-colored gown of the Cardinal, which he used as a riding-dress (having changed his long robes before he left the Castle), his scarlet stockings and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship.

The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hands, flew rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeomen prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear,—having ridden down several dogs and greatly confused the chase,—animated by the clamorous expostulation and threats of the huntsmen, carried the terrified Cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. Balue, on beholding himself so near the boar, set up a dreadful cry for help, which, or perhaps the sight of the boar, produced such an effect on his horse that the animal interrupted its headlong career by suddenly springing to one side, so that the Cardinal, who had long kept his seat only because the motion was straight forward, now fell heavily to the ground. The conclusion of Balue's chase took place so near the boar that, had not the animal been at that moment too much engaged about his own affairs, the vicinity might have proved as fatal to the Cardinal as it is said to have done to Favila, King of the Visigoths, of Spain. The powerful churchman got off, however, for the fright, and, crawling as hastily as he could out of the way of hounds and huntsmen, saw the whole chase sweep by him without affording him assistance; for hunters in those days were as little moved by sympathy for such misfortunes as they are in our own.

The King, as he passed, said to Dunois, "Yonder lies his Eminence low enough—he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher (when a secret is to be caught) he may match Saint Peter himself. He has, however, for once, I think, met his match."

The Cardinal did not hear the words, but the scornful look with which they were spoken led him to suspect their general import. The devil is said to seize such opportunities of temptation as was now afforded by the passions of Balue, bitterly moved as they had been by the scorn of the King. The momentary fright was over so soon as he had assured himself that his fall was harmless; but mortified vanity, and resentment against his sovereign, had a much longer influence on his feelings.



In the Jungle.

After all the chase had passed him, a single cavalier, who seemed rather to be a spectator than a partaker of the sport, rode up with one or two attendants, and expressed no small surprise to find the Cardinal upon the ground without a horse or attendants, and in such a plight as plainly showed the nature of the accident which had placed him there. To dismount and offer his assistance in this predicament—to cause one of his attendants resign a staid and quiet palfrey for the Cardinal's use—to express his surprise at the customs of the French Court, which thus permitted them to abandon to the dangers of the chase and forsake in his need their wisest statesman, were the natural modes of assistance and consolation which so strange a rencontre supplied.

In the meanwhile Louis, who, though the most politic Prince of his time, upon this, as on other occasions, had suffered his passions to interfere with his prudence, followed contentedly the chase of the wild boar, which was now come to an interesting point. It had so happened that a sounder (*i. e.*, in the language of the period, a boar of only two years old) had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in the pursuit of him all the dogs (except two or three couple of old staunch hounds), and a greater part of the huntsmen. The King saw, with internal glee, Dunois, as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight in the art of venerie, which was then thought as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed close on the hounds, so that, when the original boar turned to bay in a marshy piece of ground, there was no one near him but the King himself.

Louis showed all the bravery and expertness of an experienced huntsman; for, unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear; yet, as the horse shied from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort could prevail on the horse to charge a second time, so that the King, dismounting, advanced on foot against the furious animal, holding naked in his hand one of those short, sharp, straight and pointed swords which huntsmen used for such encounters. The boar instantly quitted the dogs to rush on his human enemy, while the King, taking his station and posting himself firmly, presented his sword with the purpose of aiming it at the boar's throat, or rather chest, within the collar-bone, in which case the weight of the beast and the impetuosity of its career, would have served to accelerate its own destruction; but, owing to the wetness of the ground, the King's foot slipped just as this delicate and perilous manœuvre ought to have been accomplished, so that the point of the sword encountering the cuirass of bristles on the outside of the creature's shoulder, glanced off without making any impression, and Louis fell flat on the ground. This was so far fortunate for the Monarch, because the animal, owing to the King's fall, missed his blow in his turn, and in passing only rent with his tusk the King's short hunting-cloak, instead of ripping up his thigh. But when, after running a little ahead in the fury of his course, the boar turned to repeat his attack on the King at the moment when he was rising, the life of Louis was in imminent danger. At this critical moment, Quentin Durward, who had been thrown out in the chase by the slowness of his horse, but who, nevertheless, had luckily distinguished and followed the blast of the King's horn, rode up and transfixed the animal with his spear.

The King, who had by this time recovered his feet, came in turn to Durward's assistance, and cut the animal's throat with his sword. Before speaking a word to Quentin, he measured the huge creature not only by paces, but even by feet—then wiped the sweat from his brow and the blood from his hands—then took off his hunting-cap, hung it on a bush, and devoutly made his orisons to the little leaden images which it contained—and at length, looking upon Durward, said to him, "Is it thou, my young Scot?—thou hast begun thy woodcraft well.—Why dost thou not speak? Thou hast lost thy forwardness and fire, methinks, at the Court, where others find both."

Quentin, as shrewd a youth as ever Scottish breeze breathed caution into, had imbibed more awe than confidence towards his dangerous master, and was far too wise to embrace the perilous permission of familiarity which he seemed thus invited to use, answered in very few and well-chosen words.

The King then winded his horn, which brought up Dunois and several attendants, whose compliments he received on the slaughter of such a noble animal without scrupling to appropriate a much greater share of merit than actually belonged to him; for he mentioned Durward's assistance as slightly as a sportsman of rank who, in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the gamekeeper. He then ordered Dunois to see that the boar's carcass was sent to the brotherhood of Saint Martin, at Tours, to mend their fare on holy days, and that they might remember the King in their devotions.

"And," said Louis, "who hath seen his Eminence, my Lord Cardinal? Methinks it were but poor courtesy and cold regard to Holy Church to leave him afoot here in the forest."

"May it please you, sire," said Quentin, when he saw that all were silent, "I saw his Lordship the Cardinal accommodated with a horse, on which he left the forest."

"Heaven cares for its own," replied the King. "Set forward to the Castle, my lords; we'll hunt no more this morning."

THE WIND.

THE wind went forth o'er land and sea,
Loud and free;
Foaming waves leapt up to meet it
Stately pines bowed down to greet it;
While the wailing sea
And the forest's murmured sigh
Joined the cry
Of the wind that swept o'er land and sea.

The wind that blew upon the sea
Fierce and free,
Cast the bark upon the shore,
Whence it sailed the night before
Full of hope and glee;
And the cry of pain and death
Was but a breath,
Through the wind that roared upon the sea.

The wind was whispering on the lea
Tenderly;
But the white rose felt it pass,
And the fragile stalks of grass
Shook with fear to see
All her trembling petals shed,
As it fled
So gently by,—the wind upon the lea.

Blow, thou wind, upon the sea
Fierce and free,
And a gentler message send,
Where frail flowers and grasses bend,
On the sunny lea;
For thy bidding still is one,
Be it done
In tenderness or wrath, on land or sea!

A. A. Proctor



THE STORM.

(Painted by Arnold Boecklin. By Permission of Count Schack.)

THE STORM.

THE tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky,—
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main ;—
Miserere Domine.
The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare ;
A cry goes up of great despair,—
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning winds and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window-pane :—
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,
Soft pillowed was the little head ;
"The storm will wake the child," they said :—
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father, save those at sea to-night!"—
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play,—
Gloria tibi Domine.

A. A. PROCTOR.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to the care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowl
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl ;
While trees, dim seen, in frenzied numbers tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten ; for, that instant, did appear
Large space (mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,
An azure disc—shield of tranquility ;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!

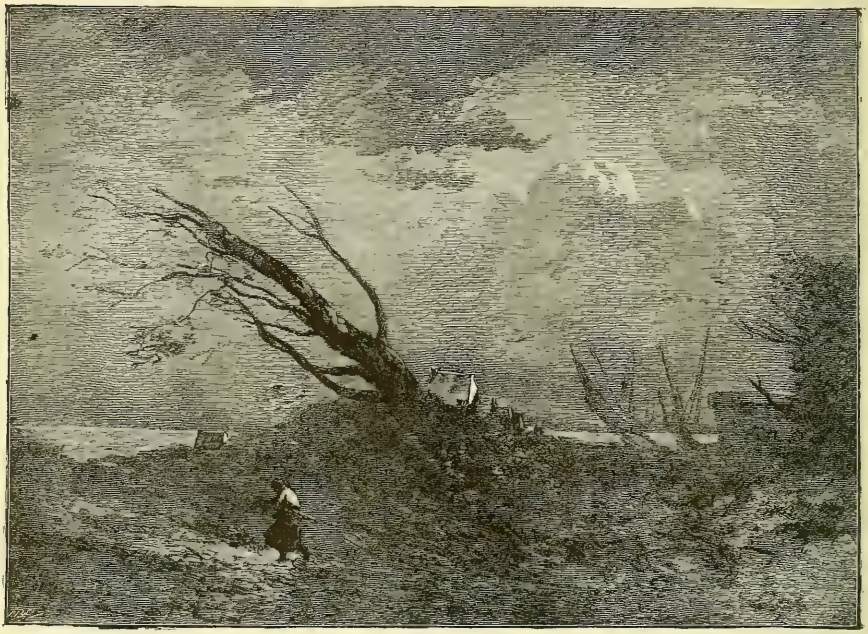
WORDSWORTH.

STORM IN AUTUMN.

DEFEATING oft the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn ;
But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed and naked to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force—
Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes, too, a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horison, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar ; and high above its bank
The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down : all that the winds had spared,
In one wild moment ruined : the big hopes,
And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scattered round,
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,

Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And, oh, be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

THOMSON.



THE STORM.

(Painted by J. B. Corot. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

THE HURRICANE.

LORD of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vain,
For the coming of the hurricane!

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray,
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,

And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air:
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

BRYANT.

CALM AND STORM ON LAKE LEMAN.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

* * * * *

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

LORD BYRON.

FROM LUCILE.

AFTER noontide, the clouds, which had traversed the east
Half the day, gather'd closer, and rose and increased.
The air changed and chill'd. As though out of the ground,
There ran up the trees a confused hissing sound,
And the wind rose. The guides sniff'd, like chamois, the air,
And look'd at each other, and halted, and there
Unbuckled the cloaks from the saddles. The white
Aspens rustled, and turn'd up their frail leaves in fright.
All announced the approach of a tempest.

Ere long
Thick darkness descended the mountains among;
And a vivid, vindictive, and serpentine flash
Gored the darkness, and shore it across with a gash.
The rain fell in large heavy drops. And anon
Broke the thunder.

The horses took fright, every one,
The Duke's in a moment was far out of sight.
The guides whoop'd. The band was obliged to alight,
And, dispersed up the perilous pathway, walk'd blind
To the darkness before from the darkness behind.

And the storm is abroad in the mountains!

He fills
The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more

Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud, whose reflection leaves vivid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
From invisible lands, o'er those black mountain ends;
He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wan mountain ash,
That clings to the rocks, with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear; then he blows his hoarse horn,
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error
Of mountain and mist.

There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-wing'd legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp splinter'd rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burn'd through them, the thunderbolt searching
Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now. Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms, that seem
To waver above, in the dark; and yon stream,
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white
And paralyzed lake there, appall'd at the sight
Of the things seen in heaven!

Through the darkness and awe
That had gather'd around him, Lord Alfred now saw,
Reveal'd in the fierce and evanishing glare
Of the lightning that momently pulsed through the air,
A woman alone on a shelf of the hill,
With her cheek coldly propp'd on her hand,—and as still
As the rock that she sat on, which beetled above
The black lake beneath her.

All terror, all love
Added speed to the instinct with which he rush'd on.
For one moment the blue lightning swathed the whole stone
In its lurid embrace: like the sleek dazzling snake
That encircles a sorceress, charm'd for her sake
And lull'd by her loveliness; fawning, it play'd
And caressingly twined round the feet and the head
Of the woman who sat there, undaunted and calm
As the soul of that solitude, listing the psalm
Of the plangent and laboring tempest roll slow
From the caldron of midnight and vapor below.
Next moment, from bastion to bastion, all round,
Of the siege-circled mountains, there tumbled the sound
Of the battering thunder's indefinite peal,
And Lord Alfred had sprung to the feet of Lucile.

She started. Once more with its flickering wand,
The lightning approach'd her. In terror, her hand
Alfred Vargrave had seized within his; and he felt
The light fingers that coldly and lingeringly dwelt
In the grasp of his own, tremble faintly.

Meanwhile
The sun, in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested: while far up the dim airy crags,
Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of night, which, now gathering afar,
Had already sent forward, one bright, signal star.

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE SEA.



TYPE of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till its pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.

DANA.

The twilight hours like birds flew by
As silently and free,
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea.
For every wave with dimpled cheek
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

B. W. PROCTOR.



A VISIT FROM THE SEA.

(Poem by Robert Louis Stevenson. Design by Miss Alice Havers.)

GRANDEUR OF THE OCEAN.



THE most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe belong to the ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean, when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it roll to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror; it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead. The tempest on land is impeded by forests and broken by mountains; but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan—his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore, and the watery gem which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek, amid their silent magnificence, his burial monument.

The islands, the continents, the shores of civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength. Over the majesty of its form and the marvel of its might time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now.

The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom float away to encircle the globe; on distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bounds, to their parent ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships and who do business on the great waters to see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

Let one go up upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious and unknown, will come upon

him with a power, all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man, also, has made the ocean the theatre of *his* power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first, this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail, at length, arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sunk from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is, at length, revealed to him, and his needle now settles, with a fixedness which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy, to the polar star.

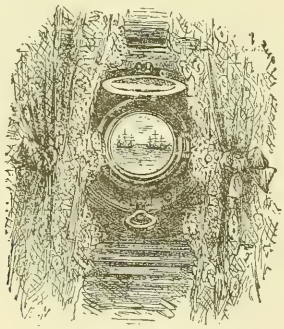
Now, however, he can dispense even with sail and wind and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and, through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid land, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of the world. In the gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia found a grave; and the crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino; while, at Trafalgar and the Nile, nations held their breath

> "As each gun
> From its adamantine lips,
> Spread a death-shade round the ships
> Like the hurricane's eclipse
> Of the sun."

But, of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps, is its transforming power on man. It unravels and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with feelings, associations and habits to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the sealed fountain of his nature and lifts his soul into features prominent as the cliffs which beetle over its surge.

Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to land. He will still move in his dreams over that vast waste of waters, still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All the other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element as the caged eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataract.

WALTER COLTON.



THE SEA IN CALM AND STORM.

VARIOUS and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms;
Its colors changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene
In limpid blue and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye!
Be it the summer noon; a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move
(For, heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends).
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide.

* * * * *

View now the winter storm! Above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud;
That unwieldy porpoise, through the day before,
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights, yet dreads, to roam
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change—the waves, so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.
Far off, the petrel, in the troubled way,
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.
Inshore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough, opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak, complaining cry;
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE WRECKED SHIP.

AND now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!

* * * * *

In vain the cords and axes are prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant hulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length, asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE WRECK.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship! brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven
Like floating gossamer.

We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas—
Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn,—
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away;
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strewn the wet sand o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze;
And gorgeous robes—but O, that shore
Had sadder things than these.



THE WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

—*Gericault.*

We saw the strong man still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died.
And near him on the sea-weed lay—
Till then we had not wept—
But well our gushing hearts might say
That there a mother slept.

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp;
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers hung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut, violet eye;
He had known little of her dread,
Naught of her agony.

O human love, whose yearning heart,
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon the mortal part
Its passionate adieu,
Surely thou hast another lot—
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The morning of the sea.

MRS. HEMANS.

MY SHIP—MY CAPTAIN.

I SAID, in the gladness of my heart—
Only a little while ago—
"A ship is hastening home from sea,
And her bonny captain is thinking of me,
And fast the good winds blow!"

So I watched the waves, and I watched the clouds,
Wandering down by the shore each day,
Till I longed for the sea-gulls' wings, that I
Over the billows swift might fly
To meet my love half-way.

Last night they whispered the ship had come—
My ship that was sailing over the sea;
And now in the morning's ruddy glow
They show me a ship that is lying low;
But what is that to me?

My ship was strong, and her crew were brave.
Her captain—ah!—was *my* captain, too,
And he promised to meet me safely here
Some day when the sea and sky were clear,
And when was *his* word untrue?

But this?—why, this is a battered thing,
And her crew, they tell me, are lost and dead!
My captain had always a kiss for me
When he came before from over the sea;
But there, 'neath yonder shed,

Lies one with a face so white and still,
And lips that never a word will speak;
And they say—alas! but I know—I know
My sailor would never lie silent so,
With my tears upon his cheek.

Oh! let me think that my ship will come,
So long I've waited, it must not be
That *this* is the way—so fast—too fast—
My ship, storm-driven, and wrecked at last,
Came over the waves to me!



LANDSCAPE. (RUYSDAEL.)

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

O MYSTERIOUS night!
Thou art not silent: many tongues hast thou!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Hail, holy light! Offspring of heav'n, first born!

MILTON.

Light! Nature's resplendent robe;
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In gloom.

THOMSON.

God said, "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away:
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'tis day! 'tis day!"
"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous clouds that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmured—"Light!"



AURORA AND PHŒBUS WITH THE HORÆ.

PHŒBUS ARISE.

PHŒBUS, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed
That she may thy career with roses spread:
The nightingales thy coming each where sing;
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates my hopes betray),
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penèus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
—The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;
Here is the pleasant place—
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!

W. DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

WHEN the mild weather came,
And set the sea on flame,
How often would I rise before the sun,
And from the mast behold
The gradual splendors of the sky unfold
Ere the first line of disc had yet begun,
Above the horizon's arc,
To show its flaming gold,
Across the purple dark!

One perfect dawn how well I recollect,
When the whole east was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist

Went up before the mounting luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to ope
As if to show a cope beyond the cope!

How reverently calm the ocean lay
At the bright birth of that celestial day!
How every little vapor, robed in state,
Would melt and dissipate
Before the augmenting ray,
Till the victorious orb rose unattended,
And every billow was his mirror splendid!

EPES SARGENT.



AURORA.

(From the Painting by W. A. Bouguereau, exhibited at the Salon, 1881.)

SONG OF AURORA.

LO! in the East arising
Behold, the crimson day
Breaks o'er the green earth smiling
With warm life-giving ray.
With joyful note the hunter's horn
Calls to the chase his joyous train,
And all the notes of gladsome morn
Aurora greets along the main.
Ah, world so bright,
Now hail the light,
Aurora calls.

In clouds of crimson sailing,
With banners all unfurled—
Herald of glorious day-beams,
I've coursed around the world.
The village bell, the hunter's horn,
Have each called forth its joyous train,
And all the notes of gladsome morn
Aurora greets along the main.
Ah, world so bright,
All hail the light,
Aurora calls.

J. S. C.

AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

LONE upon a mountain, the pine trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecay'd.
When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying,
Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Asked the midnight's silver queen.



DIANA AND ENDYMION.

(From the Picture by G. F. Watts, R. A.)

Never mortal eye has look'd upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourn'd for him as dead;
By day the gather'd clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful love's imploring;

Long has hope been watching with soft eyes
fix'd above;
When will the fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquish'd by much-enduring
love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watch'd untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Soften'd by the woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
And the poet's passionate world has enter'd in
his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first upheld the
mind's control.
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is
fated!
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air,
How long, how tenderly his goddess-love has waited!
Waited with a love too mighty for despair!
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing
flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is
bringing
Music that is murmur'd from nature's inmost
heart.
Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is
holy;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet
dreaming boy.
Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose toward the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his
own;
While the dark eyes open, bright, intense and burning
With a life more glorious than, ere they closed,
was known.
Yes, he has awaken'd
For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep strength
of truth—
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth?
'Tis for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted
few;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen!

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON MACLEAN.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unkown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ENDYMION.

HE was a Poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below,
And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet and slow,
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her one starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infants' eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate.
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

KEATS.

HAIL, HOLY LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of heaven first-born!
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!
* * * * *
For wonderful indeed are all His works.
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight!
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when, at His word, the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;
Till, at His second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.

JOHN MILTON.

DAWN.

THE night was dark, though sometimes a faint star
A little while a little space made bright.
Dark was the night, and like an iron bar
Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea
Slowly, within the East, there grew a light
Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be
The herald of a greater. The pale white
Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height
Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew
Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew
Straight toward the utmost boundary of the East
Where slowly the rose gathered and increased.
It was as on the opening of a door
By one who in his hand a lamp doth hold
(Its flame yet hidden by the garment's fold)—
The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean turned
Dark and more dark against the brightening sky—
Sharper against the sky the long sea line;
The hollows of the breakers on the shore
Were green like leaves, whereon no sun doth shine,
Though white the outer branches of the tree.
From rose to red the level heaven burned;
Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the ocean's rim.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

A SUMMER MORN.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield, and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O, for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due.
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty,
And held high converse with the god-like few
Who to the enraptured heart and ear and eye
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love and melody.

JAMES BEATTIE.



FAIR QUIET AND SWEET REST.

(From the Painting by Luke Fildes, A. R. A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1872. By permission of the Proprietors of the Graphic.)

EVENTIDE.

THE stream is calmer when it nears the tide,
And flowers all sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And Saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

O! when our sun is setting, may we glide
Like summer evening, down the golden tide—
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

MRS. J. M. WINTER.



MADE CAPTIVE.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

THUS in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.

DRYDEN.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nigtingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren;
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection.

SHAKESPEARE.

Human life and flower life are alike, mainly because both are phenomenal of progress. Thank God, the flower does fade. The leaf is not much—only the fruit, of which the leaf is but the precursor. The fruit, not the flower, is perfection.

IT IS THE SEASON

It is the season now to go
About the country high & low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy-land.

② The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Do meet along the hazel'd brook,
To pass and linger, pause and look.



③ A year ago and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared,
They kissed & quarrel'd, laughed & cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.



Her, whom with rude, uplifted hand
He did bethreaten or command—
Her, in a somewhat longer dress,
He now would tremble to caress.

④

⑤ Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops:
Now they exchange averted sighs,
Or stand & marry silent eyes.



⑥ And he to her a hero is,
And sweeter she than primroses:
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale & mavis are.

⑦ Now, when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.



SPRING PELTING AWAY WINTER.

(From the Painting by P. H. Calderon, R. A.)

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring?—Sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they, too, hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And penciling the wood-anemone:
Silent they seem; yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring—
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art:
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, O, there too much!—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus; yet, roused by thee,

What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see.
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanquished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—

Spring, 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
O, is it not that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes, gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

WINTER.



THE streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their homes; and the north-east blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered in stupid resignation the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want; and death in that despairing hour, losing its terrors, looked in the eyes of many a wretch a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and, in the deep humility of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

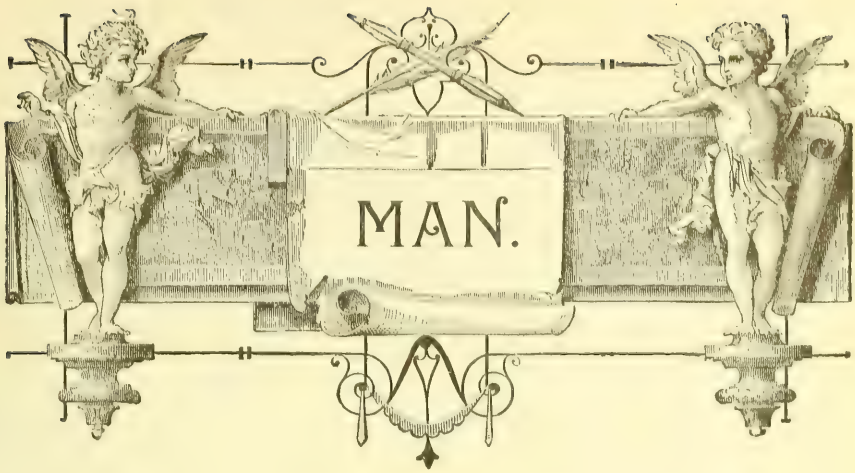
It was a time when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance; and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such wide-spread misery circled round him, he has all things fitting, all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand thousand starving creatures: in his very tenderness for misery, tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities, but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own wrath, with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possessions; all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around. When the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber because it is so bitter cold without, when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house; when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shows its true divinity, and, with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when in the cellars and garrets of the poor are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.





1. TRAITS OF CHARACTER.
2. HABITS OF MIND.
3. INCIDENTS OF LIFE.

HOW rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two.

NAPOLEON.

The finest fruit earth holds up to its maker is a finished man.

HUMBOLDT.

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature; but he is a reed that thinks. The universe need not rise in arms to crush him; a vapor, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be greater than the power which killed him; for he knows that he dies; and of the advantage which the universe has over him the universe knows nothing.

PASCHAL.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

THE Napoleonic test of character is success, and the final test of success is permanence.

AUSTIN PHELPS.

Sigh not the old heroic ages back;
The heroes were but brave and earnest men.
Do thou but hero-like pursue their track;
Striving, not sighing, brings them back again.

ANONYMOUS.

A man's collective dispositions constitute his character.

L. H. ATWATER.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, and render deformity itself agreeable.

ANONYMOUS.

Talent convinces, Genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent, the sunshine on the cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees of toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes,
Till to the earth in tears and glory given,
Clasps in her airy arch the pomp of heaven.

BULWER.



THE CAVALIER.

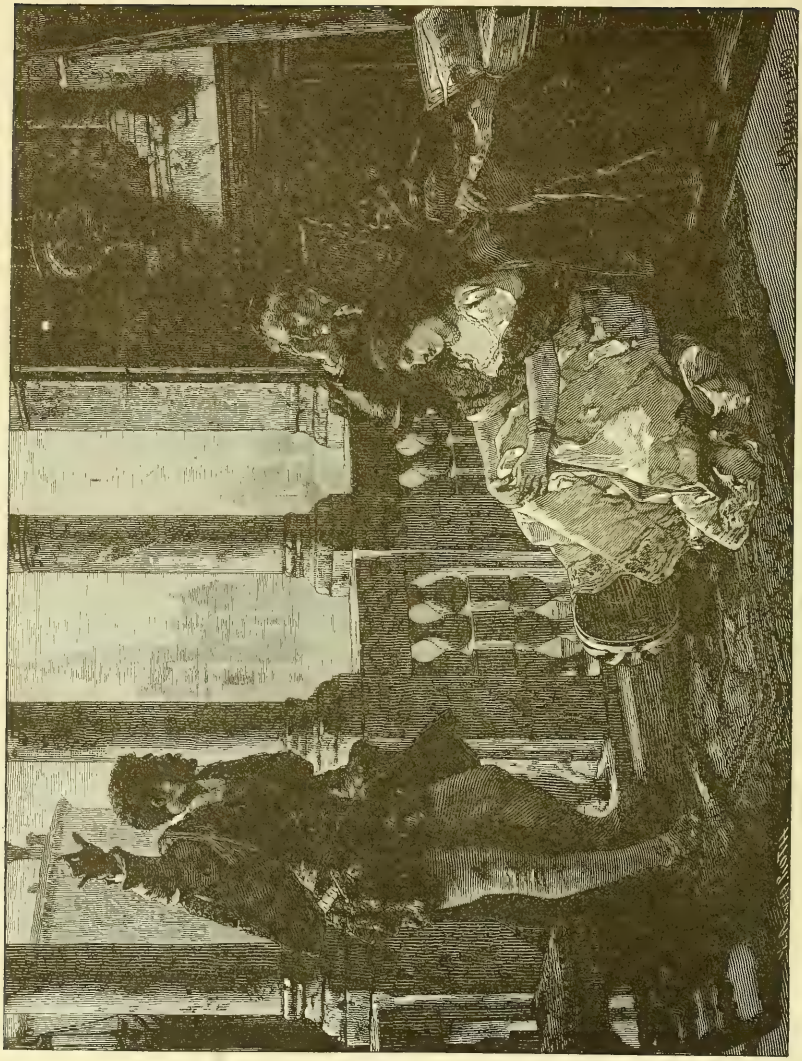
—*Wovermans.*

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED! a steed of matchless speed,
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come;
And oh the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war-cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, fame and honour, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



OTHELLO'S COURTSHIP.

Othello's Account of his Courtship of Desdemona.

[FROM OTHELLO.]



OST potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter with.

* * * * * *

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak;—such was the process;—
And of the cannibal's that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof my parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HENRY V BEFORE HARFLEUR.

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER *and* Soldiers, *with scaling-ladders.*

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon: let the brow e'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fat from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding—which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with all his host;* SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND.

GLOU. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

EXE. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge;
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

BED. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

EXE. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly today:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

BED. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

WEST. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. HEN. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss: and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian;'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

SHAKESPEARE.



THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.



WHY run so fast the hurtling crowd
Adown the long streets, roaring loud?
Is Rhodes on fire?—more fast the throng,
Wedg'd close and closer, storms along.
High o'er the train, he seems to lead,
Behold a Knight on warlike steed!
Behind is dragged a wondrous load;
Beneath what Monster groans the road?
With wide jaws like the crocodile,
In shape a Dragon to the sight,
All eyes in wonder gaze the while—
Now on the Monster, now the Knight.

A thousand voices shout in glee,
"This is the Dragon—come and see—
That did on herd and herdsmen feast,
And this the Knight who slew the beast.
Before him, in that dreadful strife,
Has many a champion ventured life,
But ne'er returned to mortal sight—
All honor to the victor Knight!"
So to the Convent Cloister all
The gathering crowd swept clamorous on;—
In haste convened within the hall,
Sate the vowed Knighthood of St. John.

Before the noble Master there,
The young Knight came with modest air;
The roaring crowd fill'd all the space
Beyond the rails that fenced the dais:
The Victor took the word, and spake,—
"The duty knights with knighthood take
Is done; and, slain beneath my hand,
Lies the Devourer of the land.
Safe is the traveler from to-day,
And safe the grazing herds repose,
Safe to the shrine of grace, his way
Along the rocks the pilgrim goes!"

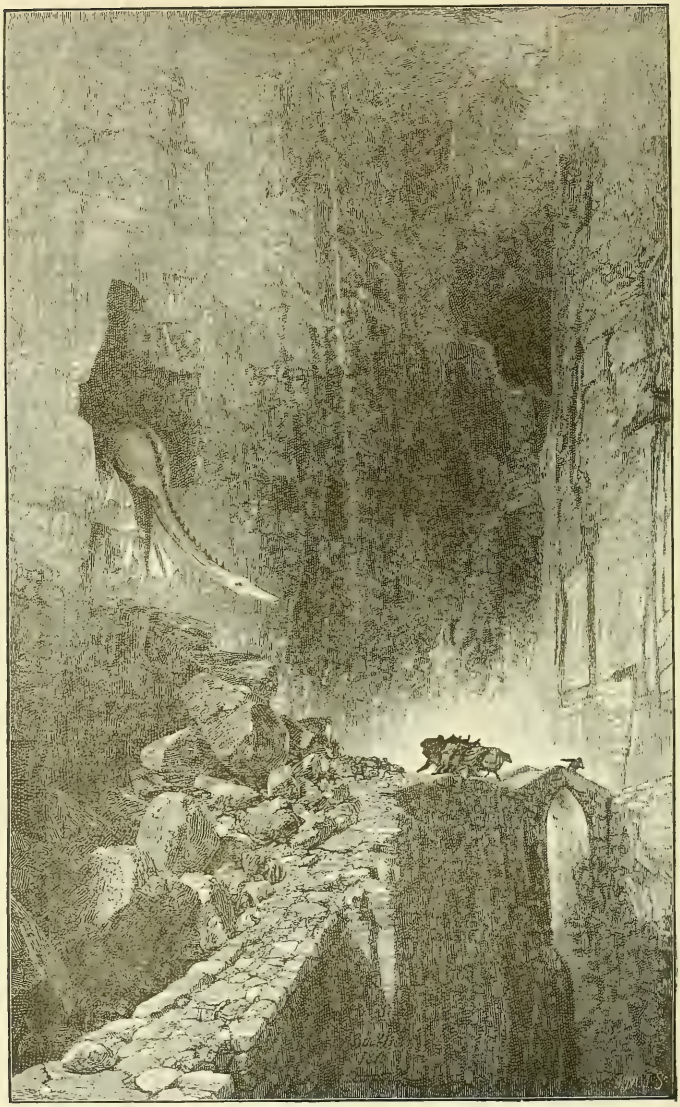
Stern look'd the Master,—"Thou hast done,"
He said, "a hero's deed, my son.
By valor knights are famous made;
A valiant soul thou hast display'd.
But to the knight, whose holier sword
Is vow'd to fight for Christ, our Lord,—
Who wears His cross—say, what is still
The first great law he must fulfill?"
All round grew pale;—with downcast head
Replied the Victor of the day—
"To him who wears the cross," he said,
"The first great law is—TO OBEY!"

"And yet that duty, son," replied
The chief, "methinks thou hast denied;
And in the encounter which our law
Forbade, hast dared thy sword to draw."
"Master, when all is told, decide,"
With steadfast tone, the knight replied:
"For I that law's true sense and will
But sought devoutly to fulfill.
Not blindly, with presumptuous heart,
Against the monster did I go;
But hoped, by strategem and art,
To wrest the victory from the foe.

"Five of our Order, whose renown
Flashed gem-like in Religion's crown,
Fell, rashly prodigal of life;—
'Twas then thy law forbade the strife.
Yet gloom was in my heart—desire
To share the conflict gnawed like fire:
In the still visions of the night,
Panting, I fought the fancied fight,
And when the morrow glimmering came,
With tales of ravage freshly done,
Indignant grief and fiery shame
Seized on me—and Resolve begun.

"And thus my inward musings ran—
What graces youth and honors man?
How lived the great in days of old,
Whose fame to time by bards is told—
Up to the Gods' renown and bliss
Raised by the blinded Heathenesse?
By deeds that prove the hero's worth,
They cleared from monster broods the earth—
They sought the lion in his den—
They battled with the Minotaur—
Nor grudged to shed their blood for men,
And save from death one victim more.

"'Is but the Saracen to feel
(Has *he* such worth!)—the Christian's steel?
Are we to idols only brave?
Or is our mission earth to save—
From every ill, and every harm,
Freed by the Christian's stalwart arm?
Yet wisdom must his valor lead,
And sage device should force precede.'
Thus oft I mused, and went alone
The fell Devourer's tracks to spy;



THE CAVE OF THE DRAGON.

(Painted by Arnold Böcklin. By Permission of Count Schack.)

I saw—and light upon me shone,
And 'Found, O Victory!' was my cry!

"Then, Prince, I sought thee with the prayer
To breathe once more my native air;
The license given— the ocean past—
I reached the shores of home at last.
Scarce hail'd the old beloved land,
Than huge, beneath the artist's hand,
To each well-mark'd dread feature true,
The Dragon's monster-model grew,
The dwarf'd, deformed limbs upbore
The lengthened body's ponderous load;
The scales the impervious surface wore,
Like links of burnish'd harness, glow'd.

"Far stretch'd the grisly neck; and fell
As are the gaping gates of hell,
You might the horrent jaws survey,
Wide oped, as if to snatch their prey.
The black mouth's gloomy deeps disclose
Grim fangs that threat in bristling rows.
The tongue a sword sharp-pointed seeming—
The deep, small eyes in sparkles gleaming.
Where the vast body ends, succeed
The serpent spires around it roll'd—
As if the rider and the steed
Alike in dreadful coils to fold.

"All to the hideous life was true,
Ev'n to the gray and ghastly hue;
It stood half-dragon and half snake,
As if spawn'd forth from poisonous lake.
And now began the mimic chase:
Two dogs I chose of noblest race,
That, fleet and fierce, ne'er turn'd before
The headlong rush of forest boar;
I trained them on the shape to spring,
As on a living foe to fly,
With fastening teeth to rend, and spring;—
And roused their rage with cheering cry.

"And where their gripe the best assails
The belly, left unsheath'd in scales,
I taught the dexterous hounds to hang,
And find the spot to fix the fang;
Whilst I, with lance and mailed garb,
Launch'd on the beast mine Arab barb.
From purest race that Arab came;
His fire my hand and voice inflame;
Beneath the sharp spur bounding fierce,
He fronts the beast in full career—
And there, as if the hide to pierce,
By turns I couch or hurl the spear.

"Though when the Monster first it eyed,
It champ'd the bit and swerved aside
Snorted and rear'd—and even they,
The fierce hounds, shrank with startled bay;
I ceased not, till, by custom bold,
After three tedious moons were told,
Both barb and hounds were train'd—nay, more,
Fierce for the fight;—then left the shore!
Three days have fleeted since I press'd
(Return'd at length) this welcome soil,
Nor once would lay my limbs to rest,
Till wrought the glorious crowning toil.

"It burn'd my heart within to know
New ravage done by that dread foe.
The bones of herdsmen, bleach'd and bare,
Lay round the hell-worm's swampy lair;—
Stung, on the sudden I depart,
Nor counsel take but from my heart;
And so my squires I call in speed,
Spring lightly on my proven steed,
Take my two gallant hounds, and by
Lone secret pathways gayly go,
To seek, unmark'd by human eye,
In its own deathful hold, the foe.

"Thou know'st the chapel glimmering o'er
The mountain rock, from ridges hoar;
Aloft it overlooks the isle—
Bold was the soul that built the pile.
Humble and mean, the sacred house
Contains a shrine miraculous—
Mother and Child, to whom of old
Came the Three Kings, we there behold.
By three times thirty steps must climb
The pilgrim to that steep abode,
To feel, in sudden strength sublime
Renewed, the Saviour's neighborhood.

"Yawns wide within that holy steep
A mighty cavern dark and deep—
Damp with the marsh dews, dim and dun,
And never lit by heavenly sun;
And there by night, and there by day,
The worm unguest and greeding lay,
Ever at watch, in darkness screen'd
Under God's House, —like Hell's own fiend.
And when along that path of woe
The pilgrim came, upon the way
Forth from its ambush rushed the foe,
And down, devouring, dragg'd the prey.

"I stood upon that rocky hight
Ere yet I dar'd the dreadful fight—
Before the Infant Christ within
I knelt, and purg'd my heart from sin.
The mantle white on holy ground,
Above my coat of mail I bound.
In my right hand I grasp'd my spear,
Then downward strode with conscience clear;
There to my squires I gave the heed
To wait in refuge safe behind;

Nimbly I vaulted on my steed,
And unto God my soul consign'd.

"The level plain before me lay—
Started the hounds with sudden bay—
Aghast the frighten'd charger slanting,
Refused the rein, and trembled, panting—
For curling there, in coiled fold,
The Unutterable Beast behold,
Lazily basking in the sun!
Forth sprang the dogs. The fight's begun.
But back the hounds, recoiling fast,
Before the jaws expanded fly,
Scared by the reeking poison-blast,
And the howl'd dismal jackal cry.

But quickly cheered, again they go,
And fasten fiercely on the foe—
While full against the monster's hide
I launch the spear—it slants aside
As harmless on the woven scale
As slender reed on coat of mail.
And ere I could renew the stroke
From rein and rule the charger broke—
That basilisk eye had spell'd the steed,
It felt the poisonous charnel breath—
Forsaken in my dreadest need,
Hope vanish'd, and I look'd on Death.

"But light and quick to earth I leapt;
Swift from the sheath my falchion swept;
Swift on that rock-like mail it plied—
The rock-like mail the sword defied:
The monster lash'd its mighty coil;
Down hurl'd, behold me on the soil.
O'er me the jaw's dark cavern hangs—
I feel the snap of those grim fangs,
When lo! the dogs—the flesh is found;
The scaleless parts their fury gain!
And the fell monster, writhing round,
Howls its immeasurable pain.

"No time to foil its fastening foes—
Light, as it writhed, I sprang, and rose;
The bare, unguarded place explor'd,—
And to the hilt I plunged the sword—
Up from the vitals sprang the blood,
Black-bubbling spouted forth the flood.
Then down it bore me in its fall;
Buried beneath that giant ball,
In dizzy swoon upon the ground
I lay:—till sense returns once more—
I see my squires that stand around,
And the dead dragon in its gore."

Then burst from every eager breast
The loud applause, so long suppress.
Scarcely the knight those words had spoken,
Than, on the vaulted rafters broken,
Times ten re-echoing and ascending,
Came the vast shout of thousands blending
As loud, the knights their voices raise,
"His brows be crown'd with wreaths of bays."
The crowd, in pomp, would lead him round,
From street to street his deed proclaim—
When the Grand Master sternly frown'd,
And calling silence, silence came.

And thus he spoke—"With valiant hand
Thou from the pest hast purged the land.
Let crowds their idol hail; in thee
A foe our Order can but see!
Thy breast has cherish'd to its bane
A worm more fell than Dragon slain—
The snake that poisons hearts within,
And breeds dissension, strife and sin.
The worm is WILL, superb and vain,
Which spurns at all restraints that bind—
Which sacred order rends in twain—
'Tis *that* which doth destroy mankind.

"The Turk from valor gains renown;
Obedience is the Christian's crown—
There, where from heaven descending, trod
In humblest guise the Saviour God,
Our fathers on that holy ground
Did first this knightly Order found,
That heaviest duty to fulfill,
By which we conquer strong self-will.
Our law thy thirst of glory broke—
Vain-glorious—from my sight depart.
Not he who scorns the Saviour's yoke
Should wear His cross upon the heart."

Then burst the angry roar of all,
As with a tempest shook the hall;
The noble Brethren plead for grace—
Mute stood the youth with downward face;
Laid by the robe and sacred band,
And meekly kissed the Master's hand,
And went—the Master mark'd him part—
"Return," he cried, "and to my heart:
The harder fight of Christ is won:
Here, take this cross—meet prize for thee—
Thou hast battled with thyself, my son,
And conquered—through HUMILITY!"

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

In the poem just presented to the reader, Schiller designed, as he wrote to Goethe, to depict the old Christian chivalry—half knightly, half monastic. The attempt is strikingly successful. Indeed, "The Fight of the Dragon" appears to me the most spirited and nervous of all Schiller's narrative poems, with the single exception of the "Diver;" and if its interest be less intense than that of the matchless "Diver," and its descriptions less poetically striking and

effective, its interior meaning or philosophical conception is at once more profound and more elevated. In the "Fight of the Dragon" is expressed the moral of that humility which consists in self-conquest—even merit may lead to vain-glory—and, after vanquishing the fiercest enemies without, Man has still to contend with his worst foe,—the pride or disobedience of his heart. "Every one," as a recent critic has remarked, "has more or less his own 'fight with the Dragon,'—his own double victory (without and within) to achieve." The origin of this poem is to be found in the Annals of the Order of Malta—and the details may be seen in Vertot's History. The date assigned to the conquest of the Dragon is 1342. Helion de Villeneuve was the name of the Grand Master—that of the Knight, Dieu-Donne de Gozon. Thevenot declares that the head of the monster (to whatever species it really belonged), or its effigies, was still placed over one of the gates of the city in his time. Dieu-Donne succeeded De Villeneuve as Grand Master, and on his grave-stone were inscribed the words, "Draconis Exstinctor."

SCHILLER—TRANSLATED BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTON.

THE WARRIOR TO HIS DEAD BRIDE.

IF in the fight my arm was strong,
And forced my foes to yield,—
If conquering and unhurt I came
Back from the battle-field,—
It is because thy prayers have been
My safeguard and my shield.

My comrades smile to see my arm
Spare or protect a foe,
They think thy gentle pleading voice
Was silenced long ago;
But pity and compassion, love,
Were taught me first by woe.

Thy heart, my own, still beats in heaven
With the same love divine
That made thee stoop to such a soul,
So hard, so stern as mine,—
My eyes have learnt to weep, beloved,
Since last they looked on thine.

I hear thee murmur words of peace
Through the dim midnight air,
And a calm falls from the angel stars
And sooths my great despair,—
The heavens themselves look brighter, love,
Since thy sweet soul is there.

And if my heart is once more calm,
My step is once more free,
It is because each hour I feel
Thou prayest still for me;
Because no fate or change can come
Between my soul and thee.

It is because my heart is stilled,
Not broken by despair,
Because I see the grave is bright,
And death itself is fair:—
I dread no more the wrath of heaven,—
I have an angel there!

A. A. PROCTOR.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THOUGH he lived and died among us,
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort,
Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress,—Truth;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering,
Marred the promise of his youth.

So he rode forth to defend her,
And her peerless worth proclaim;
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might;
Hard the blows and long the battle
Ere the monster took to flight.

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave;
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black sulphureous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
Custom, the old Giant, rose;
Yet he, too, at last was conquered
By the good Knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and, flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great king, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
And, though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph
Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing
Came the shouting round her throne;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hard-fought battle,
Slowly ebbed his life away,
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
Trampled on him where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned and reigning in her pride;
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

A. A. PROCTOR.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

OH, nobly shone the fearful Cross upon your mail afar,
When Rhodes and Acre hail'd your might, O lions of the war!
When leading many a pilgrim horde, through wastes of Syrian gloom;
Or standing with the Cherub's sword before the Holy Tomb.
Yet on your forms the apron seem'd a nobler armor far,
When by the sick man's bed ye stood, O lions of the war!
When ye, the high-born, bow'd your pride to tend the lowly weakness,
The duty, though it brought no fame, fulfill'd by Christian meekness—
Religion of the Cross, thou blend'st, as in a single flower,
The two-fold branches of the palm—HUMILITY AND POWER.

SCHILLER.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

[Written in the beginning of the year 1746.]

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

LOVE IN THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

FROM PEYRE VIDAL, THE TROUBADOUR.

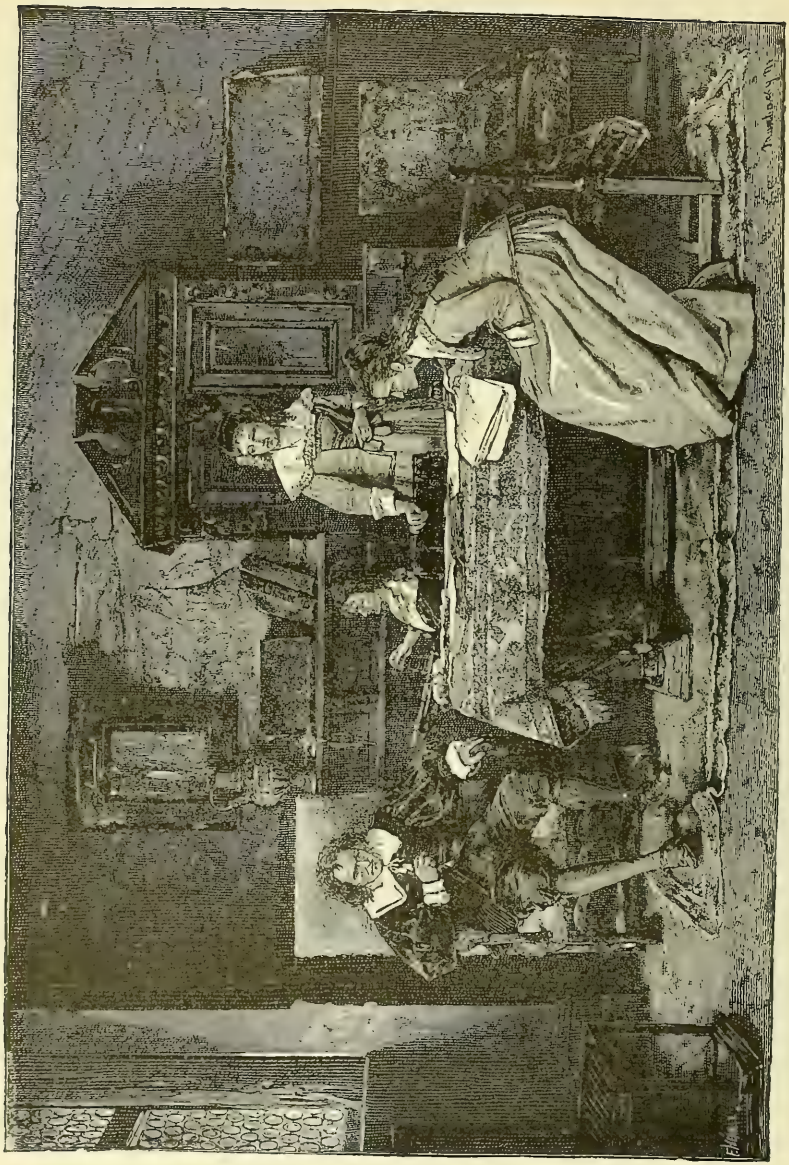
THE earth was sown with early flowers,
The heavens were blue and bright—
I met a youthful cavalier
As lovely as the light.
I knew him not—but in my heart
His graceful image lies,
And well I marked his open brow,
His sweet and tender eyes,
His ruddy lips that ever smiled,
His glittering teeth betwixt,
And flowing robe embroidered o'er,
With leaves and blossoms mixed,
He wore a chaplet of the rose:
His palfrey, white and sleek,
Was marked with many an ebon spot,
And many a purple streak:
Of jasper was his saddle-bow,
His housings sapphire stone,
And brightly in his stirrup glanced
The purple calcedon.
Fast rode the gallant cavalier,
As youthful horsemen ride;
"Peyre Vidal! know that I am Love,"
The blooming stranger cried;
"And this is Mercy by my side,
A dame of high degree;
This maid is Chastity," he said,
"This squire is Loyalty."

TRANS. BY W. C. BRYANT.



CHIVALRY.

(Painted by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A. — Royal Academy, 1885.)



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

(From the Picture by Michaël Munkacsy, contributed by Austria to the Paris International Exhibition of 1878.)

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are furthest, then art Thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see
Thyself,—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in that radiance from the sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen!

Visions come and go:
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

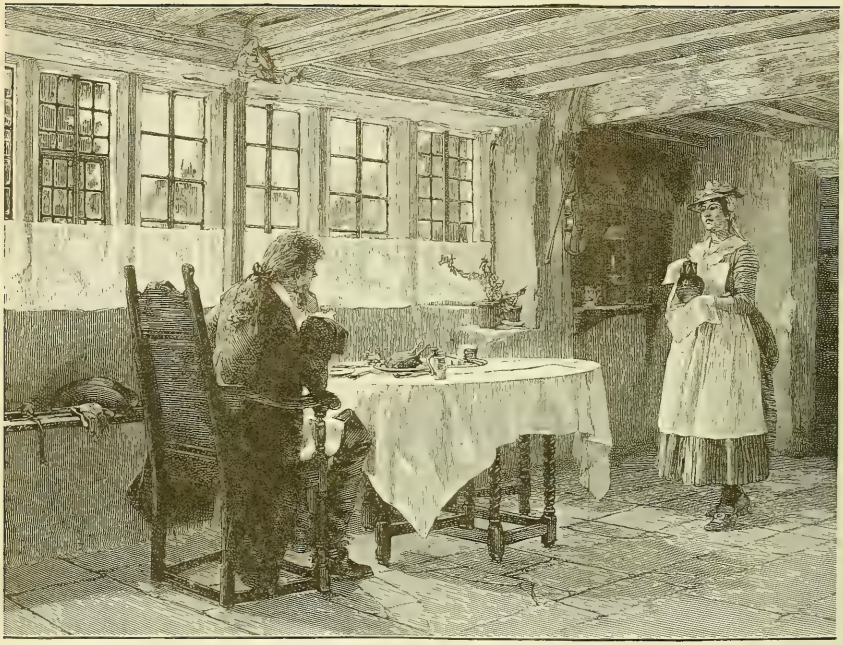
In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.



THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY. (*Painted by Nicolas Poussin.*)



NO UNWELCOME GUEST.

(Painted by F. D. Millet. Royal Institute, 1885.)

CHEERFULNESS.

BE merry, wretched man, and take not sair to mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbor gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow.
Be blyth in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
Without gladness avails no treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends;
For warld's gain without health naught avails
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails;
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
In dolour long thy life may not endure,
Wherefore to comfort set up all thy sails;
Without gladness avails no treasure.

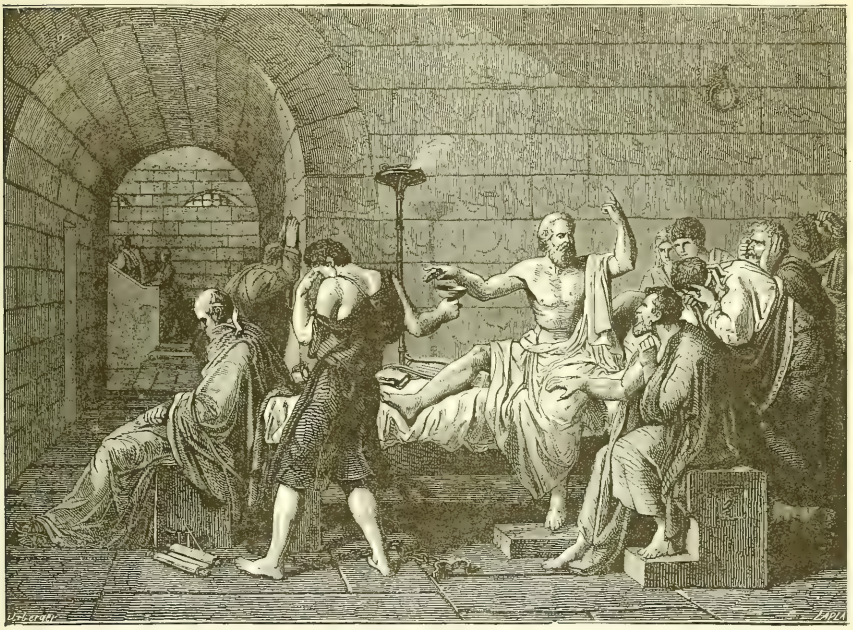
Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkes hold thy company;
Be charitable and humble in thine estate,
For worldly honor lastes but a day.
For trouble on earth take no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor;
Who lives merrily, he lives mightily;
Without gladness avails no treasure.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.—1479–1520.

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith, and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but, since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God."

E. B. BROWNING.



THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears.
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green, and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. Bryant.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE SEASONS.

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourished powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-winged
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear: with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eye displayed:
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutored by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlightened man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with the unfashioned fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,

And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm ; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined—the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation through ; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And Nature moved complete. With inward view,
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train ;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered and unmixed. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In inward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom formed,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

THOMSON.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There liv'd a man : and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown ;
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone :

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is what thou shalt be.

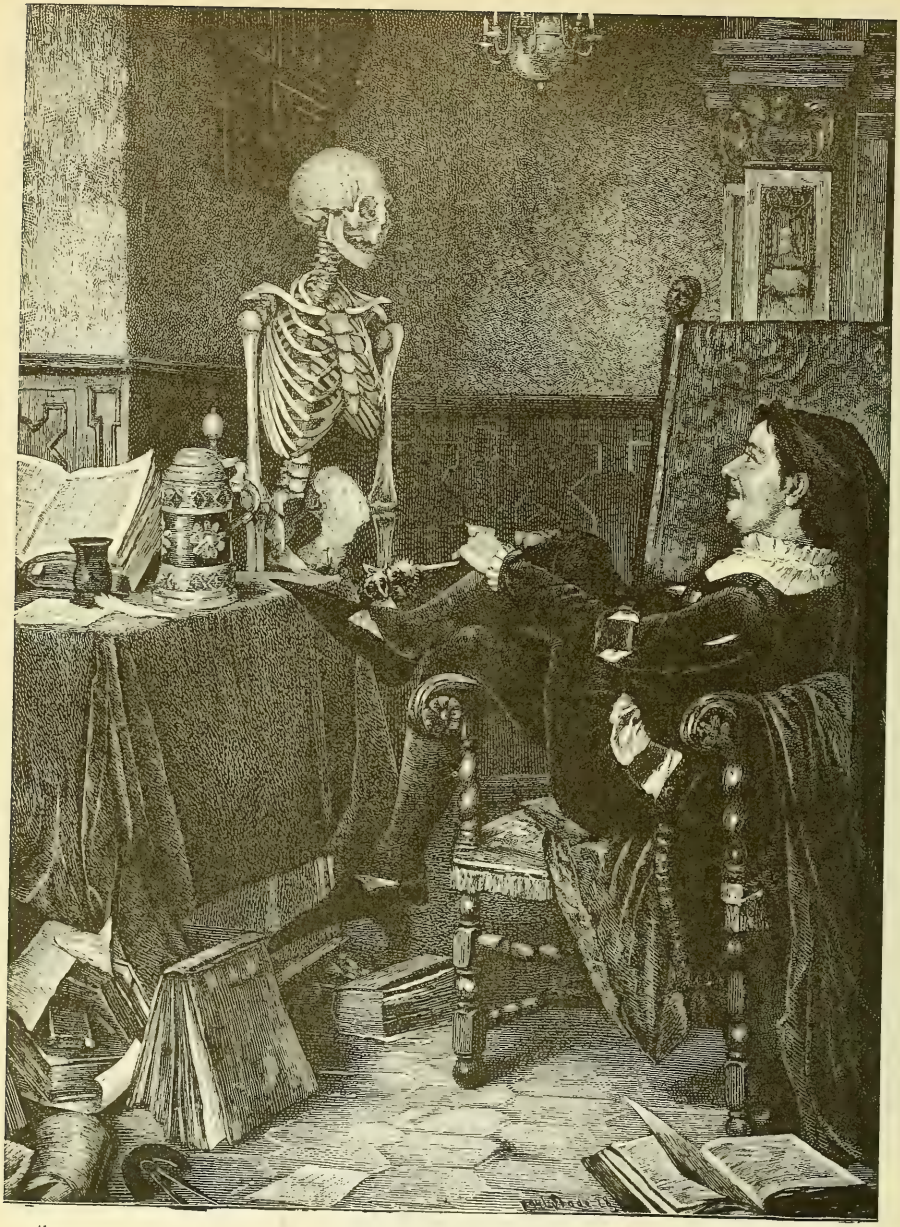
The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—there lived a man!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.





41

A Silent Colloquy.
(From the Picture by Paul Stade.)

TO A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereral spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions fill'd this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employ'd,
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dews of kindness beam'd,
That eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue:
If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And when it could not praise was chain'd:
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to Virtue's cot return'd,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

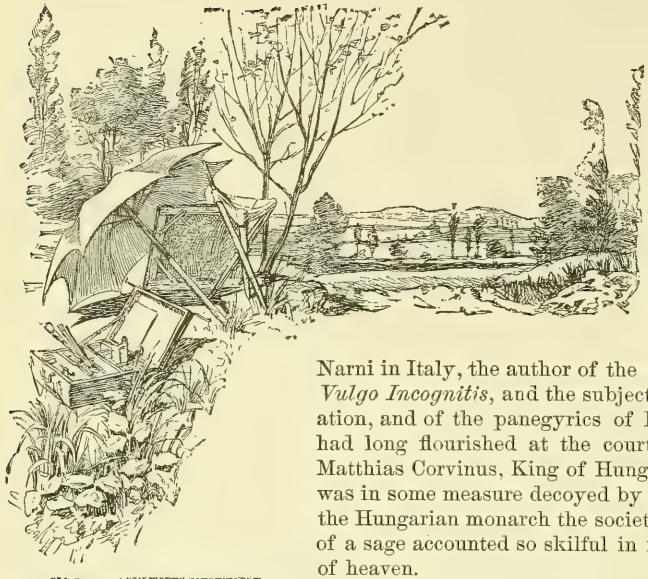
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



"PHILOSOPHY," OR THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

THE ASTROLOGER.

(QUENTIN DURWARD.)



LOUIS led the way, followed by Quentin, to a separate tower of the Castle of Plessis, in which was installed, in no small ease and splendor, the celebrated astrologer, poet and philosopher, Galeotti Marti, or Martius, or Martivale, a native of Narni in Italy, the author of the famous treatise *De Vulgo Incognitis*, and the subject of his age's admiration, and of the panegyrics of Paulus Jovius. He had long flourished at the court of the celebrated Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from whom he was in some measure decoyed by Louis, who grudged the Hungarian monarch the society and the counsels of a sage accounted so skilful in reading the decrees of heaven.



Martival'e was none of those ascetic, withered, pale professors of mystic learning of those days, who bleared their eyes over the midnight furnace and macerated their bodies by outwatching the polar bear. He indulged in all courtly pleasures, and, until he grew corpulent, had excelled in all martial sports and gymnastic exercises, as well as in the use of arms; insomuch that Janus Pannonius has left a Latin epigram upon a wrestling match betwixt Galeotti and a renowned champion of that art, in the presence of the Hungarian King and Court, in which the Astrologer was completely victorious.

The apartments of this courtly and martial sage were far more splendidly furnished than any which Quentin had yet seen in the royal palace; and the carving and the ornamented wood-work of his library, as well as the magnificence displayed in the tapestries, showed the elegant taste of the learned Italian. Out of his study one door opened to his sleeping-apartment, another led to the turret which served as his observatory. A large oaken table in the midst of the chamber was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, the spoils of the

tent of a Pacha after the great battle of Jaiza, where the Astrologer had fought abreast with the valiant champion of Christendom, Matthias Corvinus. On the table lay a variety of mathematical and astrological instruments, all of the most rich materials and curious workmanship. His astrolabe of silver was the gift of the Emperor of Germany, and his Jacob's staff of ebony, jointed with gold and curiously inlaid, was a mark of esteem from the reigning Pope.

There were various other miscellaneous articles disposed on the table or hanging around on the walls; amongst others, two complete suits of armor, one of mail, the other of plate, both of which, from their great size, seemed to call the gigantic Astrologer their owner; A Spanish toledo, a Scottish broadsword, a Turkish scymitar, with bows, quivers and other warlike weapons; musical instruments of several different kinds; a silver crucifix, a sepulchral antique vase, and several of the little brazen Penates of the ancient heathens, with their curious nondescript articles, some of which, in the superstitious opinions of that period, seemed to be designed for magical purposes. The library of this singular character was of the same miscellaneous description with his other effects. Curious manuscripts of classical antiquity lay mingled with the voluminous labors of Christian divines, and of those painstaking sages who professed the chemical science, and proffered to guide their students into the most secret recesses of nature by means of the Hermetical Philosophy. Some were written in the Eastern character, and others concealed their sense or nonsense under the veil of hieroglyphics and cabalistic characters. The whole apartment and its furniture of every kind formed a scene very impressive on the fancy, considering the general belief then indisputably entertained concerning the truth of the occult sciences; and that effect was increased by the manners and appearance of the individual himself, who, seated in a huge chair, was employed in examining a specimen just issued from the Frankfort press, of the newly invented art of printing.

Galeotti Martivalle was a tall, bulky, yet stately man, considerably past his prime, and whose youthful habits of exercise, though still occasionally resumed, had not been able to contend with his natural tendency to corpulence, increased by sedentary study and indulgence in the pleasures of the table. His features, though rather overgrown, were dignified and noble, and a Santon* might have envied the dark and downward sweep of his long-descending beard. His dress was a chamber-robe of the richest Genoa velvet, with ample sleeves, clasped with frogs of gold and lined with sables. It was fastened round his middle by a broad belt of virgin parchment, round which were represented, in crimson characters, the signs of the Zodiac. He rose and bowed to the King, yet with the air of one to whom such exalted society was familiar, and who was not at all likely, even in the royal presence, to compromise the dignity then especially affected by the pursuers of science.

"You are engaged, father," said the King, "and, as I think, with this new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery. Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import interest the thoughts of one before whom heaven has enrolled her own celestial volumes?"

"My brother," replied Martivalle,—"for so the tenant of this cell must term even the King of France, when he deigns to visit him as a disciple,—believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury as by

*[A Turkish priest or dervish. The Santons were an Eastern body of religionists, who pretended to be inspired with enthusiastic raptures of divine love.]

any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentious changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease; how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up by the invasions of barbarism; can I look forward without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded; fertilizing some grounds and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms"——

"Hold, Galeotti," said Louis,—"shall these changes come in our time?"

"No, my royal brother," replied Martivalle; "this invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden; the knowledge, namely, of good and evil."

Louis answered, after a moment's pause, "Let futurity look to what concerns them—we are men of this age, and to this age we will confine our care. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.—Tell me, hast thou proceeded farther in the horoscope which I sent to thee, and of which you made me some report? I have brought the party hither, that you may use palmistry, or chiromancy, if such is your pleasure. The matter is pressing."

The bulky sage arose from his seat, and approaching the young soldier, fixed on him his keen, large dark eyes, as if he were in the act of internally spelling and dissecting every lineament and feature. Blushing and borne down by this close examination on the part of one whose expression was so reverend at once and commanding, Quentin bent his eyes on the ground, and did not again raise them till in the act of obeying the sonorous command of the Astrologer, "Look up, and be not afraid, but hold forth thy hand."

When Martivalle had inspected his palm, according to the forms of the mystic arts which he practised, he led the King some steps aside.—"My royal brother," he said, "the physiognomy of this youth, together with the lines impressed on his hand, confirm, in a wonderful degree, the report which I founded on his horoscope, as well as that judgment which your own proficiency in our sublime arts induced you at once to form of him. All promises that this youth will be brave and fortunate."

"And faithful?" said the King; "for valor and fortune square not always with fidelity."

"And faithful also," said the Astrologer; "for there is manly firmness in look and eye, and his *linea vitæ* is deeply marked and clear, which indicates a true and upright adherence to those who do benefit or lodge trust in him. But yet"—

"But what?" said the King; "Father Galeotti, wherefore do you now pause?"

"The ears of Kings," said the Sage, "are like the palates of those dainty patients which are unable to endure the bitterness of the drugs necessary for their recovery."

"My ears and my palate have no such niceness," said Louis; "Let me hear what is useful counsel, and swallow what is wholesome medicine. I quarrel not with the rudeness of the one, or the harsh taste of the other. I have not been cockered in

wantonness or indulgence; my youth was one of exile and suffering. My ears are used to harsh counsel, and take no offense at it."

"Then plainly, Sire," replied Galeotti, "if you have aught in your proposed commission which, in short, may startle a scrupulous conscience, intrust it not to this youth—at least not till a few years' exercise in your service has made him as unscrupulous as others."

"And is this what you hesitated to speak, my good Galeotti? and didst thou think thy speaking it would offend me?" said the King. "Alack, I know that thou art well sensible that the path of royal policy cannot be always squared (as that of private life ought invariably to be) by the abstract maxims of religion and morality. Wherefore do we, the Princes of the earth, found churches and monasteries, make pilgrimages, undergo penances and perform devotions, with which others may dispense, unless it be because the benefit of the public and the welfare of our kingdoms force us upon measures which grieve our consciences as Christians? But heaven has mercy—the Church an unbounded stock of merits, and the intercession of Our Lady of Embrun and the blessed saints is urgent, everlasting and omnipotent."—He laid his hat on the table, and devoutly kneeling before the images stuck in his hatband, repeated in an earnest tone, "*Sancte, Huberte, Sancte Juliane, Sancte Martine, Sancte Rosalia, Sancti quotquot adestis, orate pro me peccatore!*" He then smote his breast, arose, reassumed his hat, and continued:—"Be assured, good father, that whatever there may be in our commission of the nature at which you have hinted, the execution shall not be intrusted to this youth, nor shall he be privy to such part of our purpose."

"In this," said the Astrologer, "you, my royal brother, will walk wisely. Something may be apprehended likewise from the rashness of this your young commissioner; a failing inherent in those of sanguine complexion. But I hold that, by the rules of art, this chance is not to be weighed against the other properties discovered from his horoscope and otherwise."

"Will this next midnight be a propitious hour in which to commence a perilous journey?" said the King.—"See, here is your Ephemerides—you see the position of the moon in regard to Saturn, and the ascendance of Jupiter—That should argue, methinks, in submission to your better art, success to him who sends forth the expedition at such an hour."

"To him who *sends forth* the expedition," said the Astrologer, after a pause, "this conjunction doth indeed promise success; but, methinks, that Saturn being combust, threatens danger and infortune to the party *sent;* whence I infer that the errand may be perilous, or even fatal to those who are to journey. Violence and captivity, methinks, are intimated in that adverse conjunction."

"Violence and captivity to those who are sent," answered the King, "but success to the wishes of the sender—Runs it not thus, my learned father?"

"Even so," replied the Astrologer.

The King paused, without giving any further indication how far this presaging his speech (probably hazarded by the Astrologer from his conjecture that the commission related to some dangerous purpose) squared with his real object.

The King then pulled forth a paper from his pocket, and ere he gave it to Martivalle, said, in a tone which resembled that of an apology—"Learned Galeotti, be not

surprised that, possessing in you an oracular treasure, superior to that lodged in the breast of any now alive, not excepting the Great Nostradamus* himself, I am desirous frequently to avail myself of your skill in those doubts and difficulties which beset every Prince who hath to contend with rebellion within his land, and with external enemies, both powerful and inveterate."

"When I was honored with your request, Sire," said the philosopher, "and abandoned the Court of Buda for that of Plessis, it was with the resolution to place at the command of my royal patron whatever my art had that might be of service to him."

"Enough, good Martivalle—I pray thee attend to the import of this question."—He proceeded to read from the paper in his hand:—"A person having on hand a weighty controversy, which is like to draw to debate either by law or by force of arms, is desirous, for the present, to seek accommodation by a personal interview with his antagonist. He desires to know what day will be propitious for the execution of such a purpose; also what is likely to be the success of such a negotiation, and whether his adversary will be moved to answer the confidence thus reposed in him, with gratitude and kindness, or may rather be likely to abuse the opportunity and advantage which such meeting may afford him?"

"It is an important question," said Martivalle, when the King had done reading, "and requires that I should set a planetary figure, and give it instant and deep consideration."

"Let it be so, my good father in the sciences, and thou shalt know what it is to oblige a King of France. We are determined, if the constellations forbid not,—and our own humble art leads us to think that they approve our purpose,—to hazard something, even in our own person, to stop these anti-Christian wars."

"May the Saints forward your Majesty's pious intent," said the Astrologer, "and guard your sacred person!"

"Thanks, learned father. Here is something the while to enlarge your curious library."

He placed under one of the volumes a small purse of gold; for, economical even in his superstitions, Louis conceived the Astrologer sufficiently bound to his service by the pensions he had assigned him, and thought himself entitled to the use of his skill at a moderate rate, even upon great exigencies.

Louis, having thus, in legal phrase, added a refreshing fee to his general retainer, turned from him to address Durward. "Follow me," he said, "my bonny Scot, as one chosen by Destiny and a Monarch to accomplish a bold adventure. All must be got ready, that thou mayest put foot in stirrup the very instant the bell of Saint Martin's tolls twelve. One minute sooner, one minute later, were to forfeit the favorable aspect of the constellations which smile on your adventure."

Thus saying, the King left the apartment, followed by his young guardsman; and no sooner were they gone than the Astrologer gave way to very different feelings from those which seemed to animate him during the royal presence.

"The niggardly slave!" he said, weighing the purse in his hand,—for, being a man of unbounded expense, he had almost constant occasion for money; "the base sordid scullion!—A coxswain's wife would give more to know that her husband had

*[Michel Nostrauamus, a celebrated French astrologer.]

crossed the narrow seas in safety. *He* acquire any tincture of humane letters!—yes, when prowling foxes and yelling wolves become musicians. *He* read the glorious blazoning of the firmament!—ay, when sordid moles shall become lynxes.—After so many promises made, to entice me from the Court of the magnificent Matthias, where Hun and Turk, Christian and Infidel, the Czar of Muscovia and the Cham of Tartary themselves, contended to load me with gifts,—doth he think I am to abide in this old Castle, like a bullfinch in a cage, fain to sing as oft as he chooses to whistle, and call for seed and water?—Not so—I will discover or contrive a remedy."

He again took the despised guerdon, and weighed it in his hand. "It may be," he said, "there is some jewel, or pearl of price, concealed in this paltry case—I have heard he can be liberal even to lavishness when it suits his caprice or interest."

He emptied the purse, which contained neither more nor less than ten gold pieces. The indignation of the Astrologer was extreme. "Thinks he that for such paltry rate of hire I will practice that celestial science which I have studied with the Armenian Abbot of Istrahoff, who had not seen the sun for forty years,—with the Geek Dubravius, who is said to have raised the dead,—and have even visited the Scheik Ebn Hali in his cave in the deserts of Thebais?—No!—he that contemns art shall perish through his own ignorance. Ten pieces!"

So saying, the indignant Sage nevertheless plunged the contemned pieces of gold into a large pouch which he wore at his girdle.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came,
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned; and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death!

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt,—Oh, God! it seemeth even now—
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow;
Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!
"Vain,—vain,—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing,—burning,—
Dying! Oh, God! if I might only live!
My phial——Ha! it thrills me,—I revive.

"Aye,—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
Could he but train his eye,—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!
"This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream,—

To live, Oh, God! that life is but a dream!
And death———Aha! I reel,—
Dim,—dim,—I faint, darkness comes o'er my eye,—
Cover me! save me!——God of heaven! I die!"

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

N. P. Willis.

THE NECROMANCER.

"Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the New-found World
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."
Marlow's *Faustus.*

AN old man on his death-bed lay, an old yet stately man;
His lip seemed moulded for command, though quivering now, and wan;
By fits a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled eye,
But his pale brow still austerely wore its native mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn round the mystic room
From where the orient palm-trees wave, bright gem and dazzling plume;
And vases with rich odor filled, that o'er the couch of death
Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy summer's breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty white,
Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly light;
All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the gloom,
Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the tomb.

'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic place,
While shadows cast from many thoughts o'erswept the old man's face.
He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,
To one that o'er him long had watched, in reverence and alone.

"I leave," he said, "an empire dread, by mount, and shore, and sea,
Wider than Roman Eagle's wing e'er traversed proudly free;
Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion boast,
Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering host.

"They hear me—*they* that dwell far down where the sea-serpent lies,
And they, the unseen, on Afric's hills that sport when tempests rise:
And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery streams make way,
My lightest whisper shakes their sleep, they hear me, and obey.

'They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown and cup of gold,
From cities roofed with ocean-waves, that buried them of old;
They come from Earth's most hidden veins, which man shall never find,
With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their heart enshrined.

"But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my struggling breath;
I have swayed the rushing elements—but still and strong is Death,
I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal spirits free—
Thou hast brave and high aspirants, youth!—my ceptre is for thee!

"Now listen! I will teach thee words whose mastery shall compel
The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or hell!
But never, never mayst thou breathe those words in human ear,
Until thou'rt laid, as I am now, the grave's dark portals near."

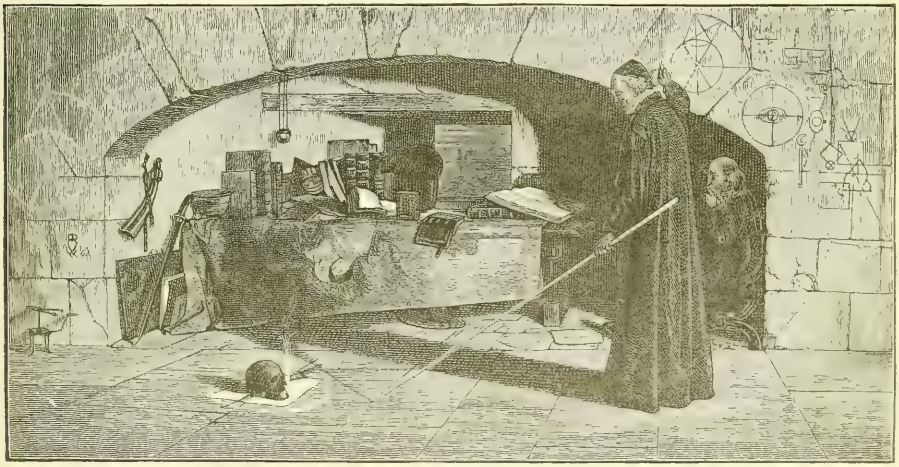
His voice in faintness died away,—and a sudden flush was seen,
A mantling of the rapid blood o'er the youth's impassioned mien—
A mantling and a fading swift, a look with sadness fraught;
And that too passed—and boldly then rushed forth the ardent thought,

"Must those high words of sovereignty ne'er sound in human ear?
I have a friend—a noble friend—as life our freedom dear!
Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic throne,
But I know the secrets of *his* heart—and shall I seal mine own?

"And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle love—
Oh! is not *her* full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth above?
Must a deep gulf between the souls, now closely linked, be set?
Keep, keep the Sceptre!—leave me free, and loved and trustful yet!"

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad reply—
"Well hast thou chosen!—I blame thee not—I that unwept must die.
Live thou, beloved and trustful yet!—No more on human head
Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed!"

HEMANS



THE SPELL.

[*From the Painting by William Fettes Douglas, R. S. A.*]

CASSANDRA.

(See Frontispiece.)

All see! the Priamcian fair,
Cassandra, by her streaming hair,
Is dragged from Pallas' shrine,
Her wild eyes raised to heaven in vain;
Her eyes, alas! for cord and chain
Her tender hands confine.

COMINGTON'S VIRGIL.

CASSANDRA.

There is peace between the Greeks and Trojans—Achilles is to wed Polyxena, Priam's daughter. On entering the Temple, he is shot through his only vulnerable part by Paris. The time of the following poem is during the joyous preparation for the marriage.—The meter is, in the translation, lengthened by a syllable from that in the original, which seemed to me associated, to English ears, with a certain sing-song, at variance with the stately spirit of the poem.

And mirth was in the halls of Troy,
Before her towers and temples fell;
High peal'd the choral hymns of joy,
Melodious to the golden shell.
The weary hand reposed from slaughter—
The eye forgot the tear it shed;
This day King Priam's lovely daughter
Shall great Pelides wed!

Adorn'd with laurel boughs, they come,
Crowd after crowd, the way divine,
To fanes where gods have found a home—
And on to Thymbra's solemn shrine.
Along the streets in Bromian madness
The wild uproarious revelers prest;
And left forsaken to its sadness
One solitary breast!

Unjoyous in the joyful throng,
Alone, and linking life with none,
Apollo's laurel groves among,
The still Cassandra wander'd on!
Into the forest's deep recesses
The solemn Prophet-Maiden pass'd,
And, scornful, from her loosen'd tresses,
The sacred fillet cast!

"All deem that grief at length is o'er,
All hearts the blessed union hail;
Mine aged parents hope once more,
My sister wears the bridal-veil—
And I alone, alone am weeping;
The sweet delusion mocks not me—
Around these walls destruction sweeping,
More near and near I see!

"A torch before my vision glows,
But not in Hymen's hand it shines;
To heaven a smoke ascending goes,
But not from holy offering-shrines;
Glad hands the banquet are preparing,
And near, and near the halls of state,
I hear the God that comes unsparing,
And brims the bowl of Fate.

"And men my prophet-wail deride!
The solemn sorrow dies in scorn;
And lonely in the waste, I hide
The tortured heart that would forewarn.
Amidst the happy, unregarded,
Mock'd by their fearful joy, I trod;
Oh, dark to me the lot awarded,
Thou evil Pythian god!

"Thine oracle, in vain to be,
Oh, wherefore am I thus consign'd
With eyes that every truth must see,
Lone in the City of the Blind?
Cursed with the anguish of a power
To view the fates I may not thrall,
The hovering tempest still must lower—
The horror must befall!

"Delusion is the life we live,
And knowledge death—Oh, wherefore, then,
To sight the coming evils give,
And lift the veil of Fate, to Men?
Take back the clear and awful mirror,
Shut from mine eyes the blood-red glare:
Thy truth is but a gift of terror
When mortal lips declare.

"My blindness give to me once more—
The gay dim senses that rejoice;
The Past's delighted songs are o'er
For lips that speak a Prophet's voice
To me *the future* thou hast granted;
To wrap the present hour in gloom,
To leave the moment disenchanted—
False God, thy gift resume!

"Never may I with nuptial wreath
The odor breathing hair entwine;
My heavy heart is bow'd beneath
The service of thy dreary shrine.
My youth was but my tears corroded—
My sole familiar is my pain,
Each coming ill my heart foreboded,
And felt it first—in vain!

'I see my blithe companions play
Around, in youth's fair pastime free,
All live and love their hours away—
The heart is only sad to me.
For me no spring returns—oh, never
For me her revel Nature keeps!
The joy of life is lost forever
To eyes that read its deeps!

"Rapt in thy bliss, my sister, thine
The heart's inebriate rapture-springs;
Longing with bridal arms to twine
The bravest of the Grecian kings.
High swells the joyous bosom, seeming
Too narrow for its world of love,
Nor envies in its heaven of dreaming,
The heaven of gods above!

"I too might know the soft control
Of one the longing heart could choose,
With look which love illumes with soul—
The look that supplicates and wooes.
And sweet with him, where love presiding
Prepares our hearth, to go—but, dim,
A Stygian shadow, nightly gliding,
Stalks between me and him!

"Forth from the grim funeral shore,
The Hell-Queen sends her ghastly bands;
Where'er I turn—behind—before
Dumb in my path a Specter stands!
Wherever gayliest, youth assembles—
I see the shades in horror clad,
Amidst Hell's ghastly People trembles
One soul forever sad!

"I see the steel of Murder gleam—
I see the Murderer's glowing eyes—
To right—to left, one gory stream—
One circling fate—my flight defies
I may not turn my gaze—all seeing,
Foreknowing all, I dumbly stand—
To close in blood my ghastly being
In the far strangers' land!"

Hark! while the sad sounds murmur round,
Hark, from the Temple-porch the cries!
A wild, confused, tumultuous sound!
Dead the divine Pelides lies!
Grim Discord rears her snakes devouring—
The last departing god hath gone!
And, womb'd in cloud, the thunder, lowering,
Hangs black on Ilion.

SCHILLER—TRANS. BY SIR BULWER LYTTON.

NOTE.—Upon this poem Madame de Stael makes the following just and striking criticism.—*L'Allemagne*, Part II, c 13. "One sees in this ode the curse inflicted on a mortal by the prescience of a god. Is not the grief of the Prophetess that of all who possess a superior intellect with an impassioned heart? Under a shape wholly poetic, Schiller has embodied an idea grandly moral—viz., that the true genius (that of the sentiment) is a victim to itself, even when spared by others. There are no nuptials for Cassandra: not that she is insensible—not that she is disdained—but the clear penetration of her soul passes in an instant both life and death, and can only repose in heaven."

ON A MISER.

THEY call thee rich—I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,
Thou sav'st it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

ANOTHER.

A miser, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive addressed:
"Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit?"
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied:
"Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard,
I come to lodge, and not to board."

ANOTHER.

Art thou some individual of a kind
Long lived by nature as the rook or hind?
Heap treasure, then, for if thy need be such,
Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.
But man thou seem'st, clear therefore from thy breast
This lust of treasure—folly at the best!
For why shouldst thou go wasted to the tomb,
To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom?

COWPER TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.



THE MISER.

(*From the Painting by E. Von Blaas.*)

THE MISER.

GOLD many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and labored all the day;
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
And on its altar, sacrificed ease, and peace,
Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And, to complete the horrid, murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls, and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them; what? an hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe.
Most, for the luxuries it bought, the pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown,
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly, further gone,
With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
The laughing stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up,
The *miser*, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse.
Ill-guided wretch!

Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light-winged dreams
Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting, worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags,
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth,
To make it sure.
Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased;
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with death.
Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed, and mid abundance died,
Sorest of evils! died of *utter want*.

POLLOCK.

THE MISER'S WILL.

THIS tale is true, for so the records show;
'Twas in Germany, not many years ago;

Young Erfurth loved. But ere the wedding day
His dearest friend stole with his bride away,
The woman false that he had deemed so true,
The friend he trusted but an ingrate, too;
What wonder that, his love to hatred grown,
His heart should seem to all mankind a stone?
All kindred ties he broke, himself he banned,
And sought a solitude in stranger land.

Grief finds relief in something found to do,
The mind must find some object to pursue;
And so, ere long, his being was controlled
By sole, debasing, longing greed for gold.
How soon his little multiplied to much!
His hand seemed gifted with a Midas touch;
Yet still he kept himself unto himself,
None seeing but for increase of his pelf.

Death came at last; discovering ere he died,
His heart had yet one spot unpetrified;
For, oh his bed, his hand upon it still,
There, open, lay the poor old miser's will.

The will was read; there to his brothers three
He left to each a thousand marks; and he,
The friend who caused him all his grief and shame,
Was, with his free forgiveness, left the same;
But none of these, to whom such wealth he gave
Should follow his remains unto the grave
On pain of forfeit. 'Neith his pillow pressed
Was found a letter, sealed; and thus addressed:
"To my dear native city of Berlin."

The brothers heard, and thought it was no sin
To stay away; besides, his absence long
Had quenched the love not ever over-strong.
What did the faithless friend? He knelt in tears,
Looked back in anquish o'er the vanished years,
Saw once again their happy boyhood's time,
Their manhood's friendship, his repented crime.
"Oh, my wronged Erfurth, now in death so cold,
I've your forgiveness, care I for your gold?"
And, at the funeral, striving to atone,
The single mourner there, he walked alone.

The letter, opened at the Mayor's will,
Was found to hold the miser's codicil,
Wherein he gave his hoarded gold and lands
To him that disobeyed the will's commands,
Should such there be—whose heart knew love or pity
Or, failing, all went to his native city.

And so the friend who stole his bride away;
Who turned to night his joyous morn of day,
Humbly repentant, when his victim died,
Received his pardon and his wealth beside.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE MISER.

AN old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser worn and bare,
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook had scanned;
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miser: "I'm safe at last
From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I'll take a sip of the precious wine:
It will banish my cold and fears:
It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom swelled with pride.

"Let me see; let me see!" said the miser then,
"'Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show:
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow."

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid:
And gem after gem, in precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile;
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

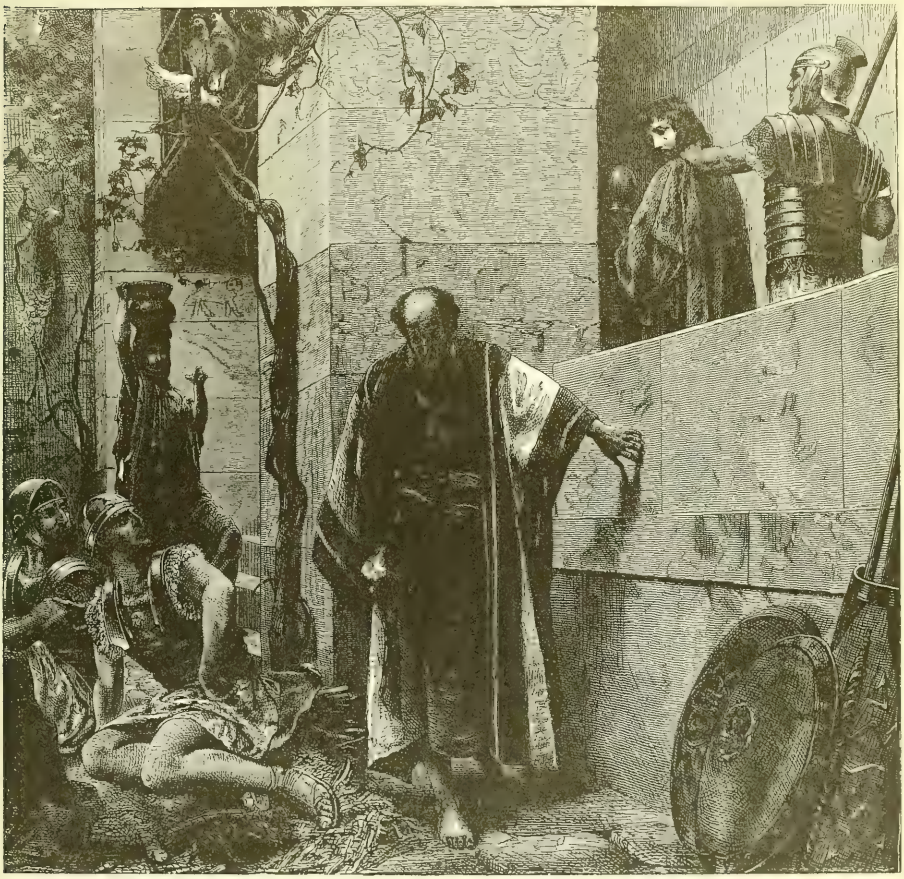
Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
He strove his lonely seat to gain:
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—*died*.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

THE MISER WHO LOST HIS TREASURE.

IT'S use that constitutes possession wholly;
I ask those people who've a passion
For heaping gold on gold, and saving solely,
How they excel the poorest man in any fashion?
Diogenes is quite as rich as they.
True misers live like beggars, people say;
The man with hidden treasure Æsop drew
Is an example of the thing I mean.
In the next life he might be happy, true;
But very little joy in this he knew;
By gold the miser was so little blessed—
Not its possessor, but by it possessed;
He buried it a fathom underground;
His heart was with it; his delight
To ruminate upon it day and night;
A victim to the altar ever bound.
He seemed so poor, yet not one hour forgot
The golden grave, the concentrated spot;
Whether he goes or comes, or eats or drinks,
Of gold, and gold alone, the miser thinks.
At last a ditcher marks his frequent walks,
And muttering talks,
Scents out the place, and clears the whole,
Unseen by any spies.
On one fine day the miser came, his soul
Glowing with joy; he found the empty nest;
Burst into tears, and sobs, and cries,
He frets, and tears his thin gray hair;
He's lost what he had loved the best.
A startled peasant passing there

Inquires the reason of his sighs.
"My gold! my gold! they've stolen all."
"Your treasure? what was it, and where?"
"Why, buried underneath this stone."
(A moan!)
"Why, man, is this a time of war?
Why should you bring your gold so far?
Had you not better much have let
The wealth lie in a cabinet,
Where you could find it any hour
In your own power?"
"What! every hour? a wise man knows
Gold comes but slowly, quickly goes;
I never touched it." "Gracious me!"
Replied the other, "why, then, be
So wretched? for if you say true,
You never touched it, plain the case;
Put back that stone upon the place,
'Twill be the very same to you."



THE DENIAL BY PETER.

HABITS OF MIND.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

BACON.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

PLATO.

Melancholy is the convalescence of grief.

MAD. DUBRENOY.

The Screen in the Lumber Room

Yes, here it is, behind the box,
That puzzle wrought so neatly—
That paradise of paradox—
We once knew so completely;
You see it? 'Tis the same, I swear,
Which stood, that chill September,
Beside your Aunt Lavinia's chair,
The year when....
....You remember?

Look, Laura, look!
You must recall
This florid "Fairies Bower,"
This wonderful Swiss waterfall,
And this old "Leaning Tower:"
And here's the "Maiden of Cashmere,"
And here is Bewick's Starling,
And here's the dandy cuirassier
You thought was—such a Darling!



Your poor, dear Aunt! you know her way.
She used to say this figure
Reminded her of Count D'Orsay
"In all his youthful vigour:"
And here's the "cot beside the hill"
We chose for habitation
The day that.... But I doubt if still
You'd like the situation!

Too damp—by far. She little knew,
Your guileless Aunt Lavinia,
Those evenings when she slumbered through
"The Prince of Abyssinia,"
That there were two beside her chair,
Who both had quite decided
To see things in a rosier air
Than Rasselas provided!

Ah! men wore stocks in Britain's land,
And maids short waists and tippets,
When this old-fashioned screen was planned
From hoarded scraps and snippets;
But more—far more, I think, to me,
Than those who first designed it,
Is this—in Eighteen-Seventy-three,
I kissed you first behind it!

REMEMBRANCE.

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh.—ALI.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
One every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends.
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from its mother's arms;
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer, through the day,
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wished return.
From hard control and tyrant-rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam;
And tears will struggle in his eye,
While he remembers, with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind:
Where shall the tired and harrassed heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah, no! for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
Its fabled bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers, with a sigh,
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But, with the baseless hopes of Youth,
Its generous warmth is gone.
Cold, calculating cares succeed,—
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth.
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering, with an envious sigh,
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow:
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er;
Yet Age remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

WESTBURY, 1798. SOUTHEY.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

BACK-LOOKING Memory
And prophet Hope both sprang from out the ground,—
One, where the flashing of cherubic sword
Fell sad in Eden's ward;
And one, from Eden earth within the sound
Of the four rivers lapsing pleasantly,
What time the promise after curse was said:
"Thy seed shall bruise his head."

Poor Memory's brain is wild,
As moonstruck by that flaming atmosphere
When she was born; her deep eyes shine and shone
With light that conquereth sun
And stars to wanner paleness, year by year;
With odorous gums she mixeth things defiled;
She trampleth down earth's grasses green and sweet
With her far-wandering feet.
She plucketh many flowers,
Their beauty on her bosom's coldness killing;
She teacheth every melancholy sound
To winds and waters round;
She droppeth tears with seed, where man is tilling
The rugged soil in his exhausted hours;
She smileth—ah me! in her smile doth go
A mood of deeper woe.

Hope tripped on out of sight,
Crowned with an Eden wreath she saw not wither,
And went a-nodding through the wilderness,
With brow that shone no less
Than a sea-gull's wing, brought nearer by rough weather,
Searching the treeless rock for fruits of light;
Her fair, quick feet being armed from stones and cold
By slippers of pure gold.

Memory did Hope much wrong,
And, while she dreamed, her slippers stole away;
But still she wended on with mirth unheeding,
Although her feet were bleeding,
Till Memory tracked her on a certain day,
And with most evil eyes did search her long
And cruelly; whereat she sank to ground
In a stark deadly swound.

And so my Hope was slain,
Had it not been that THOU wast standing near,
O Thou who saidest, "Live," to creatures lying
In their own blood, and dying!
For Thou her forehead to Thine heart didst rear,
And make its silent pulses sing again,
Pouring a new light o'er her darkened eyne,
With tender tears from Thine.

Therefore my Hope arose
From out her swound, and gazed upon Thy face;
And, meeting there that soft, subduing look
Which Peter's spirit shook,
Sank downward in a rapture, to embrace
Thy pierced hands and feet with kisses close,
And prayed Thee to assist her evermore
To "reach the things before."

Then gavest Thou the smile
Whence angel-wings thrill quick, like summer lightning,
Vouchsafing rest beside Thee, where she never
From Love and Faith may sever:
Whereat the Eden crown she saw not whitening
A time ago, though whitening all the while,
Reddened with life to hear the Voice which talked
To Adam as he walked.

E. B. BROWNING.

ODE TO MEMORY.

THOU who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day; but robed in soften'd light
Of orient state.
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,
When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast
(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year).
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence; and the cope
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Though deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress;
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful:
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
Come from the woods that belt the gray hillside,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,

Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low hung cloud.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal frame-work of wrought gold:
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
Upon the storied walls;
For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
Or boldest since, but nightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first born of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labor of thine early days:
No matter what the sketch might be;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wild and wide the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;
Or a garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender;
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy reinspired,
We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.
My friend, with you to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

TENNYSON

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze,
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When all things pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

* * * * * *

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gypsy's fagot,—there we sat and gazed;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the color of my future years!

* * * * * *

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other dies.
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
Drew every subject spirit to his cell;

Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And through the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

* * * * * *

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb is full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clew
Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew?
Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

* * * * * *

O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes time and chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a dream of sober reason play,
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

OH! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return?—
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods,
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes!



THE PRODIGAL SON.

(From the Statue by M. Peynot.)

But when wilt thou return?
Along thine own pure air
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee;
And, by the smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

FELICIA HEMANS.

CALL TO THE PRODIGAL.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to His bleeding feet and learn
How Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
Mercy invite, thee near.

COLLYER.



"QUIET LIFE."
(By Gabriel Max.)

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

ON one of the shelves in my library, surrounded by volumes of all kinds on various subjects and in various languages, stands an old book, in its plain covering of brown paper, unprepossessing to the eye, and apparently out of place among the more pretentious volumes that stand by its side. To the eye of a stranger it has certainly neither beauty nor comeliness. Its covers are worn; its leaves marred by long use; yet, old and worn as it is, to me it is the most beautiful and most valuable book on my shelves. No other awakens such associations, or so appeals to all that is best and noblest within me. It is, or rather it *was*, my mother's Bible—companion of her best and holiest hours, source of her unspeakable joy and consolation. From it she derived the principles of a truly Christian life and character. It was the light to her feet, and the lamp to her path. It was constantly by her side; and, as her steps tottered in the advancing pilgrimage of life, and her eyes grew dim with age, more and more precious to her became the well-worn pages.

One morning, just as the stars were fading into the dawn of the coming Sabbath, the aged pilgrim passed on beyond the stars and beyond the morning, and entered into the rest of the eternal Sabbath—to look upon the face of Him of whom the law and the prophets had spoken, and whom, not having seen, she had loved. And now, no legacy is to me more precious than that old Bible. Years have passed; but it stands there on its shelf, eloquent as ever, witness of a beautiful life that is finished, and a silent monitor to the living. In hours of trial and sorrow it says, "Be not cast down, my son; for thou shalt yet praise Him who is the health of thy countenance and thy God." In moments of weakness and fear it says, "Be strong, my son; and quit yourself manfully." When sometimes, from the cares and conflicts of external life, I come back to the study, weary of the world and tired of men—of men that are so hard and selfish, and a world that is so unfeeling—and the strings of the soul have become untuned and discordant, I seem to hear that Book saying, as with the well-remembered tones of a voice long silent, "Let not your heart be troubled. For what is your life? It is even as a vapor." Then my troubled spirit becomes calm; and the little world, that had grown so great and so formidable, sinks into its true place again. I am peaceful, I am strong.

There is no need to take down the volume from the shelf, or open it. A glance of the eye is sufficient. Memory and the law of association supply the rest. Yet there are occasions when it is otherwise; hours in life when some deeper grief has troubled the heart, some darker, heavier cloud is over the spirit and over the dwelling, and when it is a comfort to take down that old Bible and search its pages. Then, for a time, the latest editions, the original languages, the notes and commentaries, and all the critical apparatus which the scholar gathers around him for the study of the Scriptures, are laid aside; and the plain old English Bible that was my mother's is taken from the shelf.

ANONYMOUS.



A Letter of Introduction.

(Painted by S. E. Waller. Institute, 1884.)

DREAMS

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET"

MERCUTIO. O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman.
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtesies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

ROMEO. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talkest of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
E'en now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

NOVEMBER 22, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.
The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame,
But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,



THE HEAD OF ORPHEUS.
Painted by Gustave Moreau Luxembourg.

Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.



ST. CECILIA. (*By Raphael.*)

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd):
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above.
(Such is the power of mighty Love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity! they shout around:



THE TROUBADOUR.

(Painted by Hermann Philips. Exhibited at the Guardi Gallery.)

A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath: he comes! he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,

Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed :
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honor, but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise ;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain ;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS, TO THE WILD SKY.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

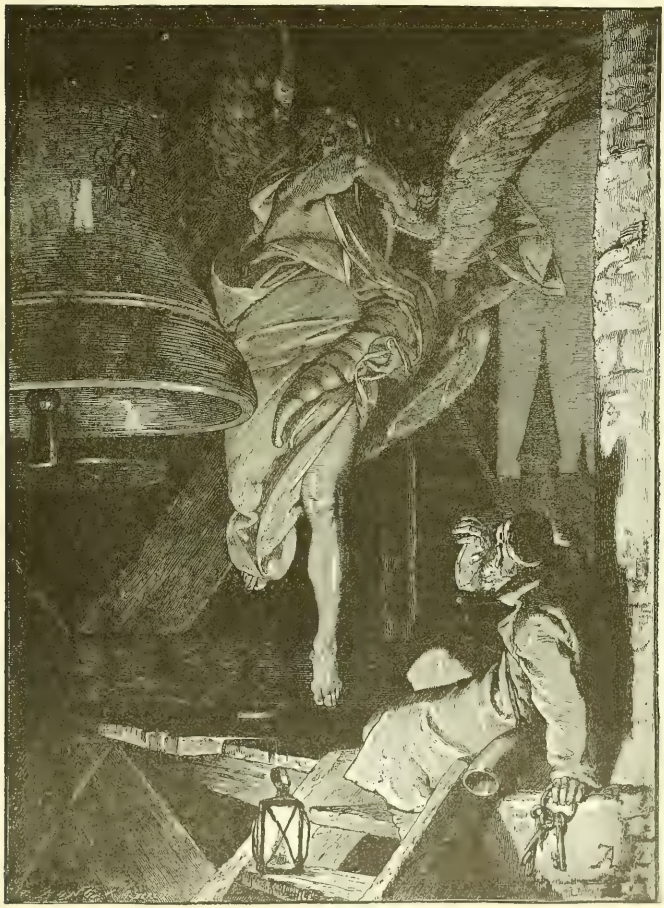
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



NEW YEARS NIGHT.—*A. Zick.*



THE HOPE BEYOND.
(*From the Picture by Jacob Thompson.*)

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

OUR native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song—
Farewell, ye braes and blossomed meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea.
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"
This was the free and the joyous strain;
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline·
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children played
'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But, oh! the gray church tower,
And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
And the sheltered garden bower,
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods!
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay, alone, before."

"But who shall teach the flowers
Which our children loved, to dwell,
In a soil that is not ours?
—Home, home and friends, farewell!"

HEMANS.





THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE. —*K. Dielitz.*

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

FOUNDED ON A LEGEND OF THE VALLEY OF ORMOND, IN THE PAYS DE VAUD.

"WILT thou not, thy lamblings heeding
(Soft and innocent are they!)
Watch them on the herbage feeding,
Or beside the brooklet play?"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the mount to chase the roe."

"Wilt thou not, thy herds assembling,
Lure with lively horn along?—
Sweet their clear bells tinkle trembling,
Sweet the echoing woods among!"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe."

"See the flowers that smile unto thee—
Wilt thou tend them not, my child?
On the height no gardens woo thee;
Wild is nature on the wild."
"Leave the flowers in peace to blow;
Mother, mother, let me go!"

Forth the hunter bounds unheeding,
On his hardy footsteps press;
Hot and eager, blindly speeding
To the mountain's last recess.
Swift, before him, as the wind,
Panting, trembling, flies the hind.

Up the ribbed crag-tops driven,
Up she clambers, steep on steep;
O'er the rocks asunder riven
Springs her dizzy, daring leap:
Still unwearied, with the bow
Of death, behind her flies the foe.

On the peak that rudely, drearly
Jags the summit, bleak and hoar,
Where the rocks, descending sheerly,
Leave to flight no path before;
There she halts at last, to find
Chasms beneath—the foe behind!

To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns her look of pleading woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow,—
Yawn'd the rock; from his abode
Forth the mountain Genius strode.

And, his godlike hand extending,
From the hunter snatched the prey,
"Wherefore, woe and slaughter sending
To my solitary sway?—
Why should my herds before thee fall?
THERE'S ROOM UPON THE EARTH FOR ALL!"

SCHILLER—TRANS. BY S. E. B. LYTTON.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

"For all his wildness and proud phantasies,
I love him still!"—CROLY

THY heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds,
Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent sounds;
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,
And where the Lauwine's peal is heard—Hunter, thy heart is there!

I know thou lovest me well, dear friend! but better, better far,
Thou lovest that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;
In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights;
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight shine,
To sit forsaken in thy hut, yet know that thou art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee, all reckless as thou art!

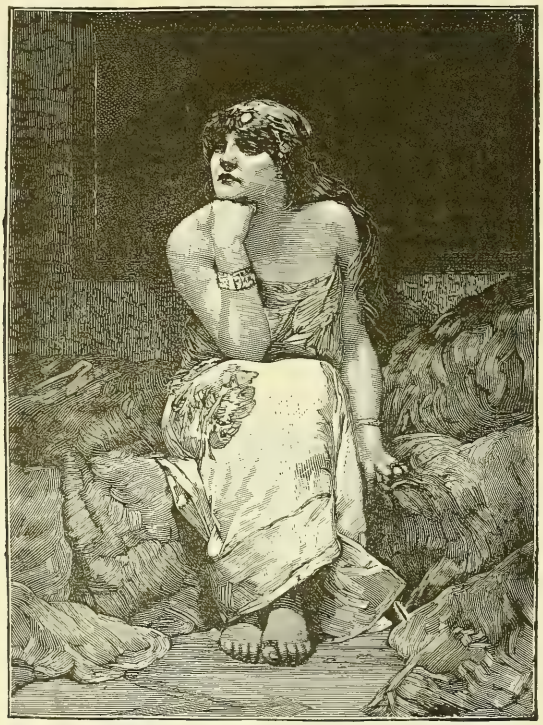
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell,
Yet, yet I would not change that lot, oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow!
Mournful!—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou comest at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine—
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be thine!

FELICIA HEMANS.



HERODIAS.

(From the Painting by Benjamin Constant, exhibited at the Salon, 1881.)

THE WITCH OF THE ALPS AND MANFRED.



IS not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's wavy column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[MANFRED *takes some of the water in the palm of his hand and flings it into the air, muttering an adjuration. After a pause the* WITCH OF THE ALPS *rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.*

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnationed like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rocked by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glassed serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power,
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what would'st thou with me?

MAN. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.
The face of the earth had maddened me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

WITCH, What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

MAN. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

WITCH. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who——but of her anon.
I said with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, listening, on the scattered leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—crossed me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From withered bones, and skulls, and heaped up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I passed
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time; and with time and toil
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised

Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee; and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence, until——

WITCH. Proceed.

MAN. Oh! I but thus prolonged my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father, or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
If I had such they seemed not such to me—
Yet there was one—

WITCH. Spare not thyself—proceed.

MAN. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But softened all, and tempered into beauty;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her;
Humility—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
I loved her, and destroyed her!

WITCH. With thy hand?

MAN. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart—
It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
I saw—and could not stanch it.

WITCH. And for this—
A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
To recreant mortality——Away!

MAN. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnashed
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have prayed
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things passed harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In fantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Crœsus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dashed me back
Into the gulf of my unfathomed thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here,—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live forever.

WITCH. It may be
That I can aid thee.

MAN. To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

WITCH. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

MAN. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

WITCH. Is this all?
Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

MAN. I have said it.

WITCH. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

MAN. Retire!

[*The* WITCH *disappears.*

MAN. (*alone*). We are the fools of time and terror: Days
Steal on us and from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource.
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardoned—though he called in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.
If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,

That which I loved would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins –
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart.
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

[*Exit.*

BYRON.



SHAKESPEARE AND THE PASSIONS.

—*Romney*

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly;
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep,
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those the fiends, who, near allied,

O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;
While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?
Thou, who such weary lengths has pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought,
Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek submitted Thought?
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
The pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
Oh thou whom spirit most possessed
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, oh Fear, will dwell with thee.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting :
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd their instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd : his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, oh Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song :
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung :—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder, down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread'
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fix'd ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away,
But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand oders from his dewy wings.
O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard ;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeaver cease ;
Revive the just designs of Greece ;
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

WILLIAM COLLINS.



THE INFANT HERCULES.



DEATH OF BRUNHILDE.

THE CONTEST OF BRUNHILDE AND FREDEGONDE.

ON the death of Clovis (A. D. 511), under whose sway the Franks were for the first time united into the semblance of a compact nation, his kingdom was divided among his four sons. Of these, Theodoric, the eldest, received the eastern and largest share. The three younger brothers inherited the western portion, lying for the most part in what is now France. While holding separate Courts, they appear to have ruled in some measure in common, carrying on their wars of offence and defence together until, in the course of battle and intrigue, all of them and their children, save the youngest son of Clovis, named Clothaire, were dead. Under Clothaire, therefore, the entire empire of the Franks was united as it had been under his father, Clovis.



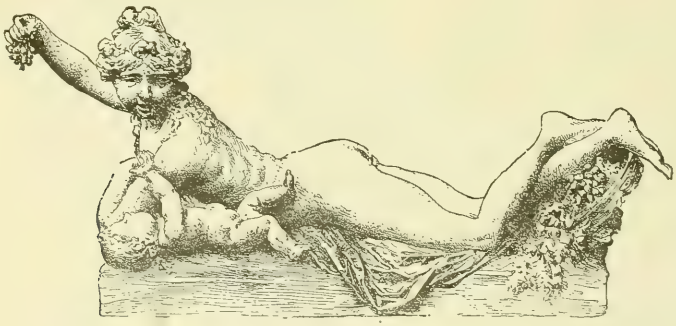
FREDEGONDE VIEWING FROM HER ROOM IN THE PALACE THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY BETWEEN CHILPERIC AND GALESWINTHA.
(By L. Alma-Tadema, R. A.)

On the death of Clothaire, in 561, his sons, of whom there were four, Charibut, Guntram, Chilperic and Sigbert, made a new division of the territory of their grandsire, Clovis. This new division was the signal for the inauguration of fraternal

strife and bloodshed so characteristic of the Merovingia family. Barbarous manners spread widely and to a frightful degree. This result was aided largely by the ambition and malevolence of two women, distinguished alike for their beauty, their ferocity, and their intellectual superiority over their husbands, by means of which they utilized their brutal strength and courage. Chilperic and Sigbert married two sisters, Galeswintha and Brunhilde, daughters of Athanagild, King of the Visigoths. In order to form this alliance, Chilperic basely put away his previous wife, Fredegonde, born of lowlier parentage. Unwilling to bear this injustice, and aware of the character of him who had committed it, Fredegonde succeeded in a short while in murdering her rival and resuming her former place by Chilperic. Brunhilde devoted her powers henceforth to the work of revenging the death of her sister. Under her influence, Sigbert declared war on his brother, Chilperic, and a long series of battles and murders ensued. Not content with the death of her rival and her own reinstatement in favor, Fredegonde completed her revenge by causing her fickle husband to be assassinated. She then assumed the regency in behalf of her son, Clothaire II.

At the end of the sixth century, the whole country was under the rule of Brunhilde and Fredegonde; the former in charge of her two grandsons, Theodebert II, King of Austrasia, and Theodoric II, King of Burgundy, while Fredegonde ruled Neustria for the youthful Clothaire II.

After Fredegonde's death, Brunhilde seized Neustria and re-united under her sway the country of Clovis. In seeking to accomplish the object of her ambition, she found herself opposed by the nobles, both lay and clerical. It was perhaps due to the latter fact that the bitterness of her hatred was turned against the Evangelical labors of the saintly Columban, who was laboring to spread the truths of Christ among the wild hearts of the people in the Vosgas Mountains. Led by two brothers, Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, and Pippen, of Landen, the nobles were victorious. The army of the aged Queen deserted her, leaving her with her four grandchildren in the hands of Clothaire II, the son of her fierce rival. He at once put the children to death. The Queen was reserved for a keen revenge. She was first subjected to such shameful indignities as were calculated to wound her spirit, and then, tied to the crupper of a wild horse, was dragged and kicked to death.



INCIDENTS OF LIFE.

THEN let us fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
With all the virtues we can crowd into it.

ADDISON.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through stormy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
'Twill cost a sigh, perhaps a tear—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good morning."

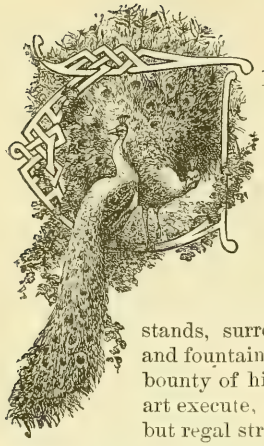
MRS. BARBAULD.

The lesson of life is practically to generalize; to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars; to penetrate to the catholic sense.

EMERSON.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.

CHARLES LAMB.



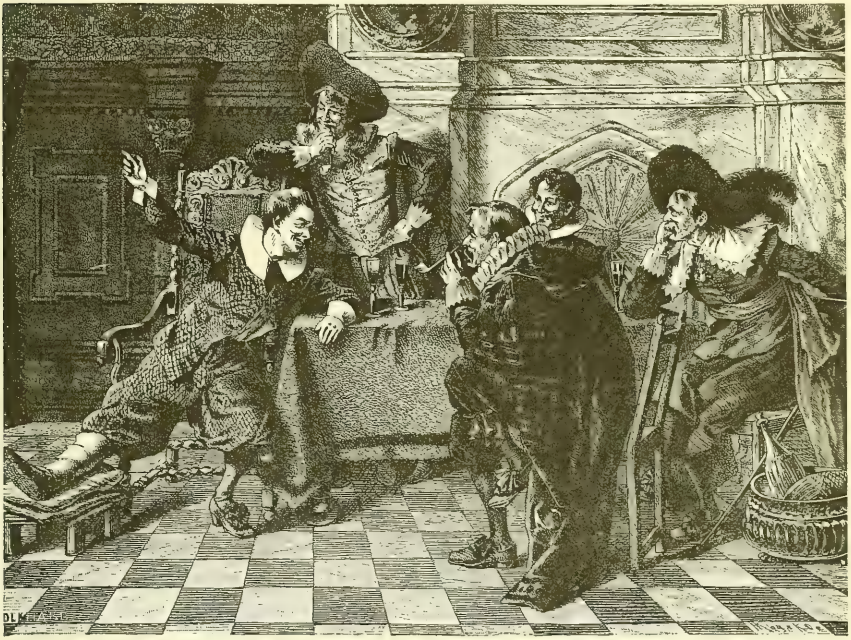
BLENHEIM CASTLE.

HERE is a splendid monumental pile in England, the most magnificent perhaps of her hundred palaces, founded in the name of Queen Anne at the public cost, to perpetuate the fame of Marlborough. The grand building, with its vast wings and spacious courts, covers seven acres and-a-half of land. It is approached on its various sides by twelve gates or bridges, some of them triumphal gates, in a circumference of thirteen miles, inclosing the noble park of twenty-seven hundred acres (Boston Common has forty-three), in which the castle stands, surrounded by the choicest beauties of forest, and garden, and fountain, and lawn, and stream. All that gold could buy, or the bounty of his own, or foreign princes could bestow, or taste devise, or art execute, or ostentation could lavish, to perfect and adorn the all but regal structure without and within, is there. Its salons, and its galleries, its library and its museum, among the most spacious in England, for a private mansion, are filled with the rarities and wonders of ancient and modern art. Eloquent inscriptions from the most gifted pens of the age—the English, by Lord Bolingbroke, the Latin, I believe, by Bishop Hoadley—set forth on triumphal arches and columns, the exploits of him to whom the whole edifice, and the domains which surround it are one gorgeous monument. Lest human adulation should prove unequal to the task, nature herself has been called in to record his achievements. They have been planted, rooted in the soil. Groves and coppices, curiously disposed, respresent the position, the number, the martial array of the hostile squadrons at Blenheim. Thus, with each returning year, spring hangs out its triumphant banners —May's Æolian lyre sings of his victories through her gorgeous foliage; and the shrill trump of November sounds "Malbrook" through her leafless branches.

Twice in my life I have visited that magnificent residence—not as a guest; once, when its stately porticos afforded a grateful shelter from the noonday sun, and again after thirty years' interval, when the light of a full harvest moon slept sweetly on the bank once shaded by Rosamond's bower—so says tradition—and poured its streaming bars of silver through the branches of oaks which were growing before Columbus discovered America. But to me, at noontide, or in the evening, the gorgeous pile was as dreary as death, its luxurious grounds as melancholy as a churchyard. It seemed to me not a splendid palace, but a dismal mausoleum, in which a great and blighted name lies embalmed like some old Egyptian tyrant, black and ghastly in the asphaltic contempt of ages, serving but to rescue from an inevitable oblivion the career and character of the magnificent peculator and miser, and traitor to whom it was dedicated; needy in the midst of his ill-gotten millions; mean at the head of his victorious armies; despicable under the shadow of his thick-woven laurels; and poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, amidst the lying shams of his tinsel greatness. The eloquent inscriptions in Latin and English, as I strove to read them, seemed to fade from arch and column, and three dreadful words of palimpsestic infamy came

out in their stead, like those which caused the knees of the Chaldean tyrant to smite together, as he beheld them, traced by no mortal fingers on the vaulted canopy which spread like a sky over his accursed revels; and those dreadful words were, AVARICE, PLUNDER, ETERNAL SHAME!

E. EVERETT.



IT WAS A HOT DAY.
(From the Painting by Max Volkhart.)

THE REVELERS.

RING, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter and a wilder strain!
They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part—
But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh
In a pause of the thrilling melody!
And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring flowers of the festal wreath!
Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords!—But who art *thou*
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too well!
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell;
Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!
Mourn on! yet come thou not *here* the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile!

There is not a tone in our songs for thee—
Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords! ring out again!—
But what dost thou with the revel's train?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of tny wandering eye!
Away! there's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man! wilt thou *here* find rest!
Away! for thy thougts from the scene have fled,
And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead:
Thou art but more lone midst the sounds of mirth—
Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring forth again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!—
But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
I know thee! it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!
I know thee!—thou fearest the solemn night,
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might!
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain would'st shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away!—
Back to thy home, and pray!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
And bring fresh wreaths!—we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
On! through the maze of the fleet dance, on!—
But where are the young and the lovely gone?
Where are the brows with the Red Cross crowned,
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet?—
They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all:
Alas! the forsaken hall!



THE SPENDTHRIFT
—*Teniers.*

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

FOREVER running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassioned soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure rolled,
Himself an useless load, has squandered vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheered
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew—
To him the long review of ordered life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

THOMPSON.

SLEEP.

O SLEEP, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.





THE SYMBOL.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"—LAM. i. 12.

(From the Painting by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A. By permission of T. D. Galpin, Esq.)

THE BATHS AT POMPEII.

ALTHOUGH the public thermæ, or baths, were instituted rather for the poorer citizens than the wealthy (for the last had baths in their own houses), yet, to the crowds of all ranks who resorted to them, it was a favorite place of conversation, and for that indolent lounging so dear to a gay and thoughtless people. The baths at Pompeii differed, of course, in plan and construction from the vast and complicated thermæ of Rome; and, indeed, it seems that in each city of the empire there was always some slight modification of arrangement in the grand architecture of the public baths. This mightily puzzles the learned, as if architects and fashion were not capricious before the nineteenth century! Our party entered by the principal porch in the Street of Fortune. At the wing of the portico sat the keeper of the baths, with his two boxes before him, one for the money he received, one for the tickets he dispensed. Round the walls of the portico were seats crowded with persons of all ranks; while others, as the regimen of the physicians prescribed, were walking briskly to and fro the portico, stopping every now and then to gaze on the innumerable notices of shows, games, sales, exhibitions, which were painted or inscribed upon the walls. The general subject of the conversation was, however, the spectacle announced in the amphitheatre; and each new comer was fastened upon by a group eager to know if Pompeii had been so fortunate as to produce some monstrous criminal, some happy case of sacrilege or of murder, which would allow the ædiles to provide a man for the jaws of the lion: all other more common exhibitions seemed dull and tame, when compared with the possibility of this fortunate occurrence.

"For my part," said one jolly-looking man, who was a goldsmith, "I think the Emperor, if he is as good as they say, might have sent us a Jew."

"Why not take one of the new sect of Nazarenes?" said a philosopher. "I am not cruel; but an atheist, one who denies Jupiter himself, deserves no mercy."

"I care not how many gods a man likes to believe in," said the goldsmith; "but to deny all gods is something monstrous."

"Yet I fancy," said Glaucus, "that these people are not absolutely atheists. I am told that they believe in a God—nay, in a future state."

"Quite a mistake, my dear Glaucus," said the philosopher; "I have conferred with them—they laughed in my face when I talked of Pluto and Hades."

"O ye gods!" exclaimed the goldsmith, in horror; "are there any of these wretches in Pompeii?"

"I know there are a few: but they meet so privately that it is impossible to discover who they are."

As Glaucus turned away, a sculptor, who was a great enthusiast in his art, looked after him admiringly.

"Ah!" said he, "if we could get *him* in the arena—there would be a model for you! What limbs! what a head! he ought to have been a gladiator! A subject—a subject—worthy of our art! Why don't they give him to the lion?"

Meanwhile Fulvius, the Roman poet, whom his contemporaries declared immortal, and who, but for this history, would never have been heard of in our neglectful age, came eagerly up to Glaucus: "Oh, my Athenian, my Glaucus, you have come to hear my ode! That is indeed an honor; you, a Greek—to whom the very language

of common life is poetry. How I thank you! It is but a trifle; but if I secure your approbation, perhaps I may get an introduction to Titus. Oh, Glaucus! a poet without a patron is an amphora without a label; the wine may be good, but nobody will laud it! And what says Pythagoras?—'Frankincense to the gods, but praise to man.' A patron, then, is the poet's priest: he procures him the incense, and obtains him his believers."

"But all Pompeii is your patron, and every portico an altar to your praise."

"Ah! the poor Pompeians are very civil—they love to honor merit. But they are only the inhabitants of a petty town—*spero meliora!* Shall we within?"

"Certainly; we lose time till we hear your poem."

At this instant there was a rush of some twenty persons from the baths into the portico; and a slave stationed at the door of a small corridor now admitted the poet, Glaucus, Clodius, and a troop of the bard's other friends, into the passage.

"A poor place this, compared with the Roman thermæ!" said Lepidus, disdainfully.

"Yet is there some taste in the ceiling," said Glaucus, who was in a mood to be pleased with everything; pointing to the stars which studded the roof.

Lepidus shrugged his shoulders, but was too languid to reply.

They now entered a somewhat spacious chamber, which served for the purpose of the apoditerium (that is, a place where the bathers prepared themselves for their luxurious ablutions). The vaulted ceiling was raised from a cornice, glowingly colored with motley and grotesque paintings; the ceiling itself was panelled in white compartments bordered with rich crimson; the unsullied and shining floor was paved with white mosaics, and along the walls were ranged benches for the accommodation of the loiterers. This chamber did not possess the numerous and spacious windows which Vitruvius attributes to his more magnificent *frigiderium.* The Pompeians, as all the southern Italians, were fond of banishing the light of their sultry skies, and combined in their voluptuous associations the idea of luxury with darkness. Two windows of glass* alone admitted the soft and shaded ray; and the compartment in which one of these casements was placed was adorned with a large relief of the destruction of the Titans.

In this apartment Fulvius seated himself,with a magisterial air, and his audience, gathering round him, encouraged him to commence his recital.

The poet did not require much pressing. He drew forth from his vest a roll of papyrus, and after hemming three times, as much to command silence as to clear his voice, he began that wonderful ode, of which, to the great mortification of the author of this history, no single verse can be discovered.

By the plaudits he received, it was doubtless worthy of his fame; and Glaucus was the only listener who did not find it excel the best odes of Horace.

The poem concluded, those who took only the cold bath began to undress; they suspended their garments on hooks fastened in the wall, and receiving, according to their condition, either from their own slaves or those of the thermæ, loose robes in exchange, withdrew into that graceful and circular building which yet exists, to shame the unlaving posterity of the south.

*The discoveries at Pompeii have controverted the long-established error of the antiquaries, that glass windows were unknown to the Romans—the use of them was not, however, common among the middle and inferior classes in their private dwellings.

The more luxurious departed by another door to the tepidarium, a place which was heated to a voluptuous warmth, partly by a movable fire-place, principally by a suspended pavement, beneath which was conducted the caloric of the laconicum.

Here this portion of the intended bathers, after unrobing themselves, remained for some time enjoying the artificial warmth of the luxurious air. And this room, as befitted its important rank in the long process of ablution, was more richly and elaborately decorated than the rest; the arched roof was beautifully carved and painted; the windows above, of ground glass, admitted but wandering and uncertain rays; below the massive cornices were rows of figures in massive and bold relief; the walls glowed with crimson, the pavement was skilfully tessellated in white mosaics. Here the habituated bathers, men who bathed seven times a day, would remain in a state of enervate and speechless lassitude, either before or (mostly) after the water-bath; and many of these victims of the pursuit of health turned their listless eyes on the new-comers, recognizing their friends with a nod, but dreading the fatigue of conversation.

From this place the party again diverged, according to their several fancies, some to the sudatorium, which answered the purpose of our vapor-baths, and thence to the warm-bath itself; those more accustomed to exercise, and capable of dispensing with so cheap a purchase of fatigue, resorted at once to the calidarium, or water-bath.

In order to complete this sketch, and give to the reader an adequate notion of this, the main luxury of the ancients, we will accompany Lepidus, who regularly underwent the whole process, save only the cold-bath, which had gone lately out of fashion. Being then gradually warmed in the tepidarium, which has just been described, the delicate steps of the Pompeian *elegant* were conducted to the sudatorium. Here let the reader depict to himself the gradual process of the vapor-bath, accompanied by an exhalation of spicy perfumes. After our bather had undergone this operation, he was seized by his slaves, who always awaited him at the baths, and the dews of heat were removed by a kind of scraper, which (by the way) a modern traveler has gravely declared to be used only to remove the dirt, not one particle of which could ever settle on the polished skin of the practiced bather. Thence, somewhat cooled, he passed into the water-bath, over which fresh perfumes were profusely scattered, and on emerging from the opposite part of the room, a cooling shower played over his head and form. Then wrapping himself in a light robe, he returned once more to the tepidarium, where he found Glaucus, who had not encountered the sudatorium; and now, the main delight and extravagance of the bath commenced. Their slaves anointed the bathers from the vials of gold, of alabaster, or of crystal, studded with profusest gems, and containing the rarest unguents, gathered from all quarters of the world. The number of these smegmata used by the wealthy would fill a modern volume—especially if the volume were printed by a fashionable publisher; *Amoracinum*, *Megalium*, *Nardum—omne quod exit in um;*—while soft music played in an adjacent chamber, and such as used the bath in moderation, refreshed and restored by the grateful ceremony, conversed with all the zest and freshness of rejuvenated life.

"Blessed be he who invented baths!" said Glaucus, stretching himself along one of those bronze seats (then covered with soft cushions) which the visitor to Pompeii sees at this day in that same tepidarium. "Whether he were Hercules or Bacchus, he deserved deification."

"But tell me," said a corpulent citizen, who was groaning and wheezing under the operation of being rubbed down, "tell me, O Glaucus!—evil chance to thy hands, O slave! why so rough?—tell me—ugh—ugh!—are the baths at Rome really so magnificent?" Glaucus turned, and recognized Diomed, though not without some difficulty, so red and so inflamed were the good man's cheeks by the sudatory and the scraping he had so lately undergone. "I fancy they must be a great deal finer than these. Eh?" Suppressing a smile, Glaucus replied—

"Imagine all Pompeii converted into baths, and you will then form a notion of the size of the imperial thermæ of Rome. But a notion of the *size* only. Imagine every entertainment for mind and body—enumerate all the gymnastic games our fathers invented—repeat all the books Italy and Greece have produced—suppose places for all these games, admirers for all these works—add to this, baths of the vastest size, the most complicated construction—intersperse the whole with gardens, with theatres, with porticos, with schools—suppose, in one word, a city of the gods, composed but of palaces and public edifices, and you may form some faint idea of the glories of the great baths of Rome."

"By Hercules!" said Diomed, opening his eyes, "why it would take a man's whole life to bathe!"

"At Rome, it often does so," replied Glaucus, gravely. "There are many who live only at the baths. They repair there the first hour in which the doors are opened, and remain till that in which the doors are closed. They seem as if they knew nothing of the rest of Rome, as if they despised all other existence."

"By Pollux! you amaze me."

"Even those who bathe only thrice a day contrive to consume their lives in this occupation. They take their exercise in the tennis-court or the porticos, to prepare them for the first bath; they lounge in the theatre, to refresh themselves after it. They take their prandium under the trees, and think over their second bath. By the time it is prepared, the prandium is digested. From the second bath they stroll into one of the peristyles, to hear some new poet recite; or into the library, to sleep over an old one. Then comes the supper, which they still consider but a part of the bath; and then a third time they bathe again, as the best place to converse with their friends."

"Per Hercle! but we have their imitators at Pompeii."

"Yes, and without their excuse. The magnificent voluptuaries of the Roman baths are happy; they see nothing but gorgeousness and splendor; they visit not the squalid parts of the city; they know not that there is poverty in the world. All Nature smiles for them, and her only frown is the last one which sends them to bathe in Cocytus. Believe me, they are your only true philosophers."

While Glaucus was thus conversing, Lepidus, with closed eyes and scarce perceptible breath, was undergoing all the mystic operations, not one of which he ever suffered his attendants to omit. After the perfumes and the unguents, they scattered over him the luxurious powder which prevented any farther accession of heat; and this being rubbed away by the smooth surface of the pumice, he began to indue, not the garments he had put off, but those more festive ones termed "the synthesis," with which Romans marked their respect for the coming ceremony of supper, if rather, from its hour (three o'clock in our measurement of time), it might not be more fitly

denominated dinner. This done, he at length opened his eyes and gave signs of returning life.

At the same time, too, Sallust betokened by a long yawn the evidence of existence.

"It is supper-time," said the epicure; "you, Glaucus and Lepidus, come and sup with me."

"Recollect you are all three engaged to my house next week," cried Diomed, who was mightily proud of the acquaintance of men of fashion.

"Ah, ah! we recollect," said Sallust: "the seat of memory, my Diomed, is certainly in the stomach."

Passing now once again into the cooler air, and so into the street, our gallants of that day concluded the ceremony of a Pompeian bath.

BULWER LYTTON.

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies:
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!

But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

SHELLY.

MUTABILITY.

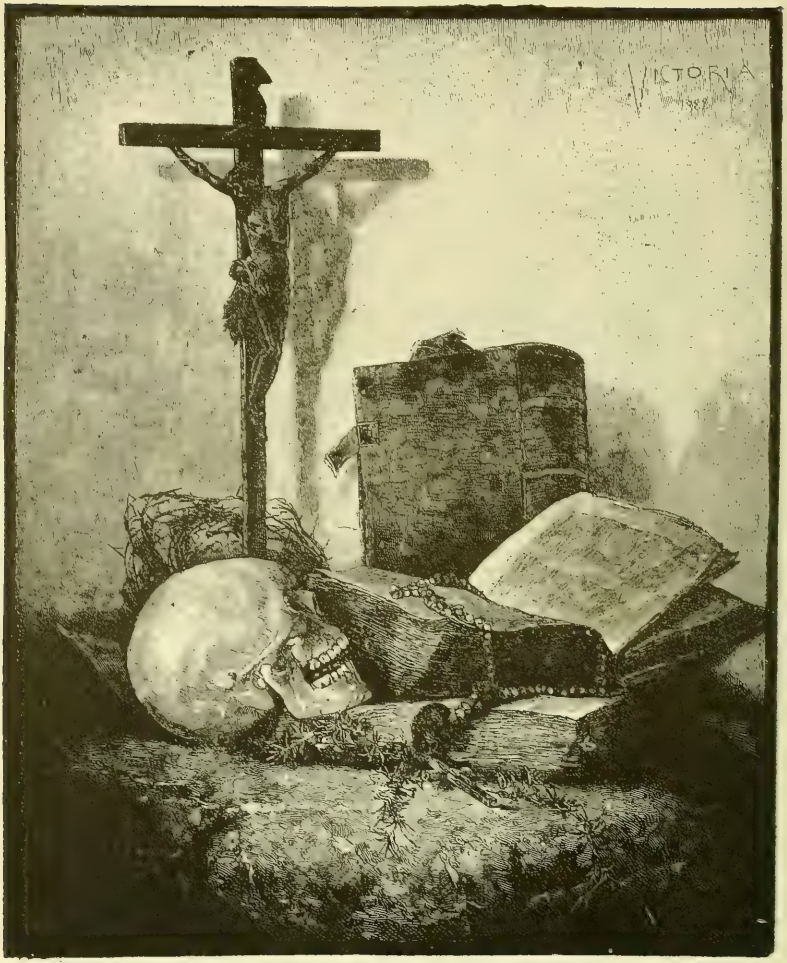
WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed and gleam and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever—

Or like forgotten lyres whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep,
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:—

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free:
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but Mutability.

SHELLY.



PERISHABLENESS.

(*Painted by her Royal and Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany.*)

MORTALITY.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ay! they died: and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

ARTHUR IN AVALON.

FROM THE PICTURE BY T. ARCHER, R. S. A.

STRICKEN of man, and sore beset of Fate,
He lies amid the groves of Avalon;
What comfort meet ye unto Uther's son,
O mournful Queens? What styptic to abate
Life's eager stream? Alas, not theirs to sate
His soul with earthly vision! he hath done
With mortal life, and chivalry's bright sun
Is darkend by the powers of hell and hate.

Lo! now, the garden of his agony
Is very sweet, though dread the hour, and drear
With utterless spell of horrid potency;
The barred east beyond the brightening sea,
Thick with portentous wraiths of phantom fear,
Is flushed with triumph, stirred with melody.

"Glory of knighthood, that through Lyonesse
Was as a lamp, O selfless soul and pure,
What though thy visionary rule endure
So ill the assault of envy? Not the less
Thy victory, though failure thee oppress;
Not sterile thy example, and most sure
The seeded fruit; with might thou shalt allure
For evermore through life's embattled press

Thy spiritual sons to follow thee;"
The mystic Four their solemn vigil keep
Until day break, and eastward silently,
Over the kingless land and wailing deep,
The sacrificial symbol fire the sky;
Then they arise, no more to watch and weep.

J. ARTHUR BLAIKIE.



ARTHUR IN AVALON.

(From the Picture by T. Archer, R. S. A.)

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

SO all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again,
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed with white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

* * * * * * *

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him:
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light hath led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he; and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn
And on the mere the wailing died away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TEARS.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well;
That is light grieving! lighter, none befell
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears!—what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing; at her marriage-bell
The bride weeps; and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs, look up! those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.



FORSAKEN. (*From the Picture by H. Pabst.*)

GRIEF.

I TELL you hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy dead in silence like to death—
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:
If it could weep, it could arise and go.



SOLDIERS GAMING.

FORTUNE AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

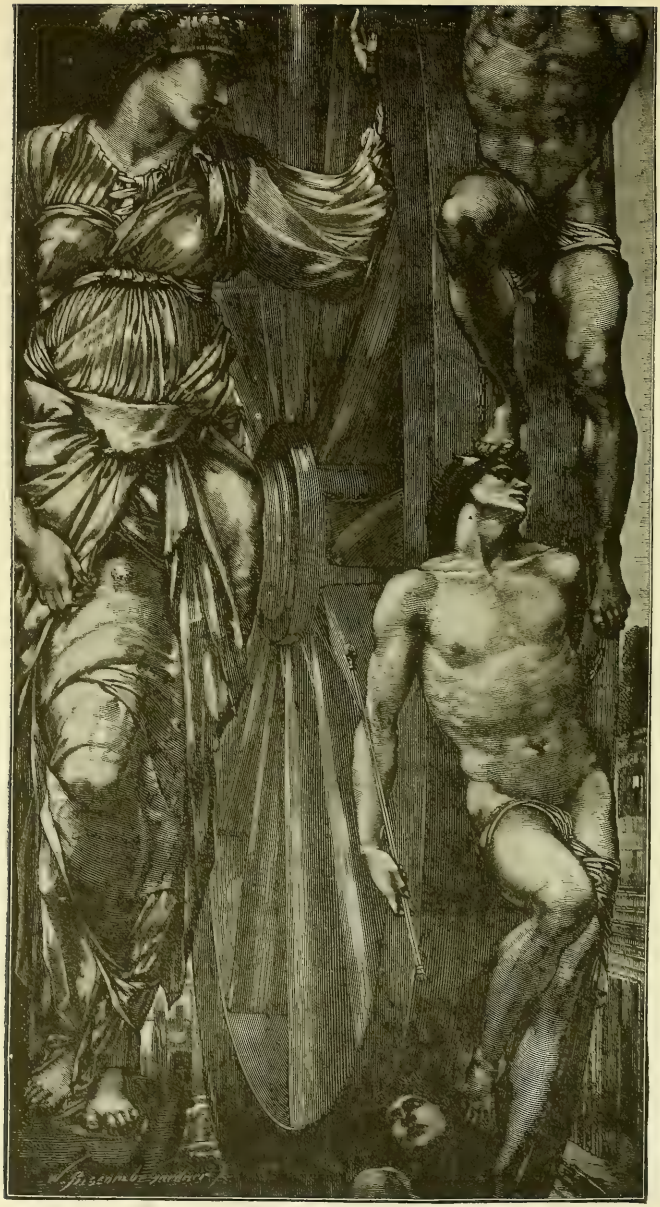
BESIDE a well profoundly deep
A Schoolboy laid him down to sleep.
Ere care has racked with aches the head,
The hardest bank's a feather-bed;
A grown-up man, in such a case,
Had leaped a furlong from the place.
Happy for him, just then came by
Fortune, and saw him heedless lie.
She woke him softly, speaking mild:
"I've saved your life, you see, my child.
Another time you close your eyes,
Be just a little bit more wise.
If you had fallen down below,
'Twould have been laid to me, I know,
Though your own fault; and now, I pray,
Before I take myself away,
In honest truth you'll own the same,
For I was hardly here to blame.
It was not *my* caprice or joke."
The goddess vanished as she spoke.

And she was right; for never yet
Have any a misfortune met,
But Fortune's blamed: she has to pay
For our misdoings every day.
For all mad, foolish, ill-planned schemes
We try to justify our dreams
By rating her with curses strong.
In one word, *Fortune's always wrong.*

FROM LA FONTAINE.



FORTUNE AND THE LITTLE CHILD.



THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

(Painted by Edward Burne Jones. By Permission of Arthur Balfour, Esq., M. P.)

TURN, FORTUNE, TURN THY WHEEL.

"TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud:
Turn thy wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands:
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

TENNYSON.

THE FORTUNE-FAVORED.

The first five verses in the original of this Poem are placed as a motto on Goethe's statue in the Library at Weimar. The Poet does not here mean to extol what is vulgarly meant by the Gifts of Fortune; he but develops a favorite idea of his, that whatever is really sublime and beautiful comes freely down from heaven; and vindicates the seeming partiality of the gods, by implying that the Beauty and the Genius given, without labor, to some, but serve to the delight of those to whom they are denied. There is a very similar thought in Dante.

AH! happy he, upon whose birth each god
Looks down in love, whose earliest sleep the bright
Idalia cradles, whose young lips the rod
Of eloquent Hermes kindles—to whose eyes,
Scarce wakened yet, Apollo steals in light,
While on imperial brows Jove sets the seal of might!
Godlike the lot ordained for him to share,
He wins the garland ere he runs the race;
He learns life's wisdom ere he knows life's care,
And, without labor vanquished, smiles the Grace.

Great is the man, I grant, whose strength of mind,
Self-shapes its objects and subdues the Fates—
Virtue subdues the Fates, but cannot bind
The fickle Happiness, whose smile awaits
Those who scarce seek it; nor can courage earn
What the Grace showers not from her own free urn!

From aught *unworthy*, the determined will
Can guard the watchful spirit—there it ends;—
The all that's *glorious* from the heaven descends:
As some sweet mistress loves us, freely still
Come the spontaneous gifts of heaven!—Above
Favor rules Jove, as it below rules Love!
The Immortals have their bias!—Kindly they
See the bright locks of youth enamored play,
And where the glad one goes, shed gladness round the way.
It is not they who boast the best to see.
Whose eyes the holy Apparitions bless;
The stately light of their divinity
Hath oft times shone the brightest on the blind;
And their choice spirit found its calm recess
In the pure childhood of a simple mind.
Unasked they come—delighted to delude
The expectation of our baffled Pride;
No edict calls their free steps to our side.
Him whom he loves, the Sire of men and gods,
Bears on his eagle to his bright abodes;
At his free choice amidst the multitude,
He marks the brows on which fall partial down
Fame's laurel wreath—or Power's imperial crown.
Fortune is but Jove's favor, freely given;
And what but Fortune crowns ev'n Jove in Heaven?

Before the man thus graced, divinely go
The Pythian conqueror with his silver bow,
And Eros with the smile that gilds the skies;
For him gray Neptune smooths the pliant wave—
Harmless the waters for the ship that bore
The Cæsar and his fortunes to the shore!
Charmed at his feet the crouching lion lies,
To him his back the murmuring dolphin gave;
His soul is born a sovereign o'er the strife—
The Lord of all the Beautiful of Life;
Where'er his presence in its calm has trod,
It charms—it sways, as some immortal God.

Scorn not the Fortune-favored, that to him
The light-won victory by the gods is given,
Or that, as Paris, from the strife severe,
Soft Venus draws her darling.—Whom the heaven
So prospers, love so watches, I revere;
And not the man upon whose eyes, with dim
And baleful night, sits Fate. Achaia boasts
No less Pelides as her mightiest Lord,
That Vulcan wrought for him the shield and sword—
That round the mortal hovered all the hosts
Of all Olympus—that, his wrath to grace,
The best and bravest of the Grecian race,
Untimely slaughtered, with resentful ghosts
Awed the pale people of the Stygian coasts!

Scorn not the Darlings of the Beautiful,
If without labor they Life's blossoms cull;
If, like the stately lilies, they have won
A crown for which they neither toiled nor spun—
If without merit, theirs be Beauty—still
Thy sense, unenvying, with the Beauty fill.
Alike for thee no merit wins the right,
To share, by simply seeing, their delight.
Heaven breathes the soul into the Minstrel's breast
But with that soul he animates the rest;
And as the God inspires him, he shall be,
If heard devoutly, as a God to thee;
Listen:—and blessed in his bliss thou art!
Let Themis poise the balance for the Mart,
And weigh strict recompense to labor keen;
But rapture, lighting up the cheeks of men,
Is by the grace of Power divine bestowed;
Bliss is a miracle that needs a God!
All that is human waxes to its prime,
Stage upon stage—the gradual shape of Time.
The Blissful and the Beautiful alone
Rise, laboring *not*—degree on slow degree—
Their growth and progress to our eyes unshown
They spring, perfected for Eternity!
Like Heaven's, each earthly Venus on the sight
Comes, a dark birth, from out an endless sea;
Like the first Pallas, in maturest might,
Armed, from the Thunderer's brow, leaps forth each Thought of Light.

SCHILLER—TRANS. BY BULWER.



FORTUNE-TELLING.

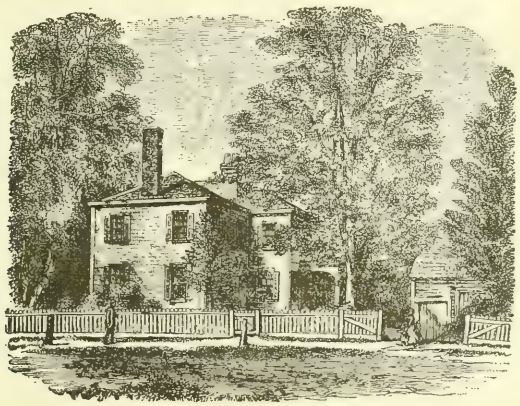
(*From the Picture by W. Britten.*)

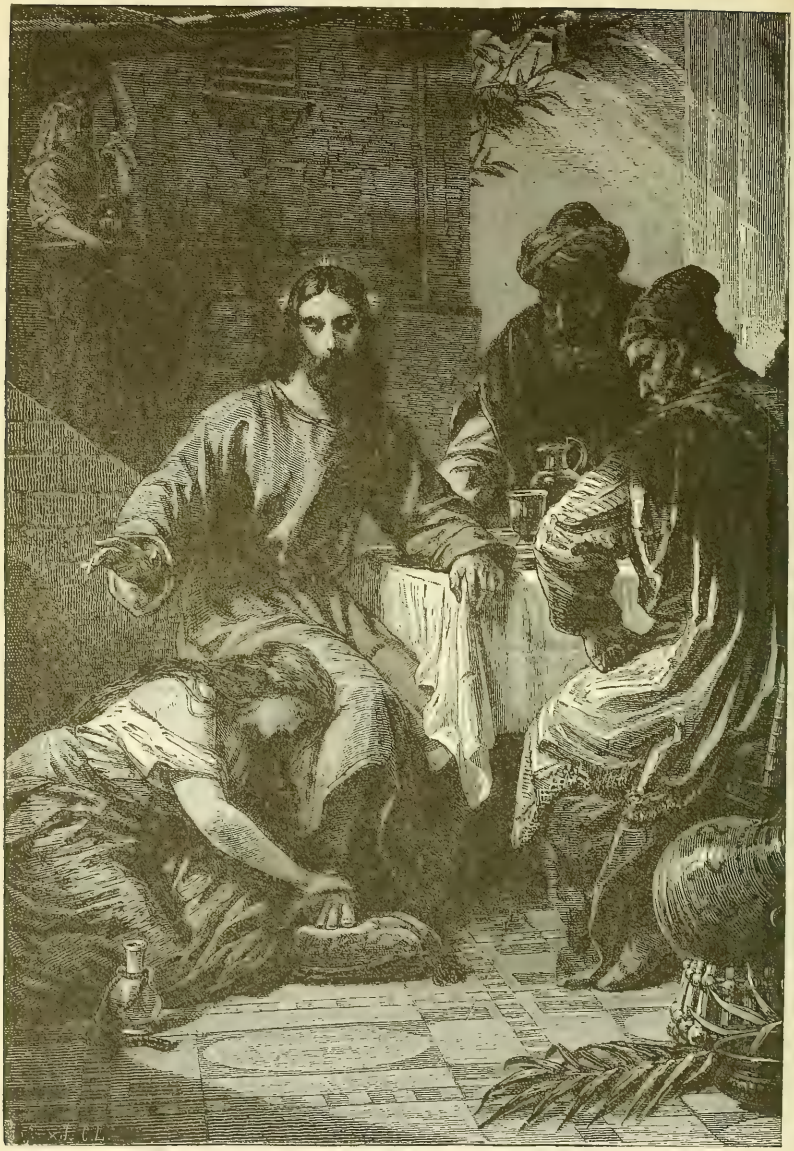
THE OLD LOG CABIN.

IT is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

DANIEL WEBSTER.





BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

OH! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by:
To be trampled and track'd by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell:
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell:
Fell, to be tramp'd as the filth of the street:
Fell, to be scoff'd, to be spit on, and beat,
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread.
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flatter'd and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

JOHN W. WATSON.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet.*

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,—
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;

Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing. –

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family –
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd –
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

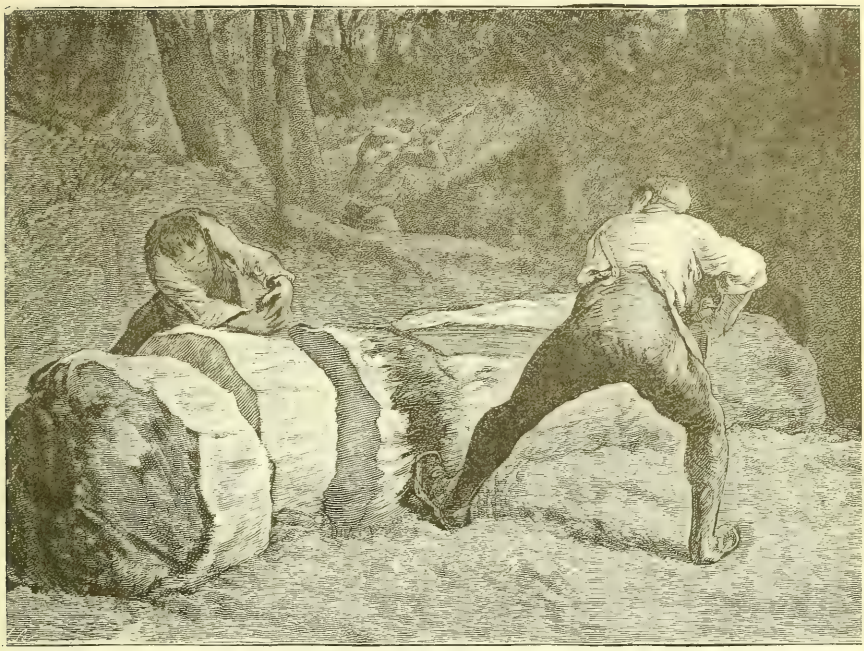
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.



THE SAWYERS.

(Painted by J.-F. Millet. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

JOHN AND THE SQUIRE.

I AM only a farmer's lass,
John is only a farmer's lad
But somehow when we chance to meet,
The very sound of his coming feet
Can make my heart so glad,
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,
And he reads his welcome in my eyes

I am only a farmer's girl,
Master Tom is the Squire's son;
But, strange to say, his feet this way
Turn often at the close of day,
After the work is done,
When John, in passing the meadow gate,
Gives me a scowl, but will not wait.

I am only a farmer's lass,
So what can the Squire want of me?
My heart is John's—he knows it well,
But it isn't for *me* the truth to tell,
So bashful a lad is he!
And the Squire may come, and the Squire may go
But all the answer he'll get is—"No."

The Squire praises my hair and eyes;
The Squire says I'm a lady born.
What care I for his foolish speech?
'Tis John's voice only my heart can teach
To sing like birds at morn.
But John is jealous—the foolish boy,
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh! I am only a farmer's lass,
And John is only a farmer's lad,
But I'd rather be his in his humble life,
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,
With a restless heart and sad!
But John—so bashful a lad is he—
Is a long while asking my heart of me.

MARY D. BRINE.



THE REAPER.
—*Millais.*

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees.

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ICARUS.

ALL modern themes of poesy are spun so very fine,
That now the most amusing Muse, *e. gratia*, such as mine,
Is often forced to cut the thread that strings our recent rhymes,
And try the stronger staple of the good old classic times.

There lived and flourished long ago, in famous Athens town,
One Dædalus, a carpenter of genius and renown;
('Twas he who with an augur taught mechanics how to *bore*—
An art which the philosophers monopolized before.)

His only son was Icarus, a most precocious lad,
The pride of Mrs. Dædalus, the image of his dad:
And while he yet was in his teens, such progress had he made,
He'd got above his father's size, and much above his trade.

Now Dædalus, the carpenter, had made a pair of wings,
Contrived of wood and feathers, and a curious set of springs,
By means of which the wearer could ascend to any height,
And sail about among the clouds as easy as a kite.

"Oh father," said young Icarus, how I should like to fly!
And go like you, where all is blue, along the upper sky;
How very charming it would be, above the moon to climb,
And scamper through the Zodiac, and have a high old time!

"Oh would'nt it be jolly, though,—to stop at all the inns
To take a luncheon at "The Crab," and tipple at "The Twins;"
And just for fun and fancy, while careering through the air,
To kiss the *Virgin*, tease the *Ram*, and bait the bigger *Bear*.

"Oh father please to let me go!" was still the urchin's cry;
"I'll be extremely careful, sir, and won't go *very* high;
Oh, if this little pleasure trip you only will allow,
I'll promise to be back again in time to fetch the cow!"

"You're rather young," said Dædalus, "to tempt the upper air;
But take the wings, and mind your eye with very special care:

And keep at least a thousand miles below the nearest star:
Young lads when out upon a lark are apt to go too far!"

He took the wings—that foolish boy—without the least dismay
(His father stuck them on with wax), and so he soared away;



DÆDALUS AND ICARUS.
(From the Picture by Van Dyck. By kind Permission of Earl Spencer, K. G.

Up, up he rises, like a bird, and not a moment stops,
Until he's fairly out of sight above the mountain tops!

And still he flies—away—away; it seems the merest fun;
No marvel he is getting bold, and aiming at the sun;

No marvel he forgets his sire; it is'nt very odd,
That one so far above the earth should think himself a god!

Already in his silly pride, he's gone too far aloft;
The heat begins to scorch his wings; the wax is waxing soft;
Down—down he goes—alas!—next day poor Icarus is found
Afloat upon the Ægean sea, extremely damp—and drowned.

L' Envoi.

The moral of this painful tale is plain enough to all;
Don't get above your proper sphere, or you may chance to fall;
Remember, too, that borrowed plumes are most uncertain things,
And never try to scale the sky with other people's wings.

J. G. Saxe.

THE MURDER OF AMY ROBSART.



"ASK no questions," said Varney, "thou wilt see him one day, if thy creed be true. But to our graver matter. I will teach thee a spring, Tony, to catch a pewit—yonder trap-door—yonder gim-crack of thine, will remain secure in appearance, will it not, though the supports are withdrawn?"

"Ay, marry, will it," said Foster; "so long as it is not trodden on."

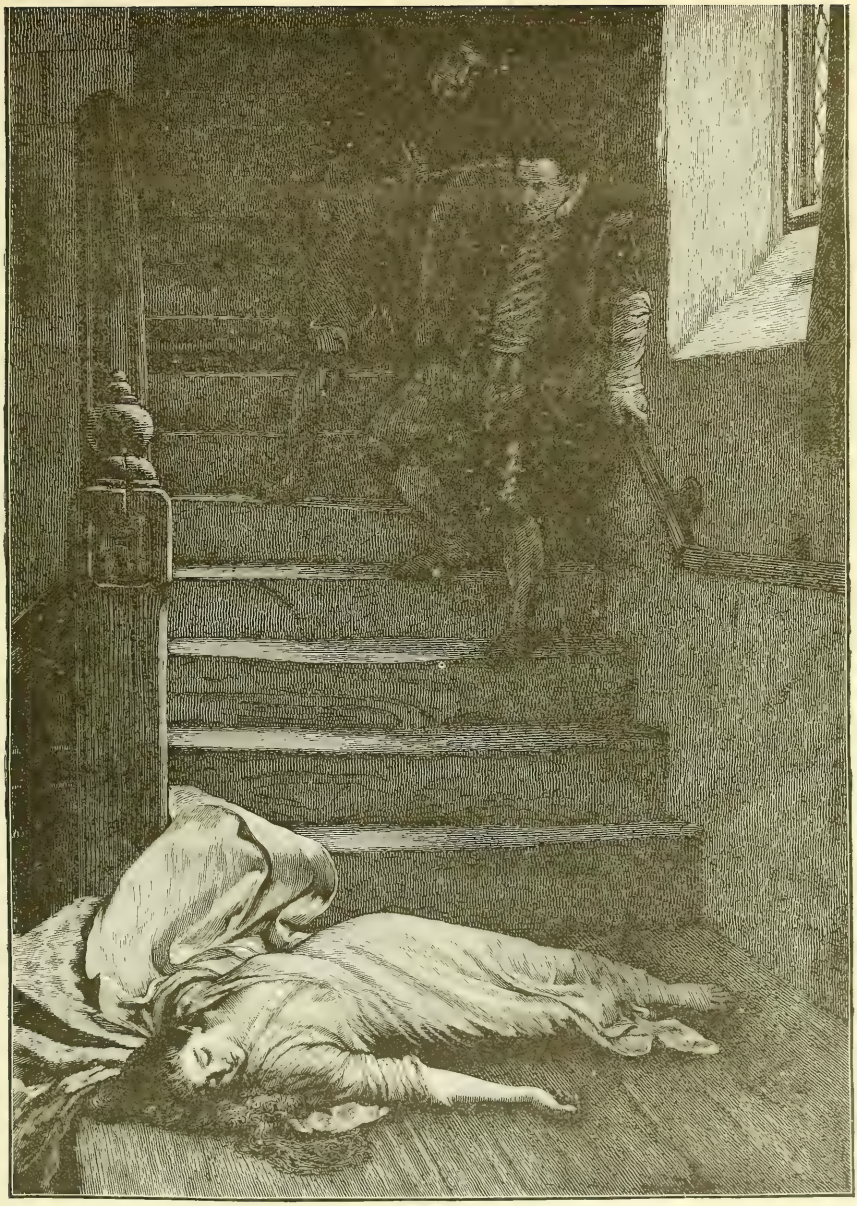
"But were the lady to attempt an escape over it," replied Varney, "her weight would carry it down?"

"A mouse's weight would do it," said Foster.

"Why, then, she dies in attempting her escape, and what could you or I help it, honest Tony? Let us to bed, we will adjust our project to-morrow."

On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Tider and Foster's old man-servant was sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and Anthony himself, as if anxious to see that the Countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold of her room on any account whatever, until Lord Leicester should come, "Which," he added, "I trust in God, will be very soon." Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half-eased of the perilous load that weighed on it. "I have warned her," he said; "surely in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird!"

He left, therefore, the Countess' door unsecured on the outside, and, under the eye of Varney, withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore, kept its level position merely by a slight adhesion. They withdrew to wait the issue on the ground floor adjoining, but they waited long in vain. At length Varney, after walking long to and fro, with his face muffled in his cloak, threw it suddenly



AMY ROBSART. 481

(From the Painting by William Frederick Yeames, R. A., purchased in 1877 from the Chantrey Fund by the Royal Academy

back, and exclaimed, "Surely never was a woman fool enough to neglect so fair an opportunity of escape!"

"Perhaps she is resolved," said Foster, "to await her husband's return."

"True! — most true," said Varney, rushing out, "I had not thought of that before."

In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the court yard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal; the instant after, the door of the Countess' chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap door gave way. There was a rushing sound — a heavy fall — a faint groan — and all was over.

At the same instant, Varney called in at the window, in an accent and tone which was an indescribable mixture betwixt horror and raillery, "Is the bird caught? — is the deed done?"

"O God, forgive us!" replied Anthony Foster.

"Why, thou fool," said Varney, "thy toil is ended, and thy reward secure. Look down into the vault — what seest thou?"

"I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snow drift," said Foster. "O God, she moves her arm!"

"Hurl something down on her — thy gold chest, Tony — it is an heavy one."

"Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend!" replied Foster; "There needs nothing more — she is gone!"

"So pant our troubles," said Varney, entering the room; "I dreamed not I could have mimicked the Earl's call so well."

"Oh, if there be judgment in heaven, thou hast deserved it," said Foster, "and will meet it! Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affections — it is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk!"

"Thou art a fanatical ass," replied Varney; "let us now think how the alarm should be given, — the body is to remain where it is."

But their wickedness was to be permitted no longer; for even while they were at this consultation, Tressilian and Raleigh broke in upon them, having obtained admittance by means of Tider and Foster's servant, whom they had secured at the village.

Anthony Foster fled on their entrance; and knowing each corner and pass of the intricate old house, escaped all search. But Varney was taken on the spot; and, instead of expressing compunction for what he had done, seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out to them the remains of the murdered Countess, while at the same time he defied them to show that he had any share in her death. The despairing grief of Tressilian, on viewing the mangled and yet warm remains of what had lately been so lovely and so beloved, was such that Raleigh was compelled to have him removed from the place by force, while he himself assumed the direction of what was to be done.

Varney, upon a second examination, made very little mystery either of the crime or of its motives; alleging, as a reason for his frankness, that though much of what he confessed could only have attached to him by suspicion, yet such suspicion would have been sufficient to deprive him of Leicester's confidence, and to destroy all his towering plans of ambition. "I was not born," he said, "to drag on the remainder of life a degraded outcast, — nor will I so die, that my fate shall make a holiday to the vulgar herd."

From these words it was apprehended that he had some design upon himself, and he was carefully deprived of all means by which such could be carried into execution. But like some of the heroes of antiquity, he carried about his person a small quantity of strong poison, prepared probably by the celebrated Demetrius Alaneo. Having swallowed this potion over night, he was found next morning dead in his cell; nor did he appear to have suffered much agony, his countenance presenting, even in death, the habitual expression of sneering sarcasm which was predominant while he lived. "The wicked man," saith Scripture, "hath no bonds in his death."

The fate of his colleague in wickedness was long unknown. Cumnor Place was deserted immediately after the murder; for, in the vicinity of what was called the Lady Dudley's Chamber, the domestics pretended to hear groans and screams, and other supernatural noises. After a certain length of time, Janet, hearing no tidings of her father, became the uncontrolled mistress of his property, and conferred it with her hand upon Wayland, now a man of settled character, and holding a place in Elizabeth's household. But it was after they had been both dead for some years that their eldest son and heir, in making some researches about Cumnor Hall, discovered a secret passage, closed by an iron door, which, opening from behind the bed in Lady Dudley's Chamber, descended to a sort of cell, in which they found an iron chest containing a quantity of gold, and a human skeleton stretched above it. The fate of Anthony Foster was now manifest. He had fled to this place of concealment, forgetting the key of the spring lock; and, being barred from escape by the means he had used for preservation of that gold for which he had sold his salvation, he had there perished miserably. Unquestionably the groans and screams heard by the domestics were not entirely imaginary, but were those of this wretch, who, in his agony, was crying for relief and succor.

The news of the Countess' dreadful fate put a sudden period to the pleasures of Kenilworth. Leicester retired from court, and for a considerable time abandoned himself to his remorse. But as Varney in his last declaration had been studious to spare the character of his patron, the Earl was the object rather of compassion than resentment. The Queen at length recalled him to court; he was once more distinguished as a statesman and favorite, and the rest of his career is well known to history. But there was something retributive in his death, if, according to an account very generally received, it took place from his swallowing a draught of poison which was designed by him for another person.

SCOTT'S KENILWORTH.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
The sound of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in the lonely grove
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But he is alive, or he is dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 'tis true to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay,—
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester (or I am much wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe—
To be content—than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear:
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirts flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear,
And many a boding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green,
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen!

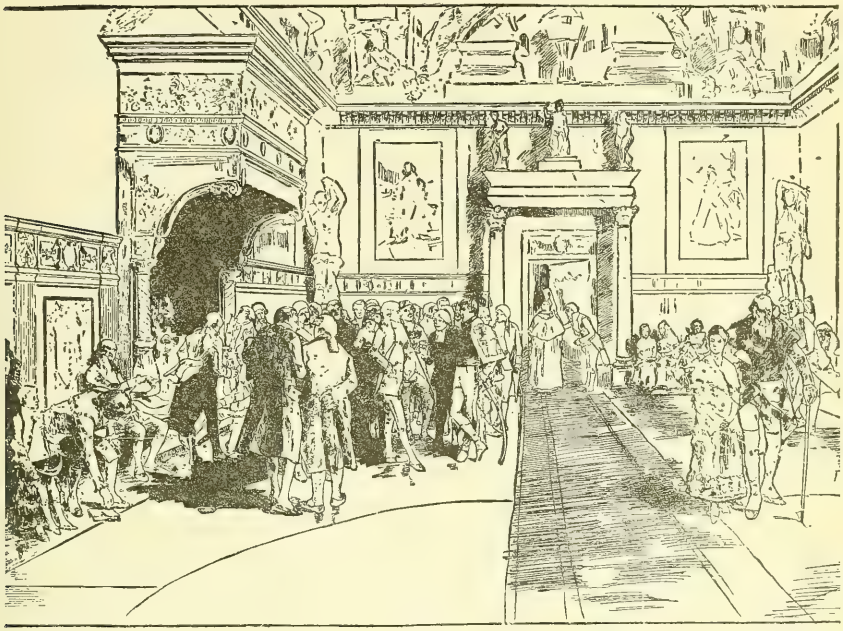
And in that Manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball,
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveler oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

MICKLE.

Quoted by Sir Walter Scott in the introduction to Kenilworth



AT COURT.



1. FAIRIES.

2. WEIRD AND FANTASTIC.

To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.

BYRON.

In days of old, when Arthur filled the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of elves and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths and danced on every green;
And when the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass, unbidden, rose and marked the ground.

DRYDEN.

By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?

MILTON.

About this spring, if ancient bards say true,
The dapper elves their sports renew;
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

POPE.

FAIRIES.

DID you ever hear
Of the frolic Fairies, dear?
They're a little blessed race,
Peeping up in Fancy's face;
In the valley, on the mill,
By the fountain and the rill;
Laughing out between the leaves
That the loving summer weaves.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Their hárps are of the amber shade
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleaming string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray.

DRAKE.

And now they throng them on light glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In all the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

DRAKE.

THE LIFE OF A LILY FAIRY.



HER name was Sunbeam. She had lovely waving, golden hair, and beautiful deep blue eyes, and such a cunning little mouth; and she was three inches tall. Perhaps you think that fairies have no lessons to learn; but in this country they had to learn the language of the birds and animals, so that they could talk with them. Sunbeam lived in the hollow trunk of an old tree. It was papered with the lightest green leaves that could be found. The rooms were separated by birch bark. Every morning, when Sunbeam arose from her bed of apple blossoms, she had to learn a lesson in the bird language; but it was not hard, for her mother went with her and told her what they said. When her lesson was done she sprang away to meet her playmates—and oh! what fun they had! They made a swing out of a vine, and almost flew through the air. They sometimes jumped on a robin's back and had a ride. They played hide and seek in the birds' nests, and in the spring picked open the buds, and when they were tired, sat on the dandelions, or on a horse-chestnut leaf, or in a full-blown apple blossom. But if any one came into the woods they scampered away as fast as they could, for *little* fairies are very shy.

The afternoon was much like the forenoon, but the evening was the pleasantest time of all. Every pleasant night, just before dark, Sunbeam's mother dressed her in apple-blossom dress, with two little lily-of-the-valley bells fastened like tassels to her green sash of grass blades. Her slippers were made from blue violets and her hair was tied with the threads of blue forget-me-nots woven together. Her mother and her father were dressed in light green. A little after dark they started for their fairy haunt with fire-flys for lanterns. The haunt was in the thickest part of the forest; it was covered with moss, and a brook flowed through the centre of the enclosure. One hundred gentlemen fairies with their wives and children were waiting here. Each had a firefly lantern. Very soon, from the brushwood, out sprang two white mice, harnessed to a carriage made of dandelions, with the stems so woven together that the flowers formed the outside. The inside was lined with white violets. In this chariot sat the Queen of the Forget-me-not fairies (for there are different families of fairies). The queen was dressed in a robe made of a deep red tulip, and she had a sash of lilies of the valley. Her black hair was fastened with what looked like a pearl, but really was a tiny drop of water crystallized. Beside her rode her maids of honor, with dresses of blue violets. The queen took her place upon the throne, and around her stood her maids of honor. She then began to sing, and the fairies danced to the music. This lasted till midnight, and then the fairies went home.

You can easily imagine Sunbeam's life through the summer and autumn; but if you think she hid in her house all winter, you are mistaken. In the autumn the fathers of the fairies had gathered the bright colored leaves, and the mothers had made them into warm winter dresses and cloaks. Sunbeam had a muff of swan's down. The great sport in winter was the queen's ball, to which all the fairies came. I wish I had time to tell you all about it, for it was Sunbeam's last appearance as a child fairy, as the next spring she was tall enough to be a full-grown fairy.

ANONYMOUS.



FRUITLESS LABOR.

THE FAIRIES.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs
All night awake.

High on the hill top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay northern lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FAIRY FAVORS.

WOULDST thou wear the gift of immortal bloom?
Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb?
Drink of this cup! it is richly fraught
With balm from the gardens of Genii brought;
Drink! and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
When the young all scattered like rose-leaves lie.
And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
If the loved had left me, one by one?
Take back the cup that may never bless,
The gift that would make me brotherless.
How should I live, with no kindred eye
To reflect mine immortality!
Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or spell,
Over the mighty in air that dwell?
Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and steep
To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep?
Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.
And would not fear, at my coming, then
Hush every voice in the homes of men?
Would not bright eyes in my presence quail?
Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale?
No gift be mine that aside would turn
The human love for those founts I yearn.

Wouldst thou then read through the hearts of those
Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose?
Wear this rich gem! it is charmed to show
When a change comes over affection's glow:
Look on its flushing or fading hue,
And learn if the trusted be false or true!
Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
Though my heart's wealth be but poured on dust!
Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
To dim the light of a loved one's face;
Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—
That glory would pass could I look on guile!
Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,
Favored of spirits! poured forth on thee?
Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,
Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest—
Answer me! how may I grace it best?
Oh! give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,
But a human heart where my own may lean!
A friend, one tender and faithful friend
Whose thoughts' free current with mine may blend
And, leaving not either on earth alone,
Bid the bright, calm close of our lives be one.

HEMANS.

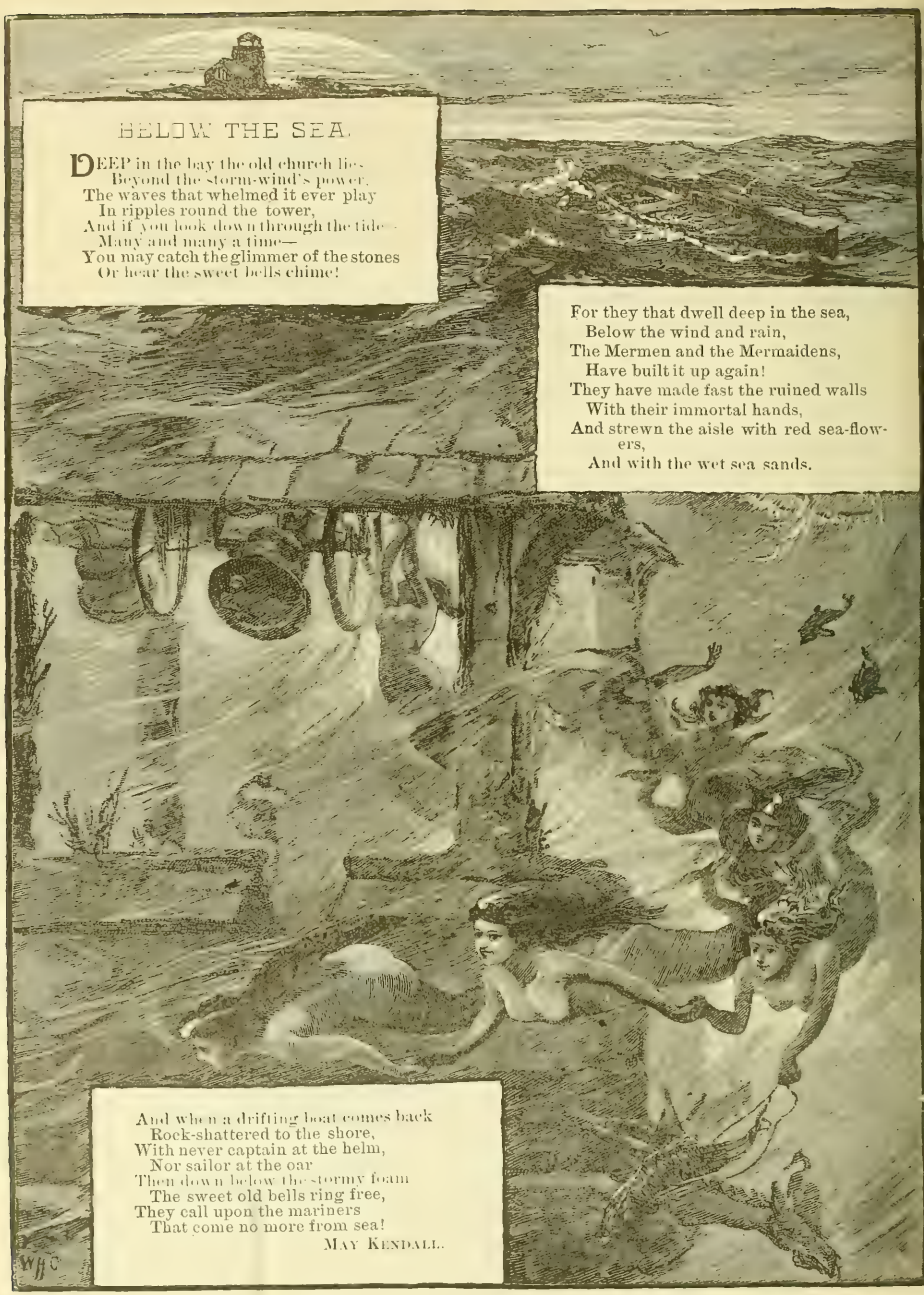
WEIRD AND FANTASTIC.

SPIRITS live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air.
MILTON.

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
POPE.

How must a spirit, late escaped from earth,
The truth of things new blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonished, on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves.
YOUNG.

Thrice he walked
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him.
SHAKESPEARE.



BELOW THE SEA.

DEEP in the bay the old church lies
Beyond the storm-wind's power,
The waves that whelmed it ever play
In ripples round the tower,
And if you look down through the tide
Many and many a time—
You may catch the glimmer of the stones
Or hear the sweet bells chime!

For they that dwell deep in the sea,
Below the wind and rain,
The Mermen and the Mermaidens,
Have built it up again!
They have made fast the ruined walls
With their immortal hands,
And strewn the aisle with red sea-flowers,
And with the wet sea sands.

And when a drifting boat comes back
Rock-shattered to the shore,
With never captain at the helm,
Nor sailor at the oar
Then down below the stormy foam
The sweet old bells ring free,
They call upon the mariners
That come no more from sea!

MAY KENDALL.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.
Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming shore?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea;
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me:
Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
Here it is only the mew that wails;
We will sing to you all the day:
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see:
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be:
O hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?
Whither away? listen and stay; mariner, mariner, fly no more.

TENNYSON.

THE MERMAN.

WHO would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me,
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away
To the pale green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.
There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily;
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily;
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine:
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me,
Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID.

WHO would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,



From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound
Over the throne

In the midst of the hall ·
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks ·
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells ·
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea ;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea ;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea ;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.



THE HAUNT OF THE KENABEEK.
(From the Drawing by Thomas Moran.)

THE KENABEEK.

"SOON he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying hug · upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,

Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond them.
But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
'Let me pass my way, Kenabeck,
Let me go upon my journey!'
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer:
'Back, go back, O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!'
Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death song of Kenabeck."



THE RAVEN.

(*Sampson Low & Co., 1884.*)

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, –
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, – rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; —vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, – sorrow for the lost Lenore, –
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore:
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door.
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore, –
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he,—not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door, –
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered,—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before!
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before!"
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his song's one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door ;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core :
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this Home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me!—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore!—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting ;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

E. A. Poe.

LENORE.

AH, broken is the golden bowl!—the spirit flown forever!—
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now, or never more!

See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come, let the burial rite be read,—the funeral song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride!
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then be read?—the requium how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"
Peccavimus! But rave not thus, and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride!—
For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes,—
The life still there, upon her hair,—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! To-night my heart is light! No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days!
Let *no* bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damned earth!
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven,—
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven,—
From grief and groan to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven."

E. A. POE.

HAMLET.

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.
HAM. What hour now?
HOR. I think it lacks of twelve.
HAM. No, it is struck.
HOR. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
HOR. Is it a custom?
HAM. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.
HOR. Look, my lord, it comes!
Enter Ghost.

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us:
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire to you alone.
MAR. Look, with what courteous action



HAMLET STRIVING AFTER HIS FATHER'S GHOST.
—*Fuseli.*

It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
HOR. No, by no means.
HAM. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
HOR. Do not, my lord.
HAM. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.
HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.
HAM. It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.
MAR. You shall not go, my lord.
HAM. Hold off your hands.
HOR. Be ruled; you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.

MAR. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HOR. Have after. To what issue will this come?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.

MAR. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the platform.*

Enter GHOST *and* HAMLET.

HAM. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no farther.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAM. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine,
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAM O God!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder!

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAM. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to thy revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAM. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there?
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his unaffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*

HAM. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain;
My tables—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn't.

MAR. } [*Within*] My lord, my lord,—
HOR. }

MAR. [*Within*] Lord Hamlet,—

HOR. [*Within*] Heaven secure him!

HAM. So be it!

HOR. [*Within*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

HAM. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

MAR. How is't, my noble lord?

HOR. What news, my lord?

HAM. O, wonderful!

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No; you'll reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

HAM. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?

HOR. }
MAR. } Ay, by heaven, my lord

HAM. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

HAM. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is; and for mine own part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

HOR. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAM. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith heartily.

HOR. There's no offence, my lord.

HAM. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

HOR. What is't, my lord? we will.

HAM. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

HOR. }
MAR. } My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear't.

HOR. In faith,
My lord, not I.

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAM. Upon my sword.

MAR. We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST. [*Beneath*] Swear.

HAM. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?
Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
Consent to swear.

HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.

HAM. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath*] Swear.

HAM. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath*] Swear.

HAM. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast!
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

HOR. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

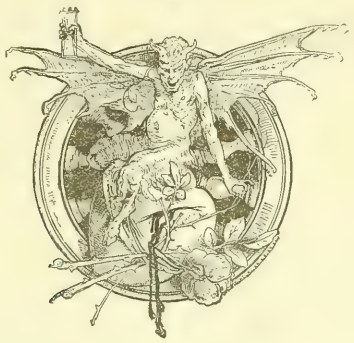
HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me; this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

GHOST. [*Beneath*] Swear.

HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*]
So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

SHAKESPEARE.



INCANTATION SCENE FROM "REMORSE."

SCENE.—*A Hall of Armory, with an altar. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.*

VALDEZ, ORDONIO *and* ALVAR *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

ORDONIO. This was too melancholy, father.

VALDEZ. Nay,
My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost, and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes; and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he has fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
Even so! He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR. My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

[*Enter* TERESA *and* ATTENDANTS.]

TERESA. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but—Heaven bear witness for me—
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

ORD. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

TER. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing; and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
[*To Alvar.*] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

ORD. [*Aside.*] Ha! he has been tampering with her?

ALV. O high-souled maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name!
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*]

ALV. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;
So may the gates of paradise, unbarred,
Cease thy swift toils! Since happily thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovlier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless

And rapid travelers! what ear unstunned,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*]
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night!
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye, too, split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swollen the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.
[*Here, behind the scenes, a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet spirit.'*]
Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!
[*Song behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.*]

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long lingering knell.
And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!
Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! [*A long pause.*

ORD. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!

ALV. A joy to thee!
What if thou heardst him now? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love—he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

VAL. These are unholy fancies!

ORD. [*Struggling with his feelings.*] Yes, my father, he is in heaven!

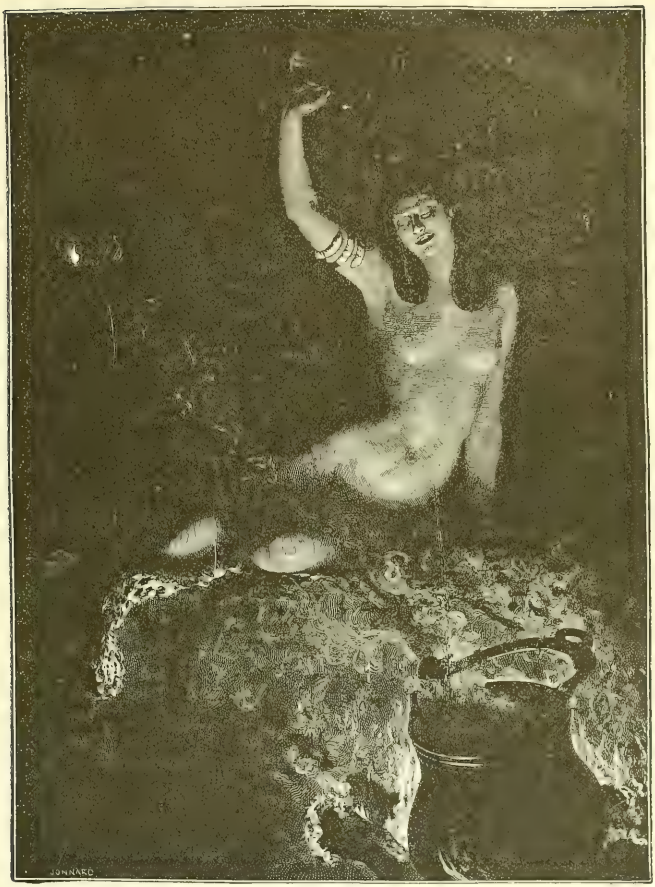
ALV. [*Still to Ordonio.* But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face
More than the death-pang?

VAL. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

ALV. [*Still to Ordonio.*] What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swollen heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant and lie; most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.
[*Music again.*

TER. 'Tis strange. I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory! Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



AN INCANTATION.
Painted by the Hon. John Collier. Royal Academy, 1887.

INCANTATION SCENE FROM MANFRED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MANFRED *alone.—Scene, a Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.*

MAN. The lamp must be replenished, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
Philosophy and science, and the springs

Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essayed, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among men—
But this availed not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
But this availed not:—Good or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
Now to my task.—
Mysterious Agency!
Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you——Rise! appear!
[*A pause.*
They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
Who is undying.—Rise! appear!——Appear!
[*A pause.*
If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birthplace in a star condemned,
The burning wreck of a demolished world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space:
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

MAN. Forgetfulness——

FIRST SPIRIT. Of what—of whom—and why?

MAN. Of that which is within me—read it there—
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

SPIRIT. We can but give thee that which we possess:
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators, each and all,
These shall be thine.

MAN. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not ring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely, what I ask?

SPIRIT. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou mayst die.

MAN. Will death bestow it on me?

SPIRIT. We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal; and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answered?

MAN. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye here
Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though cooped in clay.
Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

SPIRIT. We answer as we answered; our reply
Is even in thine own words.

MAN. Why say ye so?

SPIRIT. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

MAN. I then have called ye from your realms in vain;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

SPIRIT. Say;
What we possess we offer, it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days——

MAN. Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

SPIRIT. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee service:
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

MAN. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustomed forms.

SPIRIT. We have no forms, beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MAN. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

Seventh Spirit (*appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure*). Behold!

MAN. Oh, God! if it be thus, and *thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be——[*The figure vanishes.*
My heart is crushed!
[MANFRED *falls senseless.*

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave.
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass ;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep ;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish ;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone ;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud ;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been ;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turned around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And the magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse ;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice ;

And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky ;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which has strength to kill ;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring ;
From thy own smile I snatched the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake ;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy ;
By the perfection of thine art
Which passed for human thine own heart ;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial ;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny ;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear ;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee ;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been passed—now wither!

INCANTATION SCENE FROM MACBETH.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. *A caravan. In the middle, a boiling caldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
SEC. WITCH. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.
FIRST W. Round about the caldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
ALL. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble.

SEC. W. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
ALL. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble.
THIRD W. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble.

SEC. W. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE *to the other three Witches.*

HEC. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song:* 'Black spirits,' &c.
[*Hecate retires.*

SEC. W. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

MAC. How now, you secret, black and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MAC. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down:
Though castles topple on their warders' heads:
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's garmens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

FIRST W. Speak.

SEC. W. Demand.

THIRD W. We'll answer.

FIRST W. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

MAC. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

FIRST W. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: *an armed Head.*

MAC. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

FIRST W. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

FIRST APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
[*Descends.*

MAC. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright; but one word more,—

FIRST W. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder; Second Apparition: *a bloody Child.*

SEC. APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MAC. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SEC. APP. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

MAC. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to't.

THIRD APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

MAC. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MAC. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

FIRST W. Show!

SEC. W. Show!

THIRD W. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, *the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.*

MAC. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does scar mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*

What, is this so?

FIRST W. Ay, sir, all this is so; but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*]

MAC. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

SHAKESPEARE.



THE ENCHANTED CHAIR.

MISCELLANY.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

MILTON.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunello.

POPE.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.

SHAKESPEARE.

Talent sticks fast to the earth. Genius claims kindred with the very workings of nature, so that a sunset shall seem like a quotation from Dante or Milton; and if Shakespeare be read in the very presence of the sea itself, his verse shall seem nobler for the sublime criticism of the ocean.

LOWELL.

Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchanged strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

W. C. BRYANT.

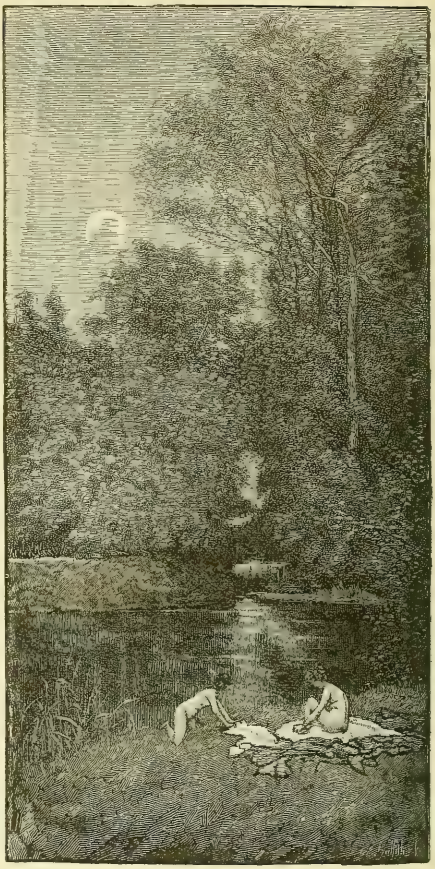


BATHERS ALARMED.

(By P. R. Morris, A. R. A. From the Painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870.)

THE BATHER.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat;
Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that played
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complained.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return concealed—save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touched by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought;
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glowed;
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remained.
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few,
Perplexed his breast, and urged him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripped her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah! then, not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swelled by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-exposed she stood—shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarmed, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rushed: the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed—
As shines the lily through the crystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wantoned, now beneath the wave



A SUMMER EVENING.

(*Painted by W. J. Hennessy. Grosvenor Gallery, 1887.*)

But ill-concealed, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embraced her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for-awhile o'erwhelmed his raptured thought
With luxury too daring. Checked, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deemed
The theft profane, if ought profane to love
Can e'er be deemed, and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong fury fled; but first these lines,
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt:
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, arrayed
In careless haste, the alarming paper snatched.
But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanished, and a softer train
Of mixed emotions, hard to be described,
Her sudden bosom seized; shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted. Even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hushed by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carved,
Which soon her Damon kissed with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By fortune too much favored, but by love,
Alas! not favored less, be still as now
Discreet; the time may come you need not fly."

THOMSON.

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace;
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, for Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

T. LODGE.



THE BATHER.

(Painted by Diaz. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

COLIN.

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden;
But better memory said, fie!
So vain desire was chidden:—
Hey nonny nonny O!
Hey nonny nonny.

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But e'en as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while
As when I fell a-sleeping:—
Hey nonny nonny O!
Hey nonny nonny!

THE SHEPHERD TONIC.



THE TABLES TURNED; OR, THE HUNTER'S DREAM.
—*W. H. Beard.*

THE GUNNER.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song:
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mixed animal-creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful, barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunned the light,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that ere roamed the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want,
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty rolled,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retired: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretched o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapped;
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the withered fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Concealed, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature raised to take the horizon in;
And head couched close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn,
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mixed in mad tumult, and discordant joy.
The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long

He ranged the branching monarch of the shades.
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though there, more than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-aired mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood—
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day.
Where, in kind contest with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarmed,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil.
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay:
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish: while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest.
And mark his beauteous checkered sides with gore.

THOMSON.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

PETRUCHIO. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
ALL SERV. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
PET. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
SERV. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
PET. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
SERV. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel:
There was no link to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There was none fine but Adam, Ralph and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
PET. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in!
[Exeunt Servants.
[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!
Re-enter SERVANTS *with supper.*
Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you plack my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[Strikes him.
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here: what, ho!
Where's my spaniel, Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Enter one with water.
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[Strikes him.
KATH. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
PET. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!
Come, Kate, sit down: I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?
FIRST SERV. Ay.
PET. Who brought it?
PETER. I.
PET. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!
[Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.
You heedless joltheads and unmannerd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
PET. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SERVANTS *severally.*

NATH. Peter, didst ever see the like?
PETER. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he?
CURT. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall she not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her:
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SHAKESPEARE.



DANTE'S LEAH.
(*Painted by G. D. Leslie. By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.*)

DANTE'S VISION OF LEAH.

A LITTLE glimpse of sky was seen above;
Yet by that little I beheld the stars
In magnitude and lustre shining forth
With more than wonted glory. As I lay,
Gazing on them, and in that fit musing,
Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft
Tidings of future hap. About the hour,
As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb
Seems alway glowing with the fire of love,
A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,
Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,
Methought I saw her ever and anon
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:
"Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah: for my brow to weave
A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.
To please me at the crystal mirror, here
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day,
Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less,
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
In contemplation, as in labor mine."

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WITH TITLES.

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Scotch poet and school teacher.
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ALDRICH, JAS., 1810–1856.
American poet and magazine writer.
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ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, 1836.
American poet and journalist. Since 1880 he has been the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is the author of several volumes, and many minor poems from his pen display a delicacy of sentiment and an elegance of expression that have made him one of the most admired of American writers.
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ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCIS, 1823.
English poet. Wife of Bishop Wm. Alexander, of Derry, Ireland.
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ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 1822–1882.
One of the most notable of the literary Englishmen of the present century. Published three volumes of poems. Perhaps his largest claim to distinction grows out of the fine critical faculty displayed by him, chiefly in contributions to the English Reviews and Magazines.
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AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTONNE, 1813–1865.
Scotch poet and contributor to Blakwood's Magazines.
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BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA, 1743–1825.
An English writer. To her belongs the great honor of originating the present popular custom of making books specially designed for the use of young children.
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BEERS, ETHEL LYNN.
Born in New York in 1827, died 1879. Two of her poems, "The Picket Guard" and "Which Shall It Be?" have attained a widespread popularity. The authorship of the former is disputed, but is generally conceded to her.
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BERNARD OF CLUNY.
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BLAKE, WILLIAM.
English artist and poet, whose work is marked by peculiar ideas of the purpose of art. For a while he drew about him quite a school of enthusiastic followers, but cannot be said to have impressed the art world with the truth of his views.
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BOWLES, WILLIAM LYLES, 1762–1850.
An English clergyman. Many of his poetical thoughts are expressed in the form of Sonnets. Many of these are much admired.
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BROWN, WILLIAM GOLDSMITH.
Born in Vermont, in 1812. Has spent his life as poet, teacher and editor. Some of his short poems, such as "A Hundred Years from Now," and "Mother, Home and Heaven," have achieved a widespread popularity.
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BROWNING, MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT, 1807–1861.
English poetess. One of the most eminent of the world's literary women. Her great-

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est poem is "Aurora Leigh." In addition to her original poems, she made successful translations of Æschylus' "Prometheus," and of the poems of Apulius, relating to the "Legend of Psyche."

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BRYANT, WM. CULLEN, 1794–1878.

Poet and journalist. During his long and active life, was one of the most revered of American authors. Commenced to write at a very early age. At eighteen years of age wrote the poem, "Thanatopsis," a performance which he never excelled, although all of his work is remarkably uniform. For fifty-two years preceding his death, he was editor of the *New York Evening Post.*

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BULWER, LORD EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON, 1805–1873.

English poet, novelist, dramatist and politician. One of the most prolific of English writers; he achieved a marked success in almost every field of literary work.

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BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY, 1812–1871.

Distinguished for the eloquence and enthusiasm with which he espoused and advocated the anti-slavery cause and the temperance reform.

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BURNS, ROB'T, 1759–1796.

Scottish poet. During his short life of thirty-seven years, filled as it was with privations and disappointments, he added to the literature of his country that which will enrich it for all generations. He used with equal facility the dialect of his own countryside, or the purest and most vigorous of English, and whether he wrote in the one or the other, always spoke from the heart.

To a Mountain Daisy 68

BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON NOEL.

Born January 22d, 1788, and died in Greece, while he was engaged in aiding the natives to achieve their independence. In some respects the most brilliant of English poets. The character of his work, however, is not equal, and the indirect moral teaching of many portions is unsafe. "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is the greatest of his works.

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CAMPBELL, THOMAS, 1777–1844.

Scottish poet. His greatest poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was issued when the author was in his twenty-second year. His poems are among the most popular in the English language, many of them being like household words.

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CAREW, LADY ELIZABETH.

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CARLYLE, THOMAS, 1795–1881.

Essayist and Historian. No man of his age has more powerfully influenced the thought and expression of it. Although he wrote in prose, and in the statement of fact was careful and accurate, he was essentially a poet. No other service which he performed for his countrymen was greater than that done in showing them the value and true character of the German literature.

Conquest of the Bastille 321

CARY, PHOEBE, 1824–1871.

American poet. During her entire literary life so closely associated with her sister Alice that the work of the two appears as

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one. Both sisters were possessed of great poetic ability, and used their talent largely to give expression to the tender sentiments that cluster around the family.
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CHALMERS, THOMAS, 1780–1847.
One of the most distinguished Scottish divines, an orator and a philosopher. He produced many philosophical and theological works, and produced a profound impression on his generation.
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COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, 1796–1849.
Son of S. T. Coleridge, who from his father appears to have inherited fine poetical powers.
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COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 1772–1834.
English poet and philosopher. Possessed of a genius of the highest order, he was yet so wanting in tenacity of purpose, that he fell far short of that which the world rightfully expected of him. The portion of his life which should have been the brightest and most useful, was worse than clouded by his slavery to the opium habit, and when finally cured of it, neither his mind nor body was in a condition to continue the work of his life. His greatest works are "Wallenstein," a drama; "Essays on His Own Times," "Kuhla Khan," "Christabel" and "The Rhyme of the Ancient Manner."
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COLLINS, WILLIAM.
Born 1720. English poet. During the short period of his intellectual activity, he displayed powers of the highest order. He became insane, and died at the age of thirty-six years.
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CONNINGTON.
English scholar. Best known by his excellent translation of the Æneid.
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CONSTABLE, HENRY.
One of the minor English poets who flourished during the latter half of the sixteenth century.
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COWPER, WILLIAM, 1731–1800.
English poet. Exerted a strong influence on all subsequent English poetry, by the teachings of his gentle and earnest spirit. His own life was clouded by a frequently returning religious melancholy, but in the intervals his genius employed itself in producing that which should be a perpetual source of light and pleasure in the lives of others.
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The Nativity—Trans. from Madam Guyon. 528

CRABBE, GEORGE, 1754–1832.
English clergyman and poet. The most of his poems are devoted to the short and simple annals of the poor.
Practical Charity..... 170
The Sea in Calm and Storm..... 379

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK, 1826.
Better known as Miss Mulock, an English novelist. She has also written some very excellent poetry. In her novels she has pictured forth the healthiest and best types of domestic life.
Philip, My King..... 26

CROLEY, GEORGE, 1780–1860.
English clergyman and poet.
Constantius and the Lion..... 79
The Retreat from Moscow..... 339

CUTTER, GEORGE W., 1814–1865.
American poet. Published a volume of poems in 1857, some of which are of a high character.
The Miser..... 428

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.
Happy Days..... 31

DANTE, ALEGHIERI, 1265–1321.
Italian poet. The most illustrious of Italian poets, and one of the four great epic poets of the world.
Leah—Lines from Divine Comedie..... 528

DARLY, GEO.
Gambols of the Children..... 31

DEKKER, THOMAS.
Lullaby..... 21

DE QUINCY, THOMAS, 1785–1859.
English Essayist. All of his writings made their first appearance in some one of the English Magazines. No other literary man has achieved so high a reputation from such merely fugitive efforts, nor has that reputation suffered by the collection of his writings in more permanent form.
Execution of Joan of Arc..... 161

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DE MORLAIX, BERNARD.
Monk of Cluny, French Ecclesiastic.
The Celestial Country 258

DICKENS, CHARLES, 1812–1870.
English novelist and journalist. Probably the most popular novelist of his own or any other time. In the delineation of the pathetic and humorous sides of life, especially among the poor and humble, he has scarcely had an equal, while at all times there shines through what he writes a breadth and depth of sympathy which speaks powerfully the gospel of the brotherhood of man.
The Taking of the Bastille..... 323
Victims of History 346
Last Hours of Paul Dombey..... 117

DICKINSON, CHARLES M., 1842.
American poet. The poem which has made him best known to the reading world, is the very fine lyric, "The Children."
The Children..... 25

DOBSON, AUSTIN, 1840.
English poet and man of letters.
Lady Bountiful..... 170

DUNBAR, WILLIAM.
Cheerfulness..... 410

DURIVAGE, FRANCIS A, 1814.
American poet and magazine writer.
The Cavalry Charge..... 155

DRAKE, THOMAS RODMAN, 1795–1820.
American poet. The compositions on which his fame rests, and by which it is fully justified, are "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag." His early death put an end to the not extravagant hope that he would prove one of the great poets of his age.
The American Flag..... 127

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM.
Phoebus, Arise..... 383

DRYDEN, JOHN, 1631–1700.
English poet. He wrote much that appears to have been intended for the temporary purpose of controversy; but such was the character of his mind, that he could not do otherwise than put into whatever he did a force and power which lifted it entirely above its temporary purpose and rendered it permanently valuable.
Ah, How Sweet it is to Love..... 191
Alexander's Feast..... 443
Song of St. Cecilia's Day..... 440

DYER, JOHN.
The Shepherd..... 353

EASTWOOD, J. R.
The Trysting Place..... 190

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EDMESTON.
Charity..... 169

EMERSON, R. W., 1803–1883.
Essayist and poet, whose chief claim to distinction lies in the field of philosophical reflection. For many years he has stood as the best American exponent of transcendentalism. His poetry constitutes but a small portion of his writings, and are, properly speaking, a metrical expression of his philosophy rather than true poetry.
Childhood..... 38

EVERETT, EDWARD, 1794–1865.
American orator, politician and writer. One of the most polished speakers and writers of his day. It may be questioned if there were not something of force in his work sacrificed to a desire of obtaining perfection of finish.
The Character of Washington Compared with those of his Great Contemporaries..... 330
Blenheim Castle..... 460

FABER, WILLIAM FREDERICK, 1815–1863.
English clergyman and writer of hymns.
Paradise..... 255

FALCONER, WILLIAM.
The Wrecked Ship..... 379

FAXON, HENRY.
American journalist and author of several fugitive poems which evince talent of the highest order. The best known of his writings, "The Beautiful Snow," has been claimed by W. J. Watson.
The Beautiful Snow..... 483

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES, 1827.
American Barrister. His reputation as a poet depends almost entirely on his two poems, "The Blue and the Gray," and "Nathan Hale."
The Blue and the Gray..... 132

FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS, 1826–1864.
American writer of the so-called "Negro Melodies," which have enjoyed widespread popularity.
My Old Kentucky Home..... 110

FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND.
The Lion's Ride..... 359

GARFIELD, JAMES ABRAM, 1831–1881.
Twentieth President of the United States. His reputation is that of a statesman rather than literateur, but the splendor of his eloquence and the elegance of his state papers entitle him to a high literary position. He published a volume of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," and one on the "Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle."
The Decision at the Fireside..... 76

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GILDER, R. W.
Dawn 387

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, 1749–1832.
German poet and author. Almost the whole of his long life was spent in intellectual pursuits, he having began the publication of his productions when little more than twelve years of age. Above all other things, he was an ethical philosopher, although he preferred to write his philosophical studies into his poems and novels rather than give them to the world in the form of stated desquisitions. His best known productions are the dramatic poem, "Faust," and the "Story of Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."
The Fisherman's Love—Translated 193
Psyche 240
Solitude 361

GREENE, ALBERT GORTON, 1802–1868.
American author of several poems which enjoyed widespread popularity. The best known, perhaps, is "Old Grimes."
The Baron's Last Banquet 107

GRIFFITHS, C. M.
Wedding Bells 58

GURNEY, A.
Come, Ye Lofty 263

GUYON, JEANNE MARIE BOUVIERES DE LA, 1648–1717.
(Better known to English readers as Madame Guyon.) French writer on religious subjects. Although a devout Catholic, her deep religious experience led her into a position in which she was condemned by the Church. Much of her most beautiful poetry and autobiography were written while in prison for her opinions.
The Nativity—Translated by Wm. Cowper. 258

HAKE, T. G.
The Golden Wedding 107

HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA, 1794–1835.
English poet. One of the most prolific of English female poets, as well as one of the most popular. One of the best critics has said of her, that "she only required to have written a little less to have been one of the greatest lyric poets England ever produced.
The Chamois Hunter's Love 449
The Homes of England 77
Fairy Favors 500
Joan of Arc in Rhiems 160
The Necromancer 422
Psyche Wafted by Zephyrus 238
Song of Emigration 447
The Voice of Home to the Prodigal 435
On a Remembered Picture of Christ 270
The Last Banquet of Anthony and Cleopatra 301
The Suliote Mother 345
The Lost Pleiad 359
The Wreck 380
Breathings of Spring 392

HERBERT, GEORGE, 1593–1632.
English clergyman and poet. His metrical compositions are chiefly devoted to the treatment of spiritual subjects, and his own life exemplified the lofty sentiments and aspirations he expressed.
Sunday 228

HINDS, SAMUEL.
The Sleeping Babe 36

HOFFMAN, CHARLES F., 1806.
American poet and contributor to the magazines.
Monterey 168

HOLM, SAXE.
A Mother's Love 89

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.
Born in 1809. American poet and Literateur. Dr. Holmes is a successful practicing physician, and has contributed much to the literature of his profession. Yet in the midst of these labors has found time and talent to produce an amount of purely literary work that might well have been the life-work of another man. He has long been one of the most acceptable of American writers. Besides his poetical works, the best known of his writings are "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table."
Front and Side Doors 178
The Ploughman 70

HOOD, THOMAS, 1798–1845.
English poet, humorist and journalist. Like all true humorists, he had a quick eye and keen sympathy with suffering and distress, and much that is best among his writings are those in which he has dealt with the pathetic realities of life. Of these, the best known are "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs" and the "Dream of Eugene Aram."
The Bridge of Sighs 482
The Death Bed 114
To a Child Embracing his Mother 27

HOWE, JULIA WARD, 1819.
American journalist and poet. Although she has produced much that is excellent, her literary fame rests chiefly on the now famous song called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."
Battle Hymn of the Republic 138

HOWELL, E. L.
Milton's Prayer for Patience 469

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HOWITT, MARY.
Born in 1804. English woman of letters, whose work and fame are so joined with those of her husband, William Howitt, that the public which knows them scarcely discriminates between the two.
The Use of the Flower..... 68

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, 1784–1859.
English poet and literateur. He was a brilliant writer, the companion of Byron, Shelly, Keats and the bright intellects which adorned the first half of the nineteenth century in England. While imprisoned for the publication of a satire on the Prince Regent, he composed three of his best poems, among which, "Rimini" is the best known.
The Road of Death..... 252

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE, 1802.
French poet, novelist and politician. He stands easily at the head of modern French writers in his chosen departments. Whether writing poetry, novels or political essays, every thing he does commands the attention of the world and influences the course of events.
Rome and Carthage..... 303

INGELOW, JEAN, 1830.
English poet. One of the most popular writers of English verse. In her poetry she has usually viewed life from the standpoint of the fireside and the home circle, and is essentially the poet of the home.
High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire... 86

IRVING, WASHINGTON, 1773–1859.
American author and humorist. After being admitted to the bar, he declined the practice of the legal profession, tried merchandise and failed at it, and, in 1817, devoted himself to the work for which nature had fitted him. His humor, never or rarely pathetic, is always fresh and pleasantly startling. His historical works are filled with fine and graceful description and just discrimination of character. He received one of the two fifty-guinea medals ordered by George IV of England to be given to the two authors who should have attained the highest excellence in historical composition.
Sorrow for the Dead..... 113
Rural Life in England..... 63

JEROLD, DOUGLAS.
Winter..... 392

JONES, SIR WILLIAM, 1746–1794.
English poet and orientalist. He was one of the first of Western scholars to turn serious attention to the rich treasures of the Oriental literature. While much that he did has been replaced by other and later scholars, he yet did much that has been of permanent value, and during his own time was regarded as the most eminent scholar in Eastern lore.
What Constitutes a State..... 130

KEATS, EDMUND.
Endymion..... 387
Sonnet..... 69

KENDALL, MAY.
Below the Sea..... 502

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT, 1779–1843.
American barrister and poet. His claim to poetical reputation rests almost solely on the poem entitled "The Star Spangled Banner," which was written by him on board a British man-of-war during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and published in Baltimore on the following morning.
The Star Spangled Banner..... 131

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, 1819–1875.
English clergyman and author. He was greatly distinguished and much beloved by reason of his interest in the laboring classes, and much of his writing was the result of his efforts to better their condition and elevate their lives. He published a volume of poems, several novels and several volumes of sermons. Perhaps the best of his stories are "Alton Locke," "Hypatia" and the "Water Babies."
Three Fishers..... 85
A Farewell..... 30

KNOX, WILLIAM, 1789–1825.
Scotch poet. The friend of Walter Scott, and author of a number of poems and magazine articles of considerable merit. His poem, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," is the best known of his productions. This piece is said to have been a great favorite with Abraham Lincoln.
Mortality..... 4

LANG, ANDREW.
On Calais Sands..... 318

LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE, 1621–1696.
French writer. Chiefly famous for a series of fables somewhat after the manner of Æsop. The translations from his works used in this volume are by Walter Thornburg.
Fortune and the Little Child—Translated . 476

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LANDER, WALTER SAVAGE, 1775–1864.
English poet. Inheriting a considerable fortune, he converted his estate into funds and spent almost his entire life away from his native country, living from 1816 until his death in the city of Florence. He was not a prolific writer. What he did was of a high character, but not such as to attain to a general popularity.
Tamar and the Nymph 193
Sonnet to Ianthe 197
Children 26

LODGE, THOMAS, 1556–1625.
English poet. He was a prolific writer of pretty verses, much admired in his own time.
Rosalind's Madrigal 194
Rosaline 523

LOWELL, JAS. RUSSELL, 1819.
American poet and essayist. Recently U. S. Minister to Great Britain. Much of his labor has been given to the development of the best literary periodicals and the lecture-room in Harvard College, where he succeeded Longfellow as professor of belles-lettres.
Old Age 105

LOWELL, MARIA WHITE, 1821–1853.
The Alpine Sheep 64

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADWORTH, 1807–1882.
American poet. In many respects the greatest of American poets, and one of the greatest ornaments of English literary history. The most of his life was spent as a member of the faculty of Harvard College, and from his ideal poet's home there issued an unbroken stream of that most perfect of all poetry, which "expresses a universal sentiment in the simplest and most melodious manner."
The Reaper and the Flowers 120
A Psalm of Life 61
Resignation 116
Maidenhood 45
Endymion 386
The Children's Hour 37
The Kenebeek 505

LYTLE, WILLIAM HAINES, 1826–1863.
American General and poet. His fine poem, commencing with the line, "I am dying, Egypt, dying!" on which his reputation as a poet chiefly rests, was written by him while lying in a military hospital, mortally wounded at the battle of Chicamauga.
Anthony and Cleopatra 300

LYTTON, LORD (OWEN MERIDETH).
Storm Scene from Lucile 373

MACE, FRANCES LAUGHTON.
American writer. Her literary efforts have been confined to occasional contributions to the magazines and other periodicals. Her best known production is the hymn, "Only Waiting," said to have been suggested by the reply of a very aged inmate of the poor house, who, when asked what he was doing there, replied, "Waiting."
Only Waiting 104

MACKAY, CHARLES.
Born in 1812. Scotch journalist and poet. Author of several spirited and popular poems.
The Sailor's Wife 88

MARVEL, ANDREW, 1620–1678.
English political writer and poet.
Thoughts in the Garden 67

MASSILLON, JEAN BAPTISTE, 1663–1742.
French clergyman and orator. One of the most eloquent of French pulpit orators, he has left some of the most perfect examples of that species of eloquence.
Immortality 251

MCLEAN, E. L. L.
Awakening of Endymion 385

MCMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY.
Born in 1829. American poet. The best known and most admired of his poems is the "Carmen Bellicosum."
Carmen Bellicosum 138

MILLER, CINCINNATUS HEINE (Joaquin Miller).
Born in 1841. American poet. One of the several American poets and writers who have attained great celebrity during the past twenty-five years, whose power of thought and expression seem to have been stimulated to action by the stirring experiences incident to the wild life of the extreme West.
Independence Bell 131

MILLER, WM.
Willie Winkie 34

MILTON, JOHN, 1603–1674.
English poet. One of the four epic poets of the first rank which the world has produced. He added to the natural genius of his mind the stores of a cultured scholarship, and few men have ever approached his excellence in any path in which he chose to walk. He took an active part in the events of the great English revolution, rendering the most important aid, by means of his pen, to the Puritan cause. It is probable that future generations will know him chiefly as the author of his poetical works. Yet had he written no poetry, his prose alone would

have placed him in the foremost rank of English writers.

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The Deluge ... 351
Hymn on the Nativity ... 265
Hail, Holy Light ... 387
On the Late Massacre at Piedmont ... 277

MONTGOMERY, JAMES, 1771–1854.

Scotch-English politician, journalist and poet. It was his first intention to devote his life to the ministry, in connection with the Moravians, and spent ten years in preparation for this work, an intention he finally abandoned for that for which he believed himself better fitted. The strength of his religious convictions, however, shines through all that he wrote, whether as poet or politician.

Charity ... 172
The Common Lot ... 413
Forever with the Lord ... 247
Make Way for Liberty ... 164
A Mother's Love ... 93
To Thy Temple ... 230
Home ... 78

MOORE, CLARA J.

The Web of Life ... 62

MOORE, THOMAS.

The Meeting of the Waters ... 360

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM, 1797–1835.

Scotch poet and antiquary. Best known to the general public as the author of "Jeannie Morrison" and other ballads.

The Cavalier's Song ... 397

MUCKLE, M. J.

Mother, Home and Heaven ... 77

MUNFORD, WILLIAM.

To a Friend in Affliction ... 94

OPIE, AMELIA, 1769–1853.

English writer.

Forget Me Not ... 62
The Orphan Boy's Tale ... 33

PARKER, THEODORE, 1810–1860.

American theologian and anti-slavery reformer. Few men of the century have exerted a wider influence or displayed more energy to stir up the minds of men to a thoughtful consideration of great questions, whether or not they have been able to agree with him in his conclusions. A collective edition of his works in fourteen volumes was published in Boston in 1868.

The Beauty of Youth ... 44

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD, 1792–1852.

American poet and playwright; author of several successful dramatic pieces and translator of several French dramas; but above all, famed and beloved as the author of the poem, "Home, Sweet Home." Payne was never married, and after his boyhood cannot be said ever to have possessed a home.

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Home, Sweet Home ... 77

PEALE, REMBRANDT, 1778–1860.

American artist and author. Successful in both lines of work, his greatest reputation is as an artist, yet much that he has written has obtained a permanent place in literature.

Don't Be Sorrowful, Darling ... 105

PIATT, DON, 1829.

American journalist and poet.

The Bloom was on the Alder ... 184

PIERRE, BERNARDIN DE ST.

The Death of Virginia (from Paul and Virginia) ... 223

POE, EDGAR ALLEN, 1811–1849.

American poet. Regarded by many as the greatest genius among American poets. His life was a long and unsuccessful struggle with misfortune without and weakness within, until his unhappy career closed in death in a public hospital. His genius is usually weird and fantastic, and so characteristic, that whether he wrote prose or verse, it was difficult to do otherwise than make for his writings a classification of their own. The best known of his metrical compositions are "The Raven," "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee." Of his prose, "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Gold Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

The Coliseum ... 306
The Raven ... 507
Lenore ... 509

POLLOCK, W. H.

The Miser ... 426
Maiden Dreams ... 44

POLLOK, ROB'T, 1799–1827.

Scotch poet. During his short life he gave evidence of a genius which, with Milton's culture, would have made him Milton's mate. His most remarkable work was an epic poem, "The Course of Time."

The Miser ... 426

POPE, ALEXANDER, 1688–1744.

English poet. During the eighteenth century, Pope's reputation as a poet, critic and letter writer were of the highest character consistent with sound judgment. Subsequent opinion has assigned him a much lower plane than this. The fine moral sentiment, wide information and good sound "common sense" expressed by him in lines of the most

mechanical perfection make him one, however, who will be constantly quoted and greatly admired by the majority of readers. His Essay on "Criticism," on "Man," and the "Translation of Homer's Iliad," are the best known and most admired. Of the Iliad, it may be said that it is more a rescript than a translation, the smooth and flowing verse of the Englishman being but poorly adapted to reproduce the "billowy roll of Homer." It is said that when the manuscript of the translation was submitted to Jeremy Benthem, then the greatest living Helenist, he remarked, "It's a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer."

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Messiah	274
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PRENTISS, SARGENT SMITH, 1802–1870.

American orator and Barrister. One of the most eloquent speakers which America has produced. His eloquence was of the kind which seems to flow spontaneous from the mind, but which is really the outgrowth of laborious study and careful intellectual preparation. Unfortunately, Mr. Prentiss wrote but little, and it was only on rare occasions, when he spoke in the presence of expert stenographers, that any adequate examples of his oratory have been preserved. His speech in Congress, "On the Mississippi Contested Election," and his address before the New England Society, in New Orleans, are the best known of his orations.

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PRIME, S. IRANAEUS.

American clergyman and author.

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The Child is Dead	119

PRINGLE, THOS.

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The Emigrant's Farewell	446

PROCTOR, ADELAIDE ANNE, 1825–1864.

English poet. Daughter of Barry Cornwall (Bryan Waller Proctor). She was an ideal poet's child. Without appearing to aim at the highest flights of poetical accomplishment, there breathes through all she has written a simple earnestness, a pious fervor, a hearty sympathy.

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A Knight-Errant	405
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A New Mother	96
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PROCTOR, BRYAN WALLER (Barry Cornwall), 1790–1874.

English poet and Barrister. Most of his poetry was published under the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall." He published much that was generally admired, and was regarded by many of the foremost critics as one of the greatest poets of his day. He is less known to the American than the English-reading public.

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QUINCY, THOMAS DE.

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RANKIN, J. E.

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The Baby	25

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, 1822–1872.

American artist and poet. Like his compatriot, Rembrant Peale, Read attained considerable distinction both as painter and poet. It is doubtful, however, if anything he has painted will endure as long or yield him as widespread fame as the poem, "Sheridan's Ride."

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Sheridan's Ride	328

ROBINSON, E. S.

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ROGERS, SAMUEL, 1763–1855.

English poet. Rogers is the poet of the home. "He is read by all with such pleasure in mature life because he recalls ideas and revives images which all have known, but which have been almost forgotten, though not destroyed, by the cares and anxieties of life." His best and most important work is the poem, "The Pleasures of Memory."

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The Pleasures of Memory	434

RUSSELL, W. H.

English journalist. Attained great distinction as the correspondent of the *London News* during the Crimean war.

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The 93d Highlanders at Balaklava	149

SAINT-PIERRE, JACQUES HENRY BERNARDIN DE, 1737–1814.

French man of letters. He is best known to English readers by his exquisite story, "Paul and Virginia," though his complete works, collected and published after his death by the second husband of his widow, fill more than eighteen volumes. He was one of the first of French modern writers to break away from classicism, and lead back to an appreciation of nature.

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Death of Virginia	223

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SARGENT, EPES.
Sunrise at Sea 383

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, 1816.
American poet and writer of humorous verses. Also devoted much of his time to delivering public lectures. His poems have been very popular. The kindliness of his humor and the very perfect adaptation and finish of his verse fitting them for colloquial and familiar use.
Icarus..... 488

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FREDERICK VON, 1759–1805.
German poet, dramatist and historian. After preparing himself for the practice of medicine and receiving an appointment as a surgeon in the army, he at the age of twenty-two, by the publication of "The Robbers," won an immediate recognition as a man of letters, which encouraged him, henceforth, to devote himself to literature. Most of his works have been translated into English, the best minds considering themselves honored in joining their powers with his in giving his thoughts a wider audience. The translation of his writings used in this work are by Lord Bulwer Lytton.
The Alpine Hunter..... 449
The Battle..... 139
Cassandra..... 424
The Fight with the Dragon..... 401
The Hostage..... 182
The Knights of St. John..... 406
The Maid of Orleans..... 162
Hector and Andromache..... 83
The Invincible Armada..... 155
The Fortune Favored..... 479

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 1771–1832.
Scotch novelist and poet. One of the most illustrious writers known in the history of English literature. The publication of his poem, "The Lay of the Lost Minstrel," caused him to be recognized at once as one of the greater poets, and it was followed in rapid succession by "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake." Although he published other poems of the same general type, Scott, with the admirable good sense which ever characterized him, recognized the fact that he had probably reached the limit of achievement in that direction, and turned his attention to the work of story writing, a field in which, during his own time, he had not a peer.
The Death of Amy Robsart..... 490
The Astrologer..... 416
Charles the Bold and the Swiss Deputies.. 141
Breathes There a Man..... 124
The Heath This Night Shall Be My Bed.... 186
The Tryst..... 188
The Boar Hunt..... 365
The Poacher..... 354

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 1564–1616.
English poet and dramatist. The greatest poet the world has ever known. Of him Emerson justly says: "No nation has ever produced any thing like his equal. There is no quality in the human mind, there is no class of topics, there is no region of thought in which he has not said the commanding word. All men are impressed, in proportion to their own advancement in thought, by the genius of Shakespeare, and the greatest mind values him the most." His literary life appears to have commenced with the publication of "Venus and Adonis." In his capacity as an actor, he seems first to have given his attention to the adaptation and revision of the dramatic works in use in the theatre with which he was connected, and finally to the composition of plays. Beside "Venus and Adonis," he wrote "The Rape of Lucrece," one hundred and thirty-four sonnets and thirty-seven plays.
Courtship of Othello..... 399
Scenes from Romeo and Juliet..... 200
Scenes from Henry V..... 339
Sleep—lines from Henry V..... 463
Scenes from Anthony and Cleopatra..... 294
Dreams—lines from Romeo and Juliet..... 433
Scene from Taming the Shrew..... 526
Incantation Scene from Macbeth 517
The Ghost Scene from Hamlet..... 509

SHELLY, PERCY BYSSHE, 1792–1822.
English poet. It was not until after his death that the writings of Shelly met with any generous appreciation. The open profession of atheistic belief, and the freedom with which he expressed himself on the best established beliefs in regard to religions, social and political questions, caused him to be shunned and his writings neglected by those who were capable of appreciating the exquisite character of his work.
Mutability..... 469

SHIRLEY, JAMES, 1594–1666.
English dramatist and teacher. His employment as a teacher, while successful, was only used by him as a means of livelihood during dominance of the Round Heads and the closing of the play-houses. On the return of the Royal party to power, he resumed his preferred employment of play-writing, at which he continued until his death, which was caused by fright and nervous distress on the occasion of the great fire in London.
Death's Final Conquest 248
The Last Conqueror..... 249

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SOUTHEY, ROBERT, 1774–1843.
English poet and historian. Southey was one of the three "Lake Poets," the others being Coleridge and Wordsworth. In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate, a position which he continued to hold until his death. The descriptive passages of his poems are remarkably fine. In addition to his poetry, he wrote the "Life of Nelson," pronounced by Macauley "the most perfect of his works;" "A Life of John Wesley," and a "History of the Peninsular War.
The Spanish Armada ... 153
The Battle of Blenheim ... 134
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Odes Written During the Negotiations for Peace ... 335
Sappho on the Rock of Leucate ... 221
The Soldier's Wife ... 84
Remembrance ... 432
Youth and Age ... 56
How the Water Came Down at Lodore ... 362

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, 1833.
American poet and critic. Has published a number of volumes of prose and verse, all of which are notable for excellence of thought and elegance of expression.
Kearney at Seven Pines ... 327

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.
English novelist and poet. One of the popular writers of the present day. He won his greatest fame by the publication of his novel called "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde."
It is the Season ... 391
A Visit from the Sea ... 376

STORY, WILLIAM WENTMORE, 1819.
American artist and poet. Was educated for the bar, but did not practice, preferring to devote himself to art and literature. He, however, contributed to the literature of the law a valuable "Treatise on the Law of Contracts." He published the "Life of Joseph Story," the eminent jurist, who was his father.
Hymn of the Conquered ... 230

SWAIN, CHARLES, 1803–1874.
English engraver and poet. His metrical compositions were in the form of songs, some of which enjoyed considerable popularity.
Sabbath Chimes ... 229

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, 1837.
English poet. One of the most brilliant of living English writers. The character of his style and peculiarity of his metre are such as preclude his poems from attaining any great popularity, but cultivated minds find much in his work to entertain and please them.
The Last Oracle ... 285
Sapphics ... 216

TATE, N.
Christmas ... 264

TAYLOR, BAYARD, 1825–1878.
American author. Mr. Taylor has been one of the most prolific of the writers of his country. Besides his poetical works, he wrote a number of successful novels, a metrical translation of "Goethe's Faust," and ten volumes of "Travels" in almost every accessible portion of the world.
Song of the Camp ... 137
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TENNYSON, ALFRED, 1809.
English poet. Since the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson has been Poet Laureate. For many years he has been looked upon as the greatest of English living poets. Few writers of poetry have given themselves so completely to their vocation, and the reward of his devotion to the muse has been such as come to equally few. His greatest production has been the "Idyls of the King," in which he has gathered into an ideally perfect form the tradition of the Court of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. In addition to his poems he has also published two dramas, "Queen Mary" and "Harold."
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THOMPSON, EDGAR PORTER, 1834.
American author and contributor to periodicals. Several of his minor pieces, especially those in which he has depicted negro character and Southern farm life, have been very favorably received. He published a "History of the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry, C. S. Army," and a text book on Arithmetic.
Aunt Silvia ... 108

THOMSON, JAMES, 1700–1748.
English poet. His writings are chiefly notable for the fine descriptive powers which they display, and the deeply reli-

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gious and reverend spirit which pervades them. The best known of his works are the four poems which celebrate "The Seasons."

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TURNER, GODFREY.
On the Aelian Bridge 305

VAUGHAN, HENRY, 1621–1695.
Welsh poet. Devoted chiefly to the composition of devotional poetry, in which he attained distinction.
Son-days 229

WATTS, ISAAC, 1674–1748.
English poet and hymnologist. The number of his hymns which passed into use were about 800. In addition to his hymns, he wrote a treatise on "Logic," and on "The Improvement of the Mind."
Cradle Song 35

WATTS, J. G.
The Silver Wedding 106

WEATHERLY, GEORGE.
A Song of the Harvest 73

WEBSTER, DANIEL, 1782–1852.
The most distinguished of American orators. His orations and speeches, filling six volumes, constitute one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the English language.
The Old Log Cabin 481

WESLEY, CHARLES, 1708–1788.
English clergyman and poet. The greatest writer of English hymns in recent times. He was closely allied with his brother, John Wesley, in the great spiritual movement which resulted in the organization of the "Methodist" churches. He wrote the majority of the hymns still used by them and adopted since into the hymnals of almost all churches which use English hymns. A tablet has been erected to his memory in the "poet's corner" of Westminster Abbey.
Wrestling Jacob 275
Jesus, My Strength, My Hope 271

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, 1785.
English poet. His short life gave promise that, had it been spared, he would have greatly enriched the literature of his country.
Irresistible Time 254
To My Mother 19

WHITTIER, ELIZABETH H., 1815–1864.
American poet. A sister of the poet, John G. Whittier. She was his companion until her death.
The Dream of Argyle 127

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, 1807.
American poet. His strong sympathies and earnest religious character led him to take an active part in the anti-slavery agitation preceding the civil war in the United States. The same characteristics have ever made him the poet of the poor, the oppressed, the humble.
Barbara Freitchie 327
The Female Martyr 283
Maud Muller 487
The Barefoot Boy 41
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WILLIS, NATHANIAL PARKER, 1807–1867.
American journalist and poet. Possessed of a high order of talent, he wrote with a grace and melody, and brilliancy of imagination which produces an impression on one that, had he chosen to do so, Willis might have done far greater things than he ever attempted. The rythm of his blank verse is so perfect, that one scarcely misses the recurrence of rhyme or feels that its presence would be an addition to the music of his verse.
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WINTER, MRS. J. M.
Eventide 388

WITHER, GEO.
Sleep, Baby, Sleep 23

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 1770–1850.
English poet. The chief of the three "Lake Poets," the others being Southey and Coleridge. He was Poet Laureate after the death of Southey and before Tennyson. The recognition of Wordsworth's proper place in English literature was of slow growth, but the growth has been widespread and continuous, until now he is recognized as one of the first. It will perhaps not be an over-statement of fact to say that, with the exception of Shakespeare and Browning, no one of our poets has been the subject of such critical study, and none has better repaid it.
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